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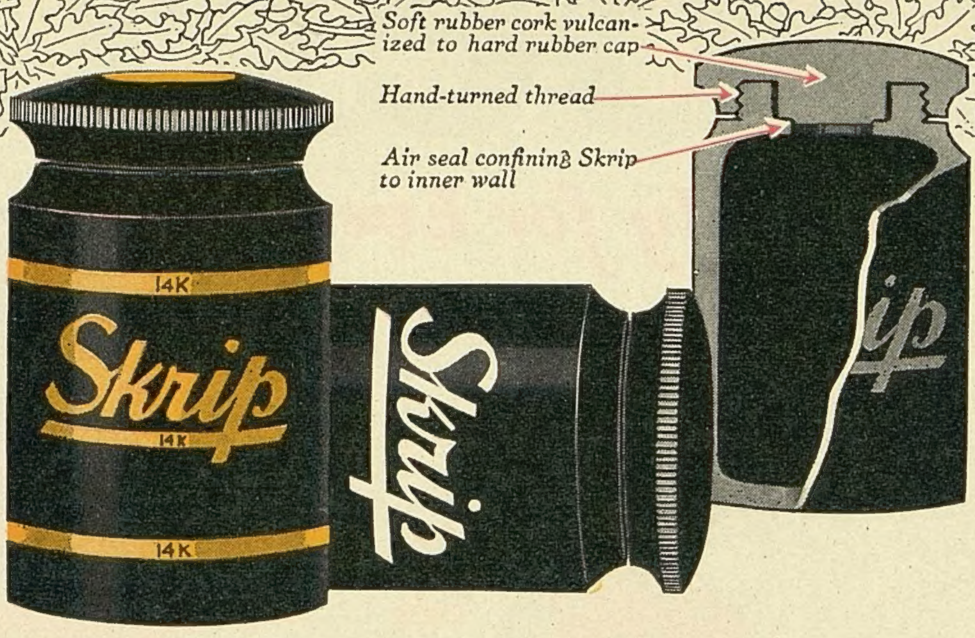
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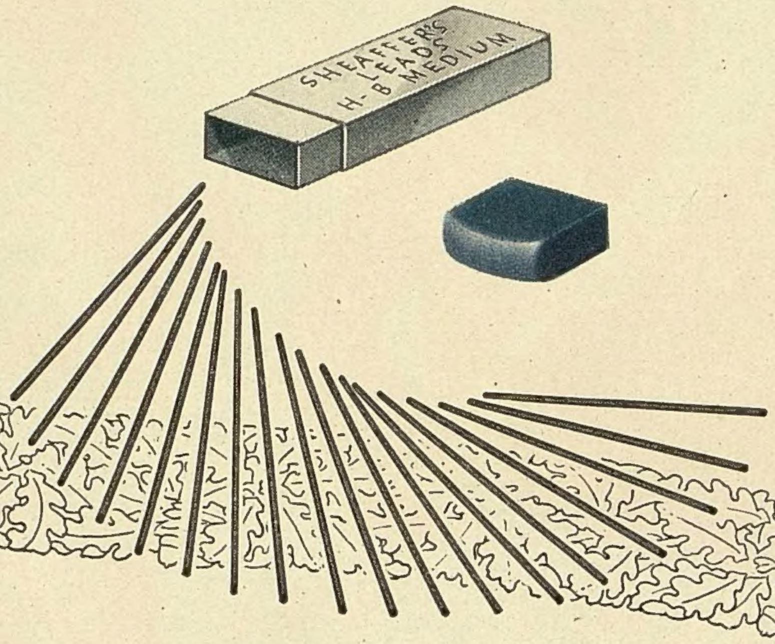
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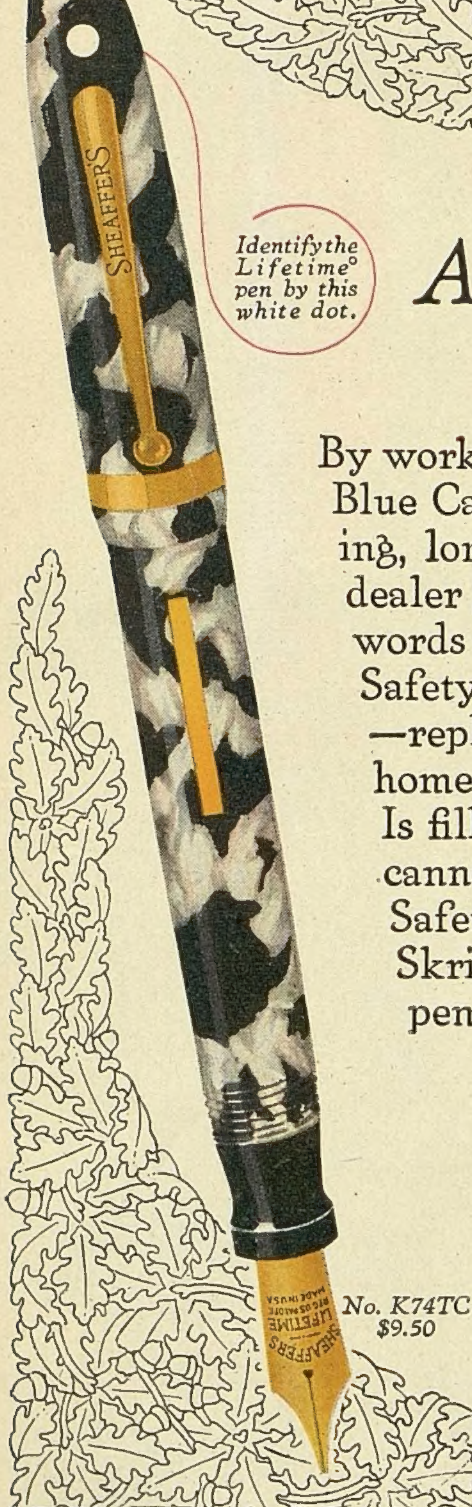
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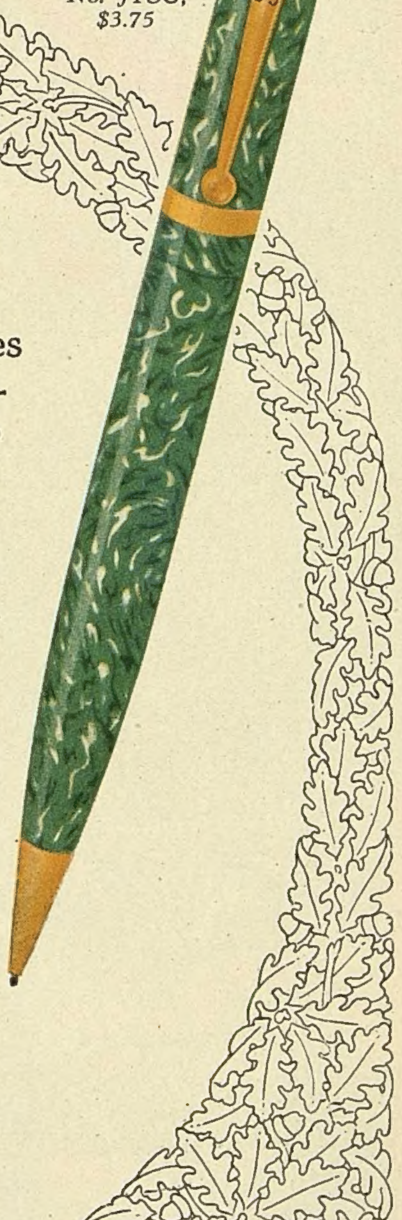

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> *"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.*

THE TWILIGHT OF THE KINGS

The latest performance of King Carol of Roumania (he is King as we write these lines, though he may not be when you read them) seems calculated to make the institution of royalty a little more odious, unpleasant, undignified, and ridiculous in the minds of republican peoples than it ever has been before.

Why the Peasants' Party, so-called, of Roumania should welcome as monarch a being so unstable and lacking in character as Carol II, is something the people of this country simply can't get.

If this young man has demonstrated anything in his few years of maturity, he has demonstrated that he doesn't know what he wants and cannot make up his mind. Until recently he has chosen chiefly to have a good time in Paris. Now he thinks he would like to rule 18,000,000 people—and the 18,000,000 say, "Well, we had things all fixed differently, but if you want to, come ahead."

All this is a matter of no particular consequence to the United States of America, but it does provide an occasion for a little philosophizing.

Of course, viewed historically, the king has had a real reason for existence. Every body must have a head, and as primitive, unorganized tribes grew bigger, the strongest men became first chiefs and then kings.

That was natural and reasonable enough. The man with the strongest arm and the keenest eye might better be boss in those days than anyone else. He kept invaders out of his realm and gave his people something to look up to.

But if he became king because he was strong, why should his son (who may have been weak) expect to inherit his power? Well, that seemed reasonable, too. It prevented endless civil war. Without such an arrangement, there would have been continuous temptation to all sorts of men to prove their strength by battling for the throne. So, as a sensible rule of thumb, the idea of "divine right" was born, and when it was accepted it meant more peace within a kingdom. If a ruler was weak and incapable, he was bolstered up by his advisers, and the kingdom was better off than if the throne were being scrambled for by the nobles.

Even now, we can understand a dictator—in the oil business, for example, or the automobile or radio business. We can understand Mussolini and Rivera and Lenin and Mustapha Kemal. Indeed, in a certain kind of way, Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson—especially the latter—approached the line of dictatorship, and we can see why they did so.

But—and here is the sign of the changing times—if we felt that young Teddy must be our President because his father had the job before him, and that if young Teddy died his oldest son must go on under a regency until he grew up, we would have what some European countries must still put up with.

Great ability is rare, and is usually not handed down from father to son. Under our system an exceptionally gifted man at least has a chance to be chosen President. In a European monarchy the country is governed by a set of mediocrities—we are assuming that royal blood is no better than the ordinary kind—who buttress themselves with all sorts of medieval ceremonies and gestures, and maintain an aristocracy to support them.

In the late war, the Kaiser was probably the most able ruler of all, but how he rattled in the box when the test came! The poor Czar was mentally weak, and the Austrian Emperor was senile. When they swept away those three emperors they certainly weakened the idea of kingship forever.

About the only strongholds it has left are the little left-over countries like Roumania—and of course the great exception, the British Empire, where a monarch still sits on his throne. But he, we are told, is a monarch whose powers are mostly ceremonial, and whose function it is to personify the continuity of the British government.

It seems to us in America an expensive proceeding, but apparently it works.

Elsewhere the kings are gone. Their regime, like everything else in life, has had its periods of birth, maturity, decay, and death. These present years are its period of death, to our way of thinking. There will not be many more Carols.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

Prize awards for The Mystery of the Typhoid Oyster, by Sidney Sutherland, are announced on page 47.

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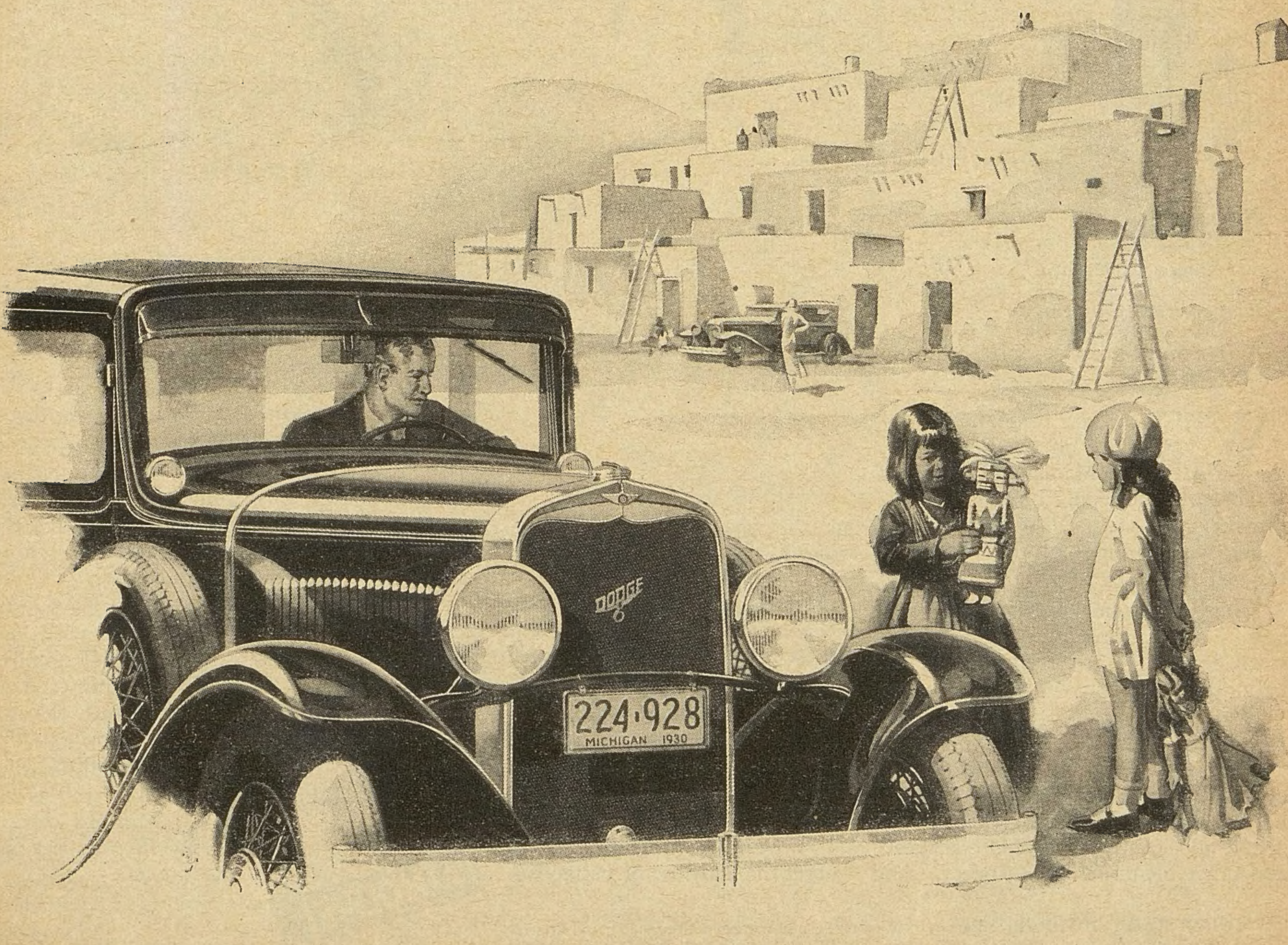

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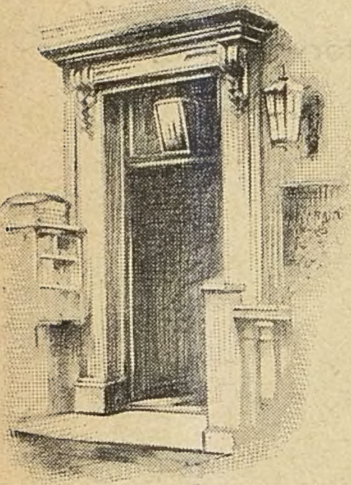

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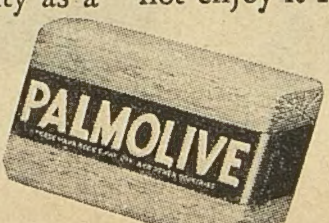

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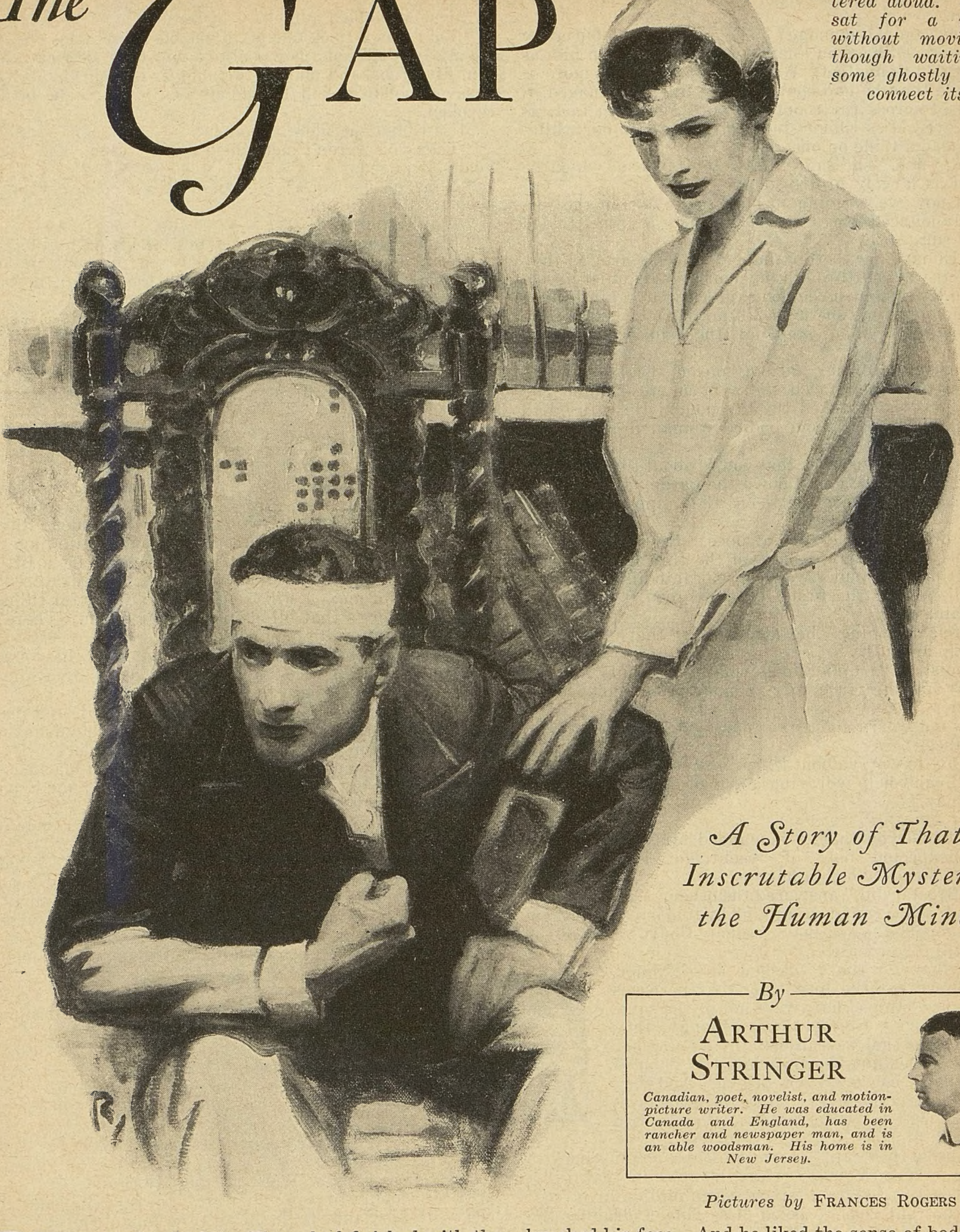


"Dark brown mottled with gold," he muttered aloud. And he sat for a moment without moving, as though waiting for some ghostly wire to connect itself.

A Story of That Inscrutable Mystery, the Human Mind

By

ARTHUR STRINGER

Canadian, poet, novelist, and motion-picture writer. He was educated in Canada and England, has been rancher and newspaper man, and is an able woodsman. His home is in New Jersey.

Pictures by FRANCES ROGERS

RHYS waited until Miss Elmer had finished with the fresh dressing. He sat silent as the quick fingers circled his head with the last bands of sterilized cotton, wondering why, on this occasion, she should fasten the loose end down with a little gold safety pin from her own uniform. Up until then it had always been adhesive tape.

"Now we're the nabob once more," she said as she stepped back to inspect her handiwork. And he looked like a nabob, he knew, in that turban of interminable white gauze. He hoped, for a moment, that she would come closer again for the customary final touch or two. He liked the starchy smell of the white uniform when it brushed his face. And he liked the sense of bodily nearness touched with mental remoteness which possessed him when she worked over him.

But she seemed satisfied with the result. She even sighed contentedly as she pushed the wheel chair closer to where he sat. She failed to notice the insurrectionary frown on his face as she reached for the plaid steamer rug. So it came as a complete surprise when his push sent their old friend on wheels circling halfway across the room.

"I'm through with *that*," he proclaimed. "From today on I'm going to leg it."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE GAP
Continued from page seven]

She took that proclamation more quietly than he had expected.

"Think you can manage?" she asked as she put away her scissors. She even knew better than to help him as he struggled to his feet. And it was a struggle; more of a struggle than he had counted on. But he managed it. He walked across the room and back again, in fact, as the cool-eyed Miss Elmer stood watching him, her white-capped head a trifle on one side.

"That's fine," she said with an enthusiasm which he accepted as largely professional.

"And now we're going to blacksnake out on the terrace," announced Rhys as he reached for the folded steamer rug.

Miss Elmer knew better than to take his arm as they made their way out through the depressingly quiet house. She even let him open the door and close it again behind her. The only time she helped him, in fact, was as they went down the stone steps of the balustraded lawn terrace.

And once there, her patient moved the two wicker chairs so that they faced the sunken garden and the Tuscan urns that flanked the lily pond. He refused to sit down until the slender-bodied woman in white had seated herself.

"This means, of course, that you're about through with me," she said as she gazed down the garden aisles where two peacocks paraded between the clipped boxwood hedges.

Rhys did not answer her at once. He sighed almost luxuriously as he leaned back in the thin October sunlight, letting that amber warmth soak into his body. He was realizing for the first time how good it was to be alive again.

"There's one thing," he said at last, "that you've still got to help me with."

She must have understood what he meant, for her glance at his thin face was an appraising and professional one.

"Let's not worry about that now," she said with clinic forbearance.

"I've *got* to worry about it," protested Rhys, his brows knit. "I can't help worrying about it. And tomorrow's our last day."

"WHO told you that?" demanded Miss Elmer. The unexpected note of resentment in her voice brought his eyes about to her face.

"Old Broster did," answered the other. "He said that unless our will is found, and found by tomorrow, Southam will be compelled to ask the Surrogate Court to accept the earlier will for probate."

"Can they do that?" asked Miss Elmer. Rhys noticed for the first time that her eyes and her close-clipped hair were not of the same shade of brown. He had always thought they were. But in that revealing light he saw her hair was a chestnut brown, while the stippled irises of her eyes were a seal brown. And they were very attractive eyes. They were the loveliest eyes, next to Alice Nason's, that he had ever looked into.

"Of course they can," answered Rhys, coming back to realities. "You have to watch your step, naturally, where there's an estate of six or seven million involved."

"Was he that rich?" asked Miss Elmer, draping the rug over her patient's knees without quite knowing it.

"Easily," answered Rhys, pushing the rug aside again. "I was his private secretary, remember, for almost six years."

"It didn't bring him much happiness," ventured the other.

"Thanks," said Rhys.

"The money, I mean," corrected Miss Elmer. She was staring out at the rolling acres which, for all the sunlight, seemed to have a shadow over them.

"A man of that type never could be happy. We shouldn't speak disrespectfully of the dead, I suppose, but you know as well as I do just how miserly he was."

"But hadn't he left you fifty thousand dollars in that earlier will of his?" asked the frowning young woman in white.

Rhys' laugh held a touch of bitterness.

"That was a trick of his, to get his secretaries cheap. He always dictated a new will to a new man, bequeathing him fifty thousand dollars for long and faithful service. It saved money. And it could always, of course, be easily revoked."

Miss Elmer sat silent a moment.

"Then you weren't mentioned in this later will?" she finally inquired.

"None of us were," answered Rhys. "Everything went to Alice Nason."

"Why to her?"

"He probably realized he couldn't take it with him."

"Then you feel he had some—some premonition of what was going to happen?" asked the woman in the wicker chair.

"No, I don't," was Rhys' slightly retarded reply. "That was just blind fate. If that feather-headed fool hadn't drunk half a pint of bootlegger's gin he wouldn't have smashed into us. And if he hadn't smashed into us Ezra Cranston would be alive today. And I'd be something more than half alive."

MISS ELMER looked up in mild reproof at the embittered note that had returned to his voice.

"You'll be as good as ever in a day or two," she valorously proclaimed.

"Then why can't I remember?" demanded Rhys querulously, clenching and unclenching his white fingers as he stared at his slippered feet. "I got hurt a little when that drunken fool ran into us, but the brains weren't knocked out of me. I still have the machinery for thinking. But there's that blind spot I can't fill in. There's that gap I can't quite bridge."

"Let's not get excited about it," suggested the young woman in white as she noted his quickened breathing. "It'll all be coming back to you before long."

"But it doesn't come back to me," protested her patient, still staring at his feet. "I saw that drunken idiot coming for us—then everything went black. It—it was like a swan dive into a cistern of ink, just blackness, until I opened my eyes and saw you cleaning your hypodermic beside the bed."

"It was quite a bump," acknowledged Miss Elmer in an effort to laugh the tragedy out of his voice.

"But why should it bump the sense out of me?" challenged the unhappy young man with the turbaned head. "Why can't I remember? I've worked over it until I thought I'd go crazy. I've racked my brain, hour after hour, until my ears ring. I keep questioning and cross-examining myself, but all it leads to is the same old blank wall of frustration."

"Well, in one way it's not so important," protested Miss Elmer. "The important thing just now is to get your strength back."

"But it *is* important," contended the other. "Southam himself and all that Cranston crew think I'm nothing better than a criminal. I've said there's a later will. And they tell me to produce it. And I can't."

"Then why worry about it?" asked the cool-eyed Miss Elmer.

Rhys' gesture was almost an impatient one.

"I can't help worrying about it. No sane man can sit back with his hands folded where the final disposition of a home like this and over six million dollars is concerned."

"Even though it costs you fifty thousand dollars?" Miss Elmer reminded him.

He looked up at her almost angrily.

"Oh, I can always make my own living. I don't give a hang about *that* slice of the cake. But it's not fair to Alice Nason. She gave the best eleven years of her life to that old skinflint and she deserves everything he was willing to give her. He hated his own people. Not one of them ever crossed a threshold of this house until he was put in his coffin. And then they started gathering around, exactly like vultures around a dead range steer."

Miss Elmer's smile was an abstracted one.

"You're rather fond of Alice Nason, aren't you?" she quietly suggested.

Rhys, for a moment, stared out over the garden.

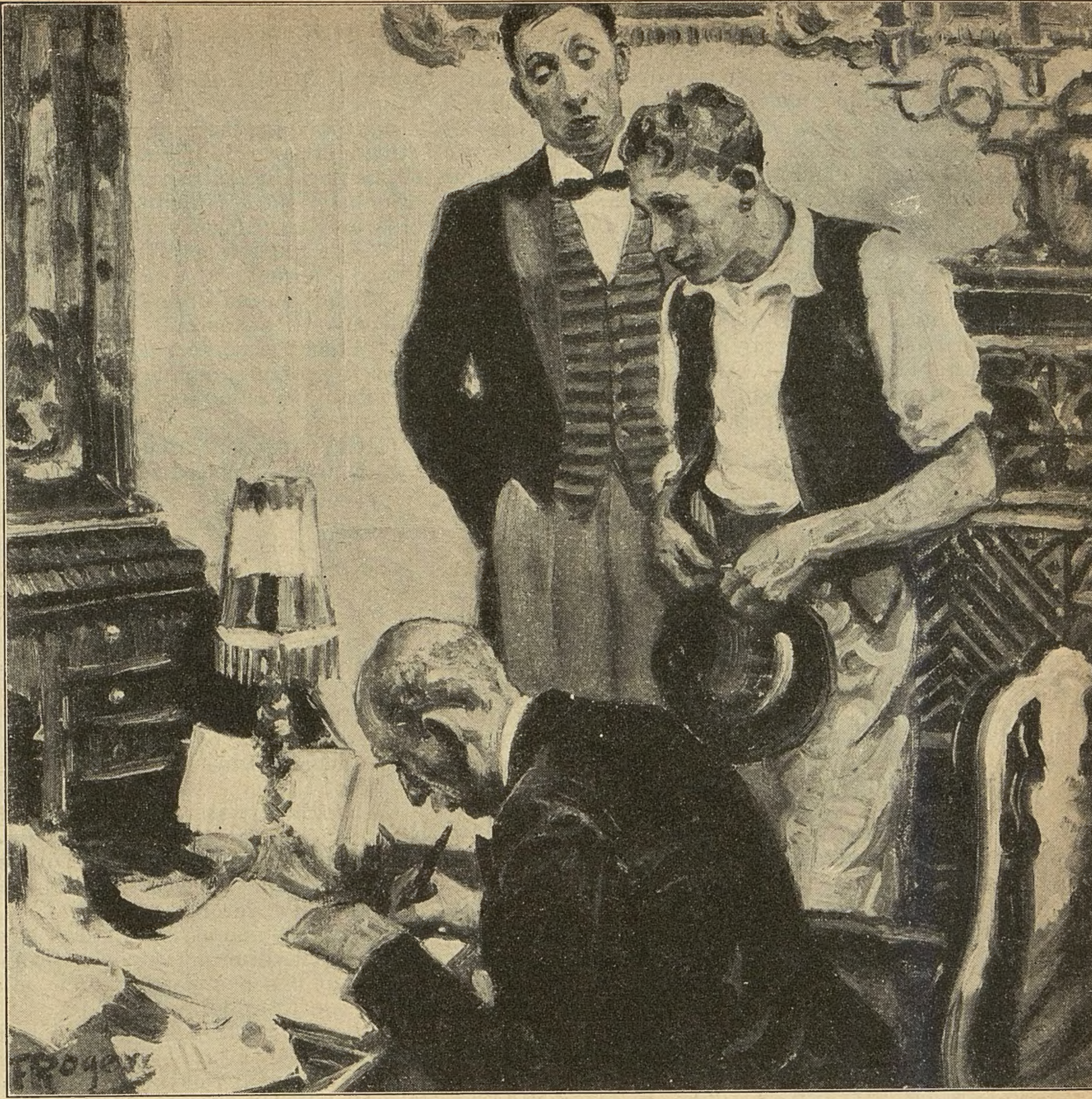
"She's a wonderful woman," he said when he spoke. "She's one of the most wonderful women I ever knew. What she does is never for herself but for other people. Why, she would have stepped out of here without a word, if I'd let her, and handed everything over to those Cranston vultures. And tomorrow morning, whether we like it or not, she'll *have* to step out. We'll all have to step out."

Miss Elmer's abstracted smile merged into a frown.

"But surely she'd get something? Surely, as Mr. Cranston's ward?"

Rhys sat up with a nervous jerk.

"That's just the point. She's not and never was Ezra Cranston's ward. He took her under his roof, but he never legally adopted her. He never even paid her a salary. He cheated her out of her girlhood and let her carry all the burdens of this place and endure his own pinchpenny meanness and stay walled up in this mausoleum while the most precious part of her life was slipping away. And now some of those penurious old Cranston crows in rusty black are suggesting that she should pay for eleven years of board and keep."



"Smithers and a young Scotch gardener signed the thing after Mr. Cranston did."

Miss Elmer was able to laugh again.

"Yes, the way they've been looking me over, lately, makes me rather feel like a parasite. Or something worse!"

RHYS himself laughed, but there was little happiness in it.

"Then you can imagine how they feel about *me!*" he cried as he put a hand up to his bandaged head. "Why, some of them think this is just a game of make-believe on my part. They claim I've been anchoring myself in bed here merely to keep them a little longer out of their just awards. And they've even demanded an inventory of the silverware and suggested that Alice go a little lighter on her grocery orders!"

Miss Elmer's smile was an abstracted one.

"How about some chicken broth now?" was her inapposite inquiry.

"No, thank you. I'm through with that pap. What I want is some hard thinking."

"I don't believe," was the soothingly quiet response, "that you should fret over things like that."

"I'm going to fret over them," proclaimed Rhys, "until I find out the answer. My God, I've got to know what I did with that sheet of paper!"

His companion looked up at him, obviously disturbed by the note of passion in his voice.

"Would you mind," she finally suggested, "if I asked you a few questions about it?"

"That's what I want," was Rhys' prompt reply. "It might bring something up from the bottom. From the bottom, like cannon shots over water where someone's been drowned."

The nurse nodded and sat silent a moment. The sunlight that fell over her, all in white, made her seem strangely statuesque. She remained so still, in fact, that she prompted the watching man to think of her as something in marble rather than flesh and blood.

"Why did you write that will?" she inquired, rousing herself. And he saw at a glance that she was very much woman again.

"Because old Cranston asked me to," retorted the other. "He did things that way. He could save money by having it done at home. And he always had a foolish hatred for lawyers."

"That was the day before he died, wasn't it?"

"No," corrected Rhys. "It was the same day that he was killed. That's the incredible part of it all. They say, of course, that it's a trifle too opportune, drawing up a will and then going out and getting killed by the first car that comes along. That's why they won't take me seriously."

"So it was the same day?" ruminated Miss Elmer aloud.

"It's disappointing, I know," said Rhys with his wan smile. "But facts are facts and we've got to face them. Three hours before he was killed Mr. Cranston called me

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE GAP
Continued from page nine]

into the library and asked me what I knew about drawing up a will. I had to tell him that I didn't know much. Then he said it wouldn't make any difference, as the will he had in mind was a very simple one."

"And you wrote it out?" prompted Miss Elmer.

"Not right away," explained Rhys. "I tried to prime up a little on the subject first. Cranston, you see, had followed his own form in the earlier will, but this promised to be different. There weren't any law books about the place. But I remember looking up the Encyclopædia Britannica under 'Wills' in the hope of finding something to help me. But the only Wills I saw mentioned there was an Irish dramatist by that name, the man who wrote I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby.

"So we went ahead as best we could. Mr. Cranston dictated and I typed as he talked. He remembered that two witnesses were required, so he called in Smithers and a young Scotch gardener who was working on the bushes outside. They signed the thing after Mr. Cranston did, but I don't think they really knew what it was all about."

"Wasn't it more than one sheet?"

"No, everything was on one sheet. I remember that distinctly. It was short and sweet. It struck me at the time as a pretty small document for disposing of such a big estate. And I remember I had quite a hunt to get three red stickers, to serve as seals."

"And what did you do with it when you'd finished?"

Rhys laughed unhappily as he looked at his questioner.

"That's the trouble. I simply don't know. I can't remember."

She seemed to be turning this over in her mind.

"Couldn't Mr. Cranston have taken it?"

Rhys shook his head.

"No, he didn't. He was called to the phone almost before the Scotch gardener had finished signing his name. It was a city call, and he talked there for almost a quarter of an hour. Later in the afternoon, in fact, he asked me for the will. And I started to look for it. But I couldn't find it."

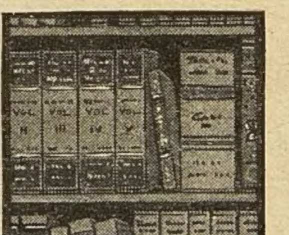
"You wouldn't be careless about an important paper like that, would you?"

"Because my fifty thousand dollars was omitted?" he challenged.

"I don't mean that," was her quick retort. "But your training would teach you, the same as mine does, to keep an eye on your labels?"

He nodded understandingly.

"Yes, I'm pretty methodical, as a rule. On the other hand, I've got to acknowledge the fact that I was a little overtired and nervous just then. I'd been working pretty hard and I'd made a mistake or two in my details, such as putting a letter in the wrong envelope and getting mixed in my file numbers. They weren't serious, of course, but they could be construed as showing I wasn't coördinating properly."



MISS ELMER'S gaze became abstracted.

"I know what it's like," she said. I've forgotten things myself after being on eighteen-hour duty too long. In fact, I made a mistake once that nearly cost a life."

His hand fell on hers fraternally, but he drew it away again.

"Is that why you're taking pity on me?" he asked.

She met the challenge of his gaze with a ghost of a smile.

"You can put it down to that, if you like," she answered with sufficiently defensive remoteness. But a thin lance blade of envy touched her heart as she thought of Alice Nason, of Alice Nason the defenseless, whose very gentleness could elicit the support of others. And Miss Elmer knew what she knew. She even recalled the tragic-eyed woman who had crept in to a shadowy bedside, when Rhys lay unconscious, and had unwittingly betrayed her secret.

"But you want Alice Nason to get what she deserves?" ventured the trained nurse out of the silence that had fallen over them.

The man in the wicker chair colored, for some reason, as he felt the cool gaze sweeping his face.

"Wouldn't you?" he demanded.

"Of course," admitted his companion, smothering a sigh. She knew more about helping others, after all, than having others help her. She even wondered what this stalwart and blond-headed patient of hers would say if he knew of that foolish hunger of hers, as she'd pinned the last foot of sterilized cotton above his ear, to press his bandaged head against her unhappy breast.

"But I'm helpless," complained Rhys, "where I ought to be a hero."

"And you can't remember what you did with that sheet of paper?" asked Miss Elmer, coming back to earth.

"I don't remember doing anything with it," responded her frowning companion. "I try to think back, and all I come to is a blank wall."

THEY sat silent a moment, side by side, immured in a common helplessness.

"Could it have been stolen?" asked the woman in white.

"Who'd steal it?" countered Rhys. "I was alone with it after the others went out, and nobody else came into the library that afternoon."

"And you've looked everywhere?"

Rhys' sigh was a heavy one.

"I've searched every nook and corner. I've gone over everything, again and again, until my head would begin to swim."

"And you haven't a hint or a clue?"

Still again Rhys shook his head.

"Not a thing. And now my time's about up."

Miss Elmer, staring out over leaf-strewn lawns and drives and woodlands, felt that those rolling acres were poised delicately on a Great Divide, poised so delicately that the mere flutter of a paper might still send them either eastward or westward.

"But things don't walk away by themselves," asserted that practical-minded young woman. "Couldn't you have put it somewhere without being quite conscious of what you were doing?"

"Where would I put it?" asked the none too happy Rhys.

"That's what I'm trying to find out."

"Well, it won't get you anywhere. I've been over it all, and it's no use."

Her frown deepened at the note of tragedy in his voice.

"But memory's such a funny thing," she said after a moment's silence. "An odor or a color or something like that often brings the missing link back. It so often bridges that gap you were speaking of. And I've been wondering if there isn't some association of ideas there that might be of help to us."

Rhys stared, listless-eyed, out over the sunken garden.

"There's not a thing," he protested. "There's not one sensible, sane thing. All I think of, when I try to reach over that blank wall, is *wool.*"

She looked up quickly at that, her meditative lips framing the word "wool" as she studied the other's face.

"Well, that's something," she told him.

"But it doesn't make sense," he objected. "Wool has nothing to do with a will. And I had nothing to do with wool."

"Perhaps you had woolen clothes on," she suggested. "Or there may have been a woolen rug on the floor."

"No, it's not that. I've been over all that and it doesn't lead to anything. But for some reason or other I keep seeing wool."

"What kind of wool?" exacted Miss Elmer. "And what was it on?"

"That's the odd part of it," acknowledged her frowning patient. "It doesn't seem to be on anything. But for some reason or other I can't get it out of my head. It's just wool, thick hairs of wool in a circle. They stand up there like little palm trees against a full moon."

Miss Elmer's smile was a wintry one. Palm trees and a full moon and wool in a circle, after all, didn't mean much. Or it meant something it wasn't comfortable to think about. But she refused to give up.

“Can't you tell me anything more about that wool?” she patiently inquired.

Rhys hesitated.

“The second thing is about as foolish as the first. But the wool seems associated in some way with brown and gold. The brown and gold seem to be in a column, a sort of Corinthian column; and yet, as I see it, it's not a column at all. It's nothing tangible like that, but more just brown and gold rather mixed up together.” His gesture was a deprecatory one. “I'm afraid I'm not helping you much.”

She refused to share in his smile.

“You can never tell,” she averred. “If we could only track that wool idea down to its lair!” She looked up suddenly. “It couldn't have been a dog, could it?”

“Mr. Cranston disliked animals. He wouldn't have a dog about the place.”

She sat for a moment blinking out over the close-clipped boxwood.

“How about Alice Nason? Couldn't she be of some help?”

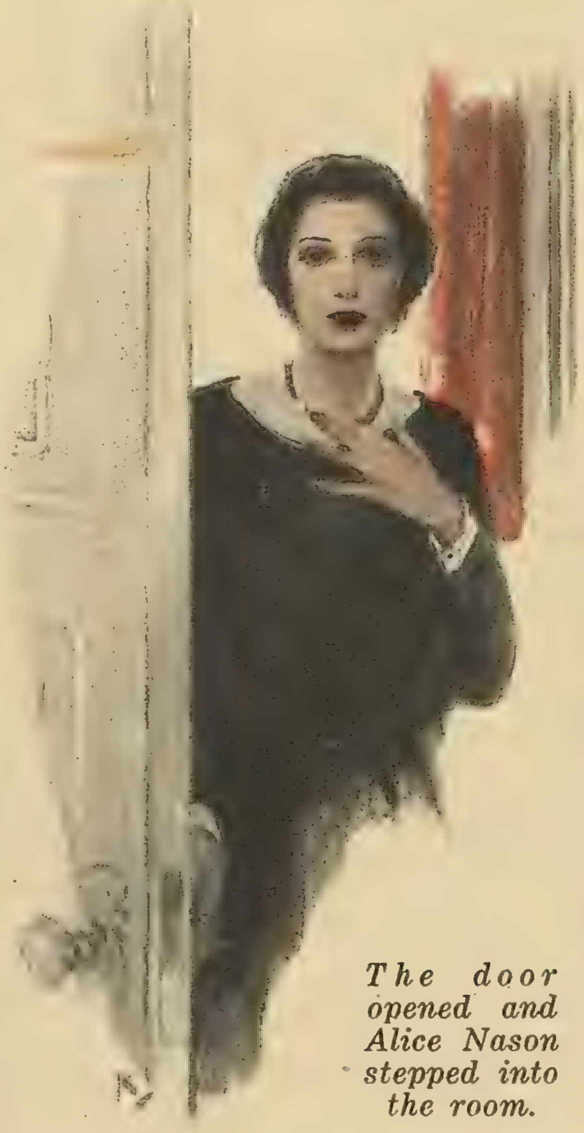
“She won't help,” said Rhys, with a hand gesture of frustration. “She seems to feel that it isn't quite honorable. She's so crazily unselfish that she'd rather see me get a paring off the apple than get the whole apple herself.” His voice and his head dropped together. “And I don't think she believes in me.”

“Doesn't she, now!” ejaculated the rueful-eyed Miss Elmer.

“Sometimes,” said the preoccupied Rhys, “I really think she imagines it's all a crazy plot of mine, just to help her where she hasn't asked for help.”

“And never would,” amended Miss Elmer.

“And never would,” echoed the oversolemn Rhys.



The door opened and Alice Nason stepped into the room.

“Then it's up to us to get busy,” proclaimed the other, the shoulders in white squaring themselves almost combatively.

“How?” asked her dispirited companion.

“Well, supposing we have another look through that library,” was the matter-of-fact suggestion. “And a real one this time.”

“I was waiting for that,” was the listless reply from the man beside her. “Two afternoons now, when you thought I was asleep, I've had Miss Nason wheel me in there. And nothing came of it.”

“BUT there's a corner or two you may not have looked into,” protested the quiet-eyed Miss Elmer.

“Where?” challenged Rhys.

“In your own brain,” was the unexpected reply.

Rhys' laugh was a derisive one.

“You're picking out a pretty unpromising field,” he demurred.

“Let's make sure of that,” she said with her professionally remote smile, “after you've had your luncheon and a good hour's sleep.”

“Why not now?” demanded her patient.

“You must have your sleep first,” was the authoritative reply. “You need it.”

“Sleep, little one, sleep!” mocked Rhys as he sank resentfully back in his chair. He started up again, a moment later, with nervous quickness. “I'd sleep a hanged sight better,” he cried out, “if I could find that sheet of paper.” His brows were knitted as he turned about to Miss Elmer. “You—you don't think I'm crazy, do you?”

The woman whose chosen vocation was the helping of others laughed lightly and valiantly.

“You will be,” was her second unexpected reply in one morning, “if you don't tell Alice Nason just how much you are in love with her!”

II

RHYS was startled, when he swung open the library door three hours later, to find Miss Elmer already there. She was there, seated in an armchair, staring a little wearily and abstractedly at the mulberry-colored curtains that narrowed the afternoon light from the French windows.

“What are you doing?” he demanded with his back against the door.

“Woolgathering,” was her laconic reply. Yet she colored a trifle under his sustained stare. “Have you had your sleep?”

“I couldn't sleep,” retorted Rhys. Then he stopped short, wondering why his destiny should be so repeatedly in the hands of women. For only the day before he had seen Alice Nason in the same armchair, with the same aura of anxiety about her, staring abstractedly at the same mulberry-colored curtains. But she had been all in black, while the woman now in the chair was all in white. The snowy uniform, in fact, gave the shadowy room a central point of light that caught and held the eye.

She suggested something fragile yet efficient, cuirassed for service. Her very calling, he remembered, must have taught her to face crises with outward calm. Those small and white-shod feet, he told himself, had been schooled to walk quietly along the brink of daily peril. Yet she was facing a chasm, he knew, where her old training would be of little use to her.

“Have you found anything?” he asked as he came to a stop at the end of the rosewood table.

Miss Elmer, instead of answering him, studied his face.

“I was wondering,” she finally said, “if we weren't going at this thing in the wrong way: if we couldn't do better by trying to work outward instead of trying to work inward.”

He frowned for a moment over that before sinking into a chair.

“Well, I'm in your hands,” he said, laughing a little. But it was merely a protective laugh.

“Good!” she cried, with a newer line of resolution about her lips. “What I want to do, what we really must do, is to live over again that last day with Ezra Cranston in this room. In other words, let's do over again everything you did the morning you wrote that will.”

Rhys moved his head slowly from side to side.

“I've tried that,” he said as he passed a hand over his bandaged brow, “and it only seems to push me further and further back in the dark.”

“Perhaps,” suggested the hopeful Miss Elmer, “you didn't get sufficiently into the picture, into the spirit of the thing.”

“There is no picture,” he complained. “Where there ought to be one is just a blur.”

“Then let's build up,” proffered the other. “Let's set our stage and go through it, move by move, just as though it were an act from a stage play. It's a play, you see, with one sentence missing. And there's a chance, as we go along, that the needed setting may suggest the needed sentence. Are you willing to try it?”

“I'm willing to try anything,” was Rhys' none too enthusiastic response. “What do you want me to do?”

Miss Elmer, who was looking estimatively about the room, did not answer at once.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE GAP
Continued from page eleven]

"I'm going to be Ezra Cranston," she said quite solemnly, "and you're going to draw up a will for me. That's your typewriter there, I suppose. Well, uncover it and sit down in front of it."

Rhys, after a brief look into her face, did as she asked. Her eyes, he noticed, were oddly luminous.

"Where would Mr. Cranston sit?" she quietly inquired.

"He sat at that desk there," answered Rhys as he reached for a sheet of paper. Miss Elmer crossed to the desk and seated herself in front of it.

"Now, I'm dictating my will," she informed him, "and you're taking it down as I give it to you."

Rhys sat looking at her, smiling absently as he looked.

"Why aren't you writing?" she demanded almost angrily.

"It seems so foolish," he said with a shrug.

"It's not foolish," she promptly proclaimed. "It's very, very important. But it can't help much unless you let yourself get into the spirit of the thing."

"I'm sorry," said Rhys, contrite before her intensity. "You're Ezra Cranston and I'm writing your will as you dictate it to me."

His face became serious as his fingers played on the keys. A far-away look crept into his eyes.

"Can you remember it?" asked the intent Miss Elmer.

Rhys nodded. "Line for line, almost," he said as he continued to write. His companion watched him in silence until the last word had been recorded.

"Now what do you do?" she prompted.

Rhys, perceptibly paler than before, reached for the written sheet and withdrew it from the machine.

"I bring it to you," he said as he crossed to her side. "Then you read it over."

"Do I sign it?"

"Not until the two witnesses have been called in."

"Then let them in," she commanded, with a gesture toward the door.

Rhys, smiling a little foolishly, crossed to the door and frowningly opened it and closed it again. He could see Miss Elmer reach for the gold-banded pen on the inkstand and solemnly write the two words: "Ezra Cranston."

"And now what?" she prompted again.

"The two witnesses sign," explained Rhys.

"Then I'm Smithers, and I sign here," went on the intent-eyed young woman. "And now I'm Thomas Martin, and I sign here."

RHYS blinked down at the final signature, so different from the others, plainly bewildered.

"How did you know that gardener's name was Martin?" he demanded.

"Is it?" asked the frowning Miss Elmer.

Rhys nodded. There was a faint dewing of moisture on his forehead.

"I tried to remember that name," he explained. "And I couldn't. How did you happen to hit on it?"

"It—it just came to me," said the woman with the luminous eyes. "There are underground wires, I suppose, that we sometimes forget about."

"Underground wires?" repeated the perplexed Rhys.

She nodded, without looking up at him. "But we've got to see now what else they can bring us. What do you do after the will is signed and witnessed?"

Rhys, with unfocused eyes, stood staring off into space.

"The telephone rings," he intoned with the abstraction of a sleepwalker, "and Mr. Cranston answers it. I take up the sheet and carry it to the table here. Then I—" his voice trailed off into silence.

"Then what?" prompted the other.

Rhys passed a hand across his brow.

"What did I do next?" he asked in a whisper. His breathing quickened and a tremor of nerve ends eddied through his body. "What did I do next?" he repeated imploringly.

But nothing came of it. He sank into a chair with a small hand gesture of defeat.

"It's no use," he said with a sort of weary unconcern. "All I get out of it is that fool idea of wool, of wool in a circle, like the stem of a date palm bisecting a full moon."

"You're rather fond of Alice Nason, aren't you?

Miss Elmer, as she watched him, fought back a sense of frustration.

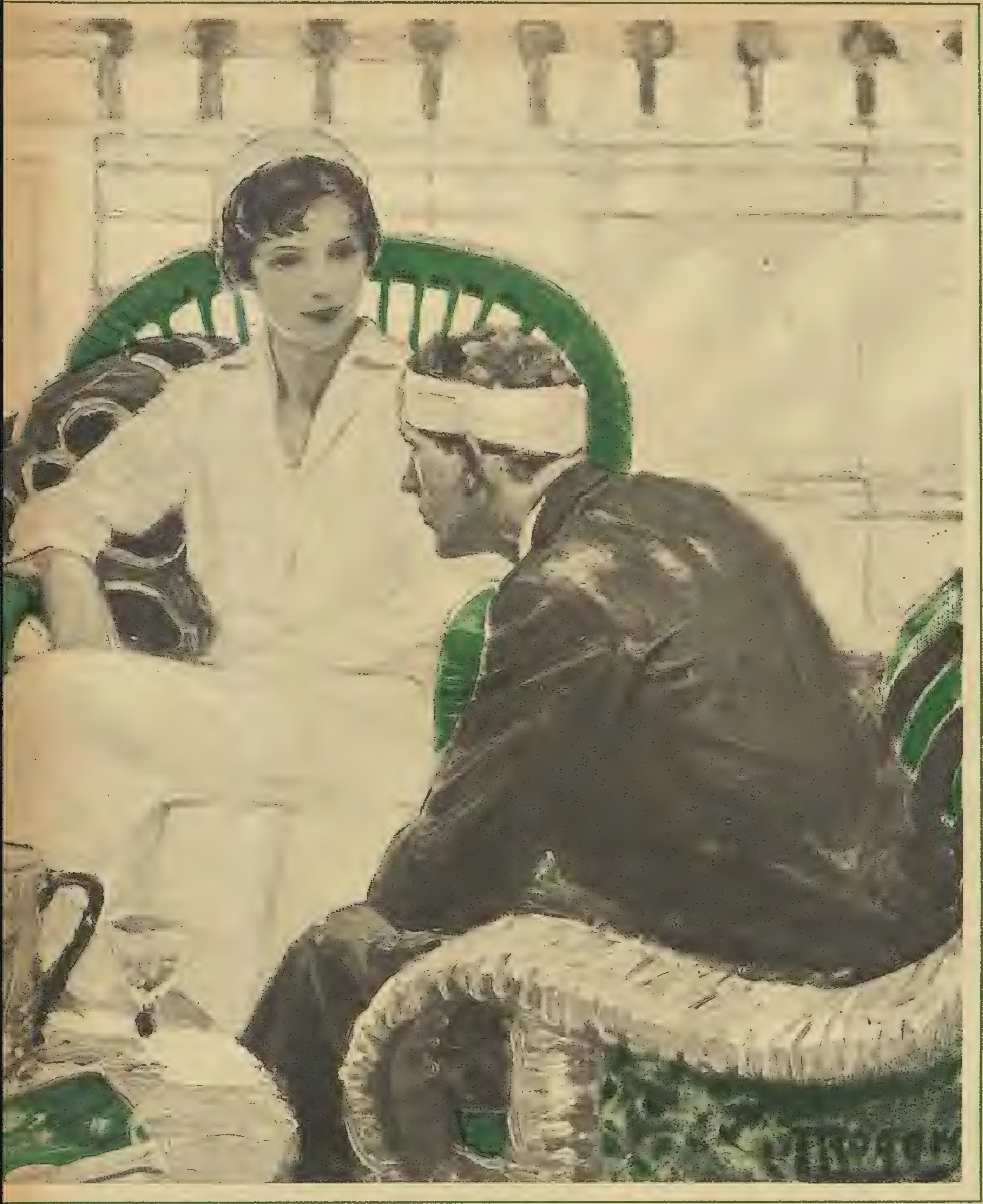
"But why should you think of wool?" she demanded. "How does it link up with the other things? What does it mean?"

"That's what I can't explain," said the none too happy Rhys. "It simply doesn't make sense. It almost makes me feel that there's something wrong with my brain. And there *must* be something wrong with it, or we wouldn't end up in that same old blind alley every time."

"But we mustn't call it a blind alley," contended the other. "It's an open road if we could only get it cleared. It *must* lead to something."

"To what?" challenged the white-faced Rhys.

"Can't you see," counterchallenged Miss Elmer, "that the answer to that is locked up in your own head? It's



he quietly suggested. Rhys, for a moment, stared out over the garden.

locked up in your memory as though it were in a safe. It's there, like everything else you've ever done. But we haven't found the combination to open that safe."

She could see her companion's face twitch with nervous tension as he sat silent beside her.

"Supposing the lock's broken?" he suggested, looking up with a haggard eye.

"How broken?" asked the other.

"Supposing that smash-up has done something to me, and I never will remember?" he conjectured, gripping the chair arms. "Supposing I'm not quite sane?"

Miss Elmer's movement was one of impatience.

"You're as sane as I am. But we've got to get that lost connection."

"It's wonderful of you," he averred, flushing a little. "But you can see how little I'm able to help you."

"I'm only asking you to help yourself," protested Miss Elmer, reaching for his wrist. "Are you tired? Or shall we go on again?"

That question remained unanswered. For the door opened, even as she stood over him counting his pulse, and Alice Nason stepped into the room. She hesitated, halfway in, apparently arrested by the attitude of the two figures confronting her.

"What is it?" asked Rhys, conscious that Miss Elmer had moved away from him.

He was also conscious of the faint glow that crept into Alice Nason's pale skin as she advanced to the end of the rosewood table.

"I'm sorry," she said in her quiet contralto. "But Mr. Broster is here."

IT must have sounded very much like a death sentence to Rhys, for his thin hands essayed a wringing motion as he gasped out a forlorn "Oh, God!"

"He'll have to wait," Miss Elmer proclaimed, paling a little. But there was a purposeful tightening of lines about the meditative lips.

"They've come to kick us out!" cried Rhys.

"It may as well be now as later," announced Alice Nason, after an estimative stare about the room that must have held many tangled memories for her.

"But you belong here," contended Rhys, his voice shaking.

"They've just told me I don't," announced the calm-voiced woman in black.

"But I know you do," persisted the man with the bandaged head. "This is your home and Ezra Cranston intended you to stay in it. He gave it to you the last day he was alive. He willed it to you. And I wrote that will and saw him sign it. And I—"

"Please!" cried Alice Nason in a note of quiet reproof.

"I wrote that will and saw him sign it," repeated the determined Rhys. "And if I wasn't an empty-headed fool I'd know what became of it."

He sensed some telepathic exchange between the two women. Just what message was sent and received he

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE GAP
Continued from page thirteen

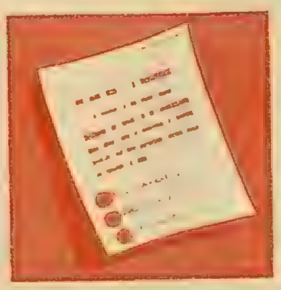
could not guess, but he vaguely resented being excluded from their confidences.

"I'm quite willing to go," announced the young woman in black.

"But I won't have you go," proclaimed Rhys in a voice oddly shaken with passion.

He was on his feet by this time, walking unsteadily back and forth. "It's not fair; it's not honest; it's not reasonable. And I'm going to fight them to the last ditch."

He swung about, staring at the rosewood table, at the desk, at the book-lined wall beyond them. His face worked and beads of moisture stood out on his forehead. He seemed groping for something he could not quite achieve, grasping for something he could not quite bring within reach. He even clasped his hands together in an attitude strangely like prayer.



"O God, give me the strength to remember," he moaned in a voice thin with misery.

It was Miss Elmer who spoke in answer to that. "You *must* remember," she said with low-toned intensity. "You must!"

"And I'm going to," panted Rhys, groping back to the table end. "I sat here. I was sitting here when the telephone bell rang. I had just put the will down."

"And you moved something," prompted Miss Elmer. It was a grope in the dark, but it seemed to mean something.

"Yes, I moved something," agreed the vacant-eyed man. "I moved something away from me that turned into a column of brown mottled with gold. A column. A small column. And yet it wasn't a column. It was something narrow and tall and all mixed up with gold. And it keeps getting mixed up with wool in some way; with a single strand of wool lying flat across a circle."

"And there was more than one circle?" suggested the intent-eyed nurse.

"Yes, there was a row of them, two rows of them, like full moons bisected by tree branches, straight branches that looked like palm stalks."

"And were they on the column?" asked Miss Elmer, leaning toward him.

"No, they were not on the column," answered Rhys, becoming more abstracted. "They were *in* the column in some way. They were next to it and yet they weren't a part of it."

"And where was that column?" still prompted the crooning-voiced nurse.

"Where was that column?" echoed her white-faced companion. "Where was it? Where?"

His head sank down. His hands drooped again. "I—I can't remember. I can't remember," he repeated in a tired whisper.

"*Think!*" was the sudden command from Miss Elmer.

"I can't think," was his wearily listless response. He looked up at last. The afternoon sunlight, he noticed, was streaming warm through the shadowy room, a double shaft of orange light.

HE observed for the first time how that sunlight was falling on the book-lined wall, enriching the mottled tones of the serried book backs. Some of them looked solemn and some of them looked almost gay. The volumes of the Encyclopædia Britannica, standing shoulder to shoulder, slightly abraded about the corners, made him think of soldiers drawn up in line, of worn veterans awaiting inspection. But those tall and weighty books impressed him as too passive for soldiers. There was nothing really military looking about that dark-brown leather mottled with gold lettering.

"Dark brown mottled with gold," he muttered aloud. And he sat for a moment without moving, as though waiting for some ghostly wire to connect itself, while the rapt-eyed Miss Elmer studied him.

Her face suddenly went white. She wheeled and took six quick steps to the bookshelves. Her hand, shaking a little, reached for the final and twenty-eighth volume of the encyclopædia.

"Don't you see it?" she demanded in a singularly clear voice. Out toward the others she was holding the book back, a tall and narrow rectangle of brown leather stippled with its tooling of gilt.

"Don't we see what?" asked Alice Nason, leaning forward a little as she groped, without knowing it, for Rhys' chair back.

"That's your Corinthian column," was the other woman's low-noted explanation as she placed the book on the table end. "And somewhere inside of it should be our full moons."

Rhys was on his feet again, leaning over the table beside her.

"What are you looking for?" he asked as she hurriedly turned the pages.

"For wool," was her preoccupied reply, muttering as she turned the page, "'Woods, Woodstock, Woodward'—ah, 'Wool, Worsted and Woollen Manufactures.'" She turned another page, and still another. Then she stood arrested, with slowly widening eyes.

"Your moons," she gasped. "There are your full moons."

Rhys, looking over her shoulder, beheld a page plate of six enlarged wool hairs, duly labeled Mohair and Alpaca, Leicester and Down, Cross-Bred and Merino. And those six photomicrographs bisecting six three-inch circles unmistakably resembled six palm trees against six full moons.

"You've got it!" cried Rhys, with a quaver in his voice. "You've got it." His face fell, however, even as he stared down at the plate. "But all this doesn't get us our will."

MISS ELMER, instead of answering him, was turning back the pages, muttering as she did so, "'Wilson, Wilmot, Wilmington, Wills.'" She stopped short on the "Wills," straightening where she stood as Alice Nason rose from her chair and crossed to the door, on which a knock had sounded for the second time.

Rhys, wondering why Miss Elmer should be staring at him so intently, bent over the open book again. There, lying flat on the close-printed page, he saw a typed sheet of paper festooned with three signatures and dotted with three small red seals.

"You've found it," he gasped, feeling a little faint. He was even glad to sit down in the armchair again.

"What is it?" Miss Elmer was asking of Alice Nason, who stood with one hand on the door knob.

"It's Mr. Broster," answered the quiet-voiced woman in black. "He says he's waited as long as he intends to. He insists on coming in. What shall I tell him?"

Rhys' movement, as he sat back in his armchair, was a slow and regal one. "Tell him to go to the devil!" he cried, a little drunk with his belated wine of power. "And don't forget this is your home."

"There's something *you* mustn't forget," Miss Elmer quietly announced to her patient.

"What?" asked Rhys absently, as he reached for the lost will and sat blinking down at it.

"That message I mentioned this morning," said his friend who could be only a friend, conscious for the first time of being an outsider.

But Rhys apparently didn't hear her. He sat up with a gasp, reaching for the second draft of the will which he had typed only that afternoon.

"What is it?" asked the tired-eyed Miss Elmer.

"It's this signature of yours!" cried the startled Rhys. "The 'Ezra Cranston' you signed on this copy!"

"What about it?" asked Miss Elmer, fighting back a sense of remoteness. She would be packing up in the morning, and registering for another case.

"It's not in your handwriting," proclaimed Rhys. "It's in *his*. It's that dead man's signature over again."

"How could it be?" asked Alice Nason, shrinking a little closer to Rhys, who held a protective arm out to her.

"It must be another case of those underground wires we were talking about," said the young woman in the white uniform, bathing them for a moment in her valorously remote smile. "There are so many things, after all, that we never quite understand," she added as she turned toward the door with a mist before her eyes.

THE END

A portrait of Betty Compson made during the filming of The Case of Sergeant Grischa.

Photo by
Ernest A. Bachrach

P. & A. photo
Betty Compson in the days of her first fame.

P. & A. photo
A snapshot of Betty taken at Miami in 1924.

The Girl Who CAME BACK

A Close-Up of Betty Compson

By

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

a Los Angeles native daughter who still lives near by, in Whittier. She is an experienced writer about the screen and for it, knows all the Hollywood celebrities, and has told the life stories of several of them in Liberty.

IF you mention Betty Compson's name to the legions of Hollywood, the invariable reply will be in the vernacular:

"That gal has *guts.*"

Because the legions of Hollywood have seen Compson take all the punishment this mad movie game can give—and still keep on coming. They have seen her cut to ribbons by circumstances and beaten down by despair—and still have enough intestinal fortitude to answer the gong for the next round.

They call her "the woman who came back."

To Betty Compson they award the cherished of all praises—that one word, "regular." They award it to Betty with palms, ribbons, and bars. You can't buy that decoration in Hollywood. You have to earn it.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE GIRL WHO CAME BACK
Continued from page fifteen

This is no girl who drifted into pictures and was flung by chance into the heavens of stardom. No mere beauty whose path was smoothed and whose course was steered.

Here is a trouper, ablaze from the beginning with the fire of ambition, that passionate desire to succeed. Here is a woman who decided upon her every goal—artistic, professional, financial, social, passional—when she was ten years old, and has achieved every one of them only because she didn't know the meaning of the word quit.

Actual hunger.

The disaster of contracts that weren't renewed.

The untimely death of the lover who had tremendous plans for her future.

England—the exile end of many great stars.

Poverty Row.

Months without work at times when such idleness meant being quietly erased from the list of those whom producers and public remember.

The talkies.

Not just one, but every one of the things which spell fade-out for movie stars has happened to Compson.

But she just never knew when she was licked.

Thus it falls out that at thirty-three, after fifteen years in pictures, this girl from Utah, this "American peasant," as she styles herself, has everything she set out to get —and a few she didn't bargain for.

In her 1929 success, Street Girl.

THE tale of her achievement turns page after page upon threatened—no, upon actual—defeat. When she worked on Poverty Row—but that comes later in the story.

Betty Compson is one of those people who come back because they always carry on. She has been able to carry on because she is just the particular type of woman she is. No bread-and-butter miss. Not at all the sort of woman we have been wont to admire. If she has a prototype in history, I should say it was the strong and greedy Elizabeth of England.

I see Betty Compson as the driver of a chariot. As a driver handles the steeds who prance beneath his reins, so the steady, masculine mind of this woman controls the vanities, the weaknesses, the passions, and strange surrenders of her emotional feminine nature and her superbly fashioned feminine body. That chariot has gone through mud and mire, it has trampled down things and people that stood in the way—but it has gone on.

Despair, discouragement, twice as keen because she *sees* so clearly, have visited Betty. But they never confuse her. Having thought out her next step, she has taken it with purpose and enormous self-faith.

At the end of her first two years as a star, Paramount did not take up their option on her services. That is one of the hardest blows that can be dealt a rising star in Hollywood.

Most contracts here are option contracts—six months, and an option for another six. It's a nerve-racking, heartbreaking business. One of our famous imported song writers has recently composed a touching little ballad called When It's Option Time in Hollywood. Not to have an option taken up is to be branded with the scarlet letter of failure. Other companies look askance.

Betty waited. Nothing happened. Then she got an offer to go to England.

The English write great novels, fight great wars, and have the most fascinating city in the world. But at that time they did not know how to make motion pictures. They were fighting for a place in the world motion-picture market by hiring American stars at huge salaries.

To go to England was an admission that your career in America was finished. Betty Blythe went to England and never came back—pictorially speaking. Blanche Sweet, Dorothy Gish—the list could be a long one.

Everyone who knew her explained to Betty Compson what it meant. They begged her not to go, to wait in Hollywood until some part turned up. I remember I talked to Betty about it myself. I didn't know Betty's mental equipment then as well as I do now.

She listened quietly, her eyes steady and thoughtful.

Then she said, "I am going because I have been offered five thousand dollars a week. That is a great deal of money. Money is very important to a woman in this profession. It is not important in itself, but it is a protection, a foundation. I'm not through. I'll come back from England. And I'll have money in the bank for what I want. I believe it is always better to keep working at something, some job, than to sit still."

That canny sense about money has always been part of Betty's equipment. (Equipment, by the way, is a favorite word of hers. She insists that most failures can be traced to lack of proper equipment.)

Her enemies have called her the "Hetty Green of Hollywood." That isn't altogether just, but it has elements of truth too evident to be ignored. Beyond doubt she has one of the largest fortunes in Hollywood, and she has not earned nearly as much as many other stars. A sound sense of the enormous importance of money, a definite understanding of its value, was driven into her by poverty and hunger. Percentages, interest, investments, are all plain sailing to Betty Compson.

Not long ago she was offered an enormous price for a piece of property on Hollywood Boulevard which she bought years ago. She didn't take it, because she figured that by the time she had paid the income tax on her profits and re-invested the money at a sound rate of interest, it wouldn't bring her in as much as it does now.

Money alone has never been able to bring Betty happiness. It won't satisfy her burning ambition. Three things are vital to Betty and in this order—success, money, and men.

Betty went to England.

P. & A. photo

At Miami, giving the kids a big thrill with the aid of a good-natured old "heavy."

Photo by Nickolas Muray

Here's the radiant Betty of the comeback.

The astronomers of Hollywood charted another fallen star. They had to unchart it.

Betty wasn't through. Unhappy, homesick, hurt, she went on doing fine work in England. In the meantime, the fans, through the exhibitors—in other words, the great god Box Office—asserted themselves. They overruled the judgment of the producers. They wanted more Betty Compson.

That may look like an inevitable break. But Betty made a break for herself when she had the courage to face exile in England, when she worked out in her own head the psychology of a move which to others seems fatal.

She knew that she had left good work behind to plead for her with the public which in the end decides all screen fate. It was her belief that if she went away and was working it would look better than if they saw her around all the time, waiting, hoping, trying to get a chance.

WHEN the reports of the sales force began to roll in, as she hoped they would, saying that the exhibitors wanted more Compson pictures, the producers would be more likely to concede it if she had been snapped up somewhere else.

They would say, "Betty Compson went to England because of the salary. She loves money."

They *wouldn't* be able to say, "Well, it's funny, if the public wants her so bad, that some other studio didn't grab her while she was sitting around here."

Another thing. Betty has a self-faith that is strong enough to be a power.

"You are very proud," I said to her once.

"Why shouldn't I be?" she said quietly. "A decent pride is something every woman has a right to. I am not vain. Vanity is the most fatal of all weaknesses because it blinds you to facts. I have never been vain.

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THE GIRL WHO CAME BACK
Continued from page seventeen

But—I am Betty Compson. I know myself. I owe no man anything. No woman can say of me that I have cheapened myself or my sex. No one can accuse me of adding to the world's burden of hurt and humiliation. I selected my job and I've carried it on. Like everyone else I am the hub of my own universe. And the universe that touches me is benefited most when I conduct my life with sanity and order. What I get I take from no one else. There is enough for everyone and everyone has the same chance I had to get it. No one could start with less than I did. There is always room at the top. Yes, I have pride. I am glad I have."

P. & A. photo

Betty as she looked in 1927.

It is quite true that she is not vain. I strolled into her dressing room for lunch one day and found her staring into the mirror. " My, I get tired of my face," she said. " They can't kid me. I know it's a funny face. But," she brightened, " I have got nice legs, haven't I? That's about all I can say for myself."

But her pride and her self-faith she took into exile, and they kept her from going to pieces.

When Paramount cabled and asked her to come back, she was ready. She hadn't grown slack. She was on her toes. I have seen any number of girls have chances to come back—but they'd slipped too far to grasp them.

If Edison had never invented the motion picture, Betty Compson would be a big figure somewhere—in Wall Street, perhaps. Of only three other screen stars can that honestly be said—Mary Pickford, Colleen Moore, and Bebe Daniels.

" The folly of most women," I heard Betty say once to a great novelist, " is that they do not know what they want. That alone has allowed men to rule the world. Once you know what you want, it is not difficult to get it. You have only to keep on your course and be willing to sacrifice all lesser and more passing things. I have always known what I wanted. The women of my family have been like that for generations. We know what we want—and we get it."

She has proved her point. She has everything she set out to get from her enemy, Life. Everything except a child.

" There," she says, " Nature has defeated me. A woman who has never had a child is like a ship that has never been to sea. As an actress, I've tried to get inside the thoughts and feelings of all sorts of people. I think the one feeling I can't comprehend in the slightest degree is that of the woman who doesn't want a child. Yet it often happens that women like me are childless. Perhaps we pour too much into our work. Perhaps we burn up our creative fire in ambition. Yes, there Nature has evened up the score—which is stupid of her. And she did it only where she could take an unfair advantage."

THAT strong urge for motherhood Betty poured out for years upon her stepchild, Jim Cruze's sixteen-year-old daughter Julie. If Julie becomes the great composer her amazing talent promises, she will owe much of it to the advice and worldly wisdom of Betty Compson. Julie has told me that often.

Perhaps the advice Betty gives Julie wouldn't be approved by every mother. Mothers have so little courage where their daughters are concerned. They desire so greatly to protect them from life, and learn too late that it can't be done.

Betty has given Julie—a dark, music-mad young thing—the counsel of her own life. Julie has wept more tears over the filing of her stepmother's divorce suit than anyone else. Betty Compson and Jim Cruze are not the weeping kind.

There is nothing soft about Compson.

A hard woman, intolerant of weakness first of all in herself. Ruthless, when her desire is clear.

Betty has always been hard. With the kind of hardness that must have been in those women who crossed the plains in covered wagons. Of late years she has laid a worldly tolerance, a bubbling generosity, a certain brilliance of personality over that framework of steel, so that meeting her for the first time you fail to see it.

But it's there. If she hadn't been hard, she could never have survived the experience of Poverty Row.

She had been a great star. Flattered, sought after, catered to. It had been Miss Compson's company, Miss Compson's director, Miss Compson's suite of dressing rooms. Interviewers had begged for a few hours of her time. She had been one of filmdom's royalty.

She descended to Poverty Row.

No stock-market crash, from millions to minus, no social eclipse, can parallel that descent.

POVERTY ROW is no more. The new field of the talkies put them equal with the big companies. They knew as much about talking pictures as anyone else and were more willing to learn, would work harder. They gambled sooner on the inevitable passing of the silent picture.

But time was when Poverty Row existed as one of the strangest and most colorful phenomena of Hollywood.

A row of small wooden studios gathered about the corners of Sunset Boulevard and Gower Street. Shooting schedule—five to ten days, as opposed to a minimum of six weeks or two months on the big lots. Cost of production—$10,000 to $25,000 as against a quarter of a million to two million. Day's work—twenty and sometimes twenty-four hours a day.

Poverty Row was a sweatshop. What they didn't know about makeshifts to save a nickel has yet to be invented.

The shrewd producers of Poverty Row watched the Big Time like hawks. Fallen stars were fair game.

The stigma of Poverty Row was indelible. People sometimes came up from Poverty Row. A few came up with it. But no one ever came back from there.

Betty Compson worked one year on Poverty Row.

She had been out of work for months. Paramount had let her go a second time.

There was at that time a very definite code in Hollywood. If you had been a star, you couldn't work unless you were starred. If you had been a leading lady, you couldn't support a woman star. Two-reelers and comedies were beyond the pale. Above all and everything, you must not make " quickies," must not work for second-rate companies. Better starve with dignity. Many did.

No one knew the rules of the game better than Betty Compson. For a long time she fought gamely, with all the weapons in her arsenal. She dressed gorgeously. Went out socially a great deal, hoping the sight of her would remind some director or producer that she was still in existence.

She kept a stiff upper lip and was always " just going to start a new picture."

A few things came her way. She took 'em. Leads, featured rôles. Put the money in the bank. Gradually they fell away. Betty was out of work. That meant concentrated misery to a girl whose whole life was her work. It meant broken pride. Idleness. No money coming in.

At last came offers from Poverty Row.

She refused them. Not that. Surely she hadn't come to that.

Sitting at home day after day, she tried to find the answer to that most unexplainable of all Hollywood riddles. Why had she dropped out? She was a better actress than she had ever been. Her beauty was at its height. She hadn't made any bad pictures. It's a riddle no one has ever been able to solve, in her case and many others.

In the end, she gave in. She went to work on Poverty Row. Hollywood buzzed with the news. Poor Betty! Her day was done. She'd been a regular guy, too, while she was up there.

To hear them talk, you would have imagined that she had died and been buried.

I don't suppose anyone will ever know how much Betty suffered in those days. Certainly she never squawked.

There is something about the picture of the proud and ambitious Betty Compson working day after day in that atmosphere of Poverty Row that is tragic to contemplate. Haunted by the specter of certain defeat, faced by the daily proof of how far she had fallen, she cracked for the first time.

Twenty hours a day, working every minute, sometimes on two pictures at once. So tired she often slept in her tiny dressing room. Bad stories, bad direction, hurried productions that would not allow her to get her teeth into a part. The pounding of it broke her spirit.

She still prayed, but she was too tired and too miserable to work any more. Everyone had forgotten her. Past glories were mere memories that hurt unbearably. Her great dreams trailed in the dust of Poverty Row. She even lost interest in her looks and let herself get fat—the final admission of failure in any actress.

One thing only remained, it seemed, of the old Betty Compson we had known. Perhaps it was that one spark that kept her going. In a year Betty Compson took more money out of Poverty Row than any other actress had ever done—or perhaps than all the actresses that ever worked there. In that one respect she was still herself. Her salary checks from all her pictures totaled $180,000.

"That kept a little pride going in me," she said. "I wasn't quite licked while I could make that much money out of them. They say I love money. I do. But—I can tell you it was pretty cold comfort, a pretty poor substitute for all I'd lost. But, believe me, I wasn't going to pass up that much money for any false pride. Or any hurt I got down there. And I think if I hadn't felt that way, hadn't worked, I would have been done forever. I'd have gone straight to hell, to be frank about it."

Betty with George Bancroft in The Docks of New York.

ONE day in a traffic jam on Wilshire Boulevard her car pulled up beside a big roadster. In that roadster was George Fitzmaurice, one of the really great directors in motion pictures.

More, Fitz is a man who knows life and understands people and has a great heart under his suave and Continental manner.

He shouted to the girl in the car, "Betty, how'd you like to play a marvelous part for me?"

Betty Compson sat up. She stared at him. She fought back the sudden tears. That note of hope broke through her hard bitterness as none of the knocks had done.

"I don't think I could now, Fitz," she said. "Look at me."

Fitz looked. Betty was twenty pounds overweight. The radiance that had once lived in her eyes was gone. He hesitated.

Then he said, "Listen, Betty. This picture is eight months away. It's The Barker. I want you for that part. And I'll hold it open until the last minute if you'll promise to get yourself in shape. I know you can. This is Fitz, Betty. You come to me in six months and we'll see."

Betty cried all the way home. She cried violently, bitterly, as women do when they have believed themselves forgotten and find that a friend has been faithful all the time. Fitz believed in her. He'd thought of her. She knew he'd do as he said—hold the part open.

Could she do it?

Betty Compson went into her dressing room at home and turned on the glare of all the lights. For the first time in a year she really looked at herself in the long mirrors. Had Poverty Row finished her?

It takes guts to come back from long physical and mental neglect. It takes a great self-faith to drive over the hopelessness, the slackness, the habit of despair and negligence.

Six months from that day, Betty Compson walked into George Fitzmaurice's office. A slim, radiant figure, head up, eyes shining, she smiled at him.

"This is Betty, Fitz," she said.

They signed the contract.

Perhaps Fitz knew the hours of dogged work, of self-denial, of mental struggle back of that entrance. Perhaps only Betty knew.

IF you didn't see The Barker, you missed a great moment in screen history. The first-night audience in Los Angeles greeted that comeback of Compson's with cheers that must have been very dear to her.

When she is working on a picture, Compson trains like an athlete. Diet. Regular hours for sleep. No parties. Not a drink. Systematic exercise. A Spartan régime.

The minute the picture is finished, she lets down. I know very few women who can take the fleshpots or let them alone as and when they see fit. Betty Compson can.

And she loves them all. Love, luxury, liquor, people—all have their exact place and use, just so far and no farther.

Every time she steps into her Rolls-Royce she gets a thrill out of it. This is one of the things she determined to have when she was a nursemaid pushing a baby buggy around for twenty dollars a month. She still gets a tremendous kick out of many and beautiful clothes and fine jewelry—a kick which many stars have lost. That is because they always give her a vivid consciousness of victory—her victory.

Wise as she is about money, she spends freely for what she wants and she wants only the best. I remember years ago standing with her on a street in Hollywood and watching a big car go by. "When I get my first car," she said, "it's going to be a good one."

The first car she ever owned was a $10,000 special-build Cadillac. She has the self-control to do without until she gets what she wants.

Betty loves admiration, openly, honestly. When a handsome young leading man gets a crush on her, she enjoys it to the utmost. "It makes me feel young and beautiful," she says. "It stimulates me. All women are like that—only they won't admit it."

All the time she has been working, striving, keeping her eye on the things she wanted, Betty has needed and taken love. Three times at least she has been madly in love—and probably will be three times again.

First with George Loane Tucker. Then with a fine boy who later became the husband of another great star. Finally with Jim Cruze.

Betty believes in love, demands it as part of a woman's complete existence. To it she gives her best. No man who has loved Betty Compson but has found her wonderful. Yet I think she has never given herself completely to any man, never fused herself with another human being so that she no longer belonged to herself. Always she has remained Betty Compson.

"Always before, the women of my family have given love first place," she told me. "My grandmother was a Swedish peasant—a gorgeous, strong, vital woman. My grandfather was a Heidelberg student. He was twenty-one and she was thirty-one when they first met. She fell in love with him and, in spite of the difference in their ages and position, she got him. Until the day of her death he idolized her.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE GIRL WHO CAME BACK
Continued from page nineteen]

"My mother was a girl of sixteen, sitting on the porch of the family farmhouse in Utah, when she saw a man ride by on horseback. She said, 'That is the man I am going to marry.' It took her eight years, but she married him. It was a love story to the very end, and when he died they thought she would die, too. He was a Cornell graduate and she was just a farm girl—but she got him."

Betty Compson has treated love as a man treats it: a joy, a recreation, but never her whole existence.

The first man in her life was George Loane Tucker, who directed that immortal picture, The Miracle Man.

Tucker was a strange, delicate man with the eyes of a dreamer and the inner fire of an artist. Gray-haired, distinguished, he had a clairvoyant gaze that seemed to look right through you—into reality.

He first saw Betty on the screen in a Christie comedy.

Their meeting was probably the biggest single event in her life.

Betty and her mother were living in one room in Glendale, a suburb half an hour outside Los Angeles.

After three years in comedy, Betty had lost her job at Christie's. They were broke. They had come to Los Angeles on excursion tickets the year of the Panama-Pacific Exposition—1915—and had landed without a dime, with nothing but Betty's ambition. In the three years at Christie's she hadn't been able to save anything. Mack Sennett had offered her a contract with the bathing girls when Christie let her go, but Betty had turned it down.

With Eddie Dowling in Blaze o' Glory, a recent picture.

"Three years in comedy is enough," she told her mother. "I will find something else. I won't be forced back."

But she didn't find anything else. They knew real hunger. They knew the daily nervous tension of unpaid bills and bill collectors and empty purses. But Betty Compson set her jaw and carried on.

"You can only starve once," she said. "Keep on praying, darling."

One desperate morning, with only a cup of coffee under her belt and only the precious carfare in her worn pocketbook, she started on the endless, hopeless search for work. For all her brave talk to her mother she was pretty discouraged. She stopped on the stairs and said a little prayer, fighting back the tears.

"I only want work. I only want a chance," she said aloud. "I *know* I'll get it if I can hang on. But, gee, I'm hungry!"

On the sidewalk in front of her door she found a brand new ten-dollar bill.

"Ten dollars will always be the most money in the world," she said when she told me about it.

She took it back to her mother. "That proves I'm right," she said. "It's been sent—because we worked and prayed."

BEFORE it was gone she got a job in serials—the next step up from comedies in those days. Serial work was long, hard, and dangerous. Betty came home at night so tired she could scarcely crawl upstairs. She ate her dinner half asleep from bodily fatigue.

The telephone rang.

Mr. George Loane Tucker wanted to speak to Miss Betty Compson.

Miss Compson dragged herself to the telephone. Mr. Tucker wanted to see her immediately at the Los Angeles Athletic Club. He was casting a great picture, The Miracle Man, and there was a part in it for which she might be suited. A part which would make her.

"I've heard about those parts," said Betty. "I'll come."

Her mother protested. "Oh, Betty, you can't go. You're worn out. Tell him to wait until tomorrow. You *can't* go clear down there tonight."

"Tomorrow is something I can't tell about," said Betty. "I'm going tonight. I don't know how I'll get there, but I'm going."

"At least, take a taxi," said her mother.

"With what?" said Betty, counting the quarter and the nickel that made up the family bank roll.

"But, darling"—her mother was almost weeping—"you must fix yourself up. Look at the mud on your skirt. You've still got some make-up back of your ears."

"No," said Betty Compson slowly, "I won't. I've only got a little energy left and I'm going to save it. Besides, if he's such a great director, he'd see through all that, anyway. I'm Betty Compson. This is me. I have a feeling he wants the real me. Well, he'll sure get it tonight."

The uncanny foresight with which adventurers are often equipped to meet a crisis!

Because Tucker told me himself afterward about that first meeting with Betty Compson, and why he gave the great rôle in The Miracle Man to an untried extra girl.

HE had looked at hundreds of screen actresses until he was near discouragement. Then, in some silly little comedy, he saw the face of which he had dreamed—the radiant eyes, the passionate mouth, the hard jaw, the strong forehead. He was almost afraid to believe—afraid the girl herself would lack the inner things he needed.

So he waited in the lobby of the Athletic Club, eager and afraid. This picture was to be his masterpiece.

A girl came in and sat down.

"She was like a violin you could play upon," he told me. "All the tricks and artifices, the coquetries and deceptions which are a woman's defense against the world, had been beaten down by sheer fatigue. She was too raw with discouragement and those months of half-starvation to cover up the real woman—a woman at twenty-one already hard against the world, but with a wealth of passion and emotion underneath. She was herself—and she was the girl I'd been searching for."

They talked for hours. The next morning he went out to the little house in Glendale and the thing was settled. One hundred and fifty dollars a week. It is a perfect Compson touch that even then, in the thrill of this great chance which was to make a star of her, she fought for two hours to make them pay for her clothes.

Inevitably she fell in love with Tucker. He was already in love with her from that first night and his love was different.

Betty embodied his dreams. Galatea had come to life for this Pygmalion. By that time, too, he knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that she must be his last love, and so she became the love of his life, the final medium of his art and his manhood.

Probably Betty Compson would have become his sweetheart whether she loved him or not. She would have considered it a natural and wise move, considering all he was doing and could do for her. But she really loved him and he was a powerful and lasting influence in her life. But there again she was consistent. No human being can live without being influenced by others. But Betty Compson has been influenced only with her own consent, only through her mentality. From Jim Cruze, for instance, she deliberately learned the tolerance her character so much needed, learned the healing solace of humor, accepted a philosophy which accords every man and woman born the right to live according to their own beliefs.

From Tucker she learned many things of the spirit—bravery and suffering and beauty and unselfishness.

For a long time he did not tell her that he was dying. He told no one so long as he could conceal the inroads of that growth which was slowly consuming him.

At last he could keep the tragic secret no longer.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

"Pink tooth brush" at my age!

...not so good...not so good...not so good...

YOUR gums may be tender at twenty or firm and healthy at fifty-five. They may be soft and flabby, or firm and healthy, and their health depends directly on the care that you give them.

"Pink tooth brush" is not a serious trouble in itself. Often, it is true, it is the forerunner of worse disease, and from neglect of soft and flabby gums, gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even pyorrhea may follow.

But to prevent "pink tooth brush" with massage and Ipana Tooth Paste, is a simple and a wise precaution.

* * *

A tinge of "pink", however slight, upon your tooth brush, is a sign the gum structure is weak and that your gums are not getting exercise that vigorous chewing of harder foods would give them.

The soft foods we eat today are the great enemies of healthy gums and sound teeth, but Ipana and massage afford you sure protection. Dentists recommend Ipana to thousands of patients because it contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic long used by the profession in treating gum disorders!

So bring Ipana to the aid of your gums when and while you clean your teeth! Simply brush your gums; or massage them with your fingers, lightly at first, then harder. Ipana's ziratol content speeds the blood! Wastes and poisons are swept from the tiny capillaries of the gums! Soon they regain their normal hardness and firmness!

And while Ipana keeps your gums in health, it cleans the teeth to sparkling, flashing whiteness! Its taste is delightfully refreshing and it gives an instant feeling of cleanliness to the whole mouth!

A good dentist and a good tooth paste are not *luxuries*

From now on, make Ipana the tooth paste of your family and yourself! It may cost a few cents more, but its formula is modern and scientific—its double protection well worth the slight difference in price!

Stop by at your druggist's and get the large-size tube—don't wait for the sample. Tonight, begin the full month's test. And forget your dental cares!

* * *

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IPANA *Tooth Paste*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

Then began a strange six months.

Intensely sensitive, when the suffering grew so great that he could not always count upon himself to control its manifestations, when he began to show physically the thing that was happening to him, Tucker told Betty he never wanted her to see him again.

"I want you to keep another memory of me," he said. And he arranged a communion unlike any that even fiction records.

Betty must not face his tragedy. But he felt he could not live out those last days without her. So in his hospital room the great director arranged his final scenes. Mirrors were placed upon the wall at the foot of his bed. Hidden behind a thick screen, he could see in those mirrors the big chair that had been placed beyond the screen.

Day after day Betty Compson came and sat in that chair. She talked to the man she loved and could not see. She reached out to him with a tenderness that she has never known at any other time, across the barrier of space and pain. She wrapped her spirit around him, to comfort his heart and soothe his agony. Her eyes smiled at him.

She held back the tears that throbbed against her eyelids until at last she was outside that living tomb where her love lay dying, and then she broke down and wept, hardly able to see her way along the dim corridors.

Not long before he died he spoke to her of her future.

"You must not grieve for me, Betty," he said. "Your life is ahead. You are a great actress. You should be a big woman. You need love. Find yourself someone who is clean and true—and young. Be happy. But don't marry. Don't marry for a long time—perhaps never. You will grow so much, change so much. Wait until you are mature and then find a man who can be to you all the things you need. I am not the man you will love most. You are too young. Some man will come. Wait for him.

"And when I—go—don't give in to it. This is a critical moment for you. I had your future so well planned. Now you must go on alone. I know you will suffer, for we have loved each other. But you must not give up."

It was well he said those things. For his death shook her as nothing else in her life has ever done.

She followed all his words, not through blind affection, nor through any emotional superstition that they were Tucker's last words. Weighing them, she found them worthy and they became part of her own thoughts.

Walter Morosco.

James Cruze.

George L. Tucker.

P. & A. photos

SHE met her young man. They loved each other, sweetly and youthfully and with laughter, and then each went on to the stronger love of manhood and womanhood to marriage. Walter Morosco married Corinne Griffith and Betty Compson married James Cruze.

Like her mother and her grandmother before her, Betty Compson knew her man the moment she saw him. When someone introduced Jim Cruze to her on the old Lasky lot, Betty smiled sweetly. Inside she was saying, "There is the man I'm going to marry."

She did.

And when she married the director of The Covered Wagon she had to fit herself into Jim's unique home in Flintridge—a suburb far outside the beaten track of Hollywood stars. She had to fit herself into his strange, unsocial way of living, his refusal ever to go out anywhere, even to attend a party, a dance, a theater.

"Jim Cruze's" is one of the really famous places of the movie life. No other home approaches it for sheer personality. Completely reflected are the rough strength and the religion of tolerance which make Jim Cruze one of the most radical characters in Hollywood. From his roving life—he has been waiter, laborer, miner in Alaska, roustabout in a circus, cowboy, actor, and a dozen other things—Jim has emerged a man of such a devastating honesty as social life can hardly bear.

He is a big, dark man who wears old pants, a cap, a sweater, and golf shoes.

The house is a low, rambling California-Spanish affair, built around a flower-filled patio and a swimming pool.

EVERY Sunday of the year Mr. and Mrs. James Cruze used to be at home in Flintridge. And every Sunday, whether the sun was shining or the rain beating down, a strange and fascinating group gathered there. Jim keeps old friends together—stars of yesteryear, names once great, now forgotten. The lions of the literary world, orators who have moved thousands, unusual intellects and philosophers, come out from under cover there. Socialism, religion, work, war, peace—discussions of worth-while topics vary the wit and laughter.

Jim Tully begging for prison reform. Wilson Mizner making the early days of Alaska live magnificently before your eyes. Laurence Stallings expounding the gospel of art and work. Frank Condon, witty and wise about people everywhere. Roscoe Arbuckle, a comedian still, but a philosopher, too, under the bitter lash of life's injustice.

Betty Compson was rather splendid against that background. But it wore her out. She missed the gayety, the contact, of her own friends. Like all women of her type, she desired a man who could dominate her, and then fought bitterly against that domination. The marriage was never peaceful. Two violent individualities fought for the upper hand.

Not long ago Betty Compson left Jim, left the rambling house in Flintridge. During that separation she had a passing love affair with a handsome young leading man. But even though he gave her the flattery and the romantic attentions that Jim Cruze had scorned to offer, he couldn't hold her. A nice boy, but not a Jim Cruze.

So Betty went back. But the oneness of their marriage was gone. Now she has filed suit for divorce.

"But it was wonderful to be married to a *man*," she said the other day. "We couldn't make a go of it. I want my own life. Jim's a brutal man in some ways. Still, I don't know where I shall find anyone else who can measure up after Jim. But I'll try. I must have someone—I want a grand love affair before I die."

Even with the divorce now on file, I don't think anybody would be really surprised if they went back together again. Somehow, that seemed a mating that was fitting and true.

Betty Compson has won out all along the line. Her picture, Street Girl, was one of the great successes of last year. They tell me she has done marvelous work in The Sky Hawk. But do you think she is satisfied?

Betty, the adventurer, has within herself the dream of a new conquest. The woman who fought back oftener than any other star in pictures cannot be content to rest on her laurels.

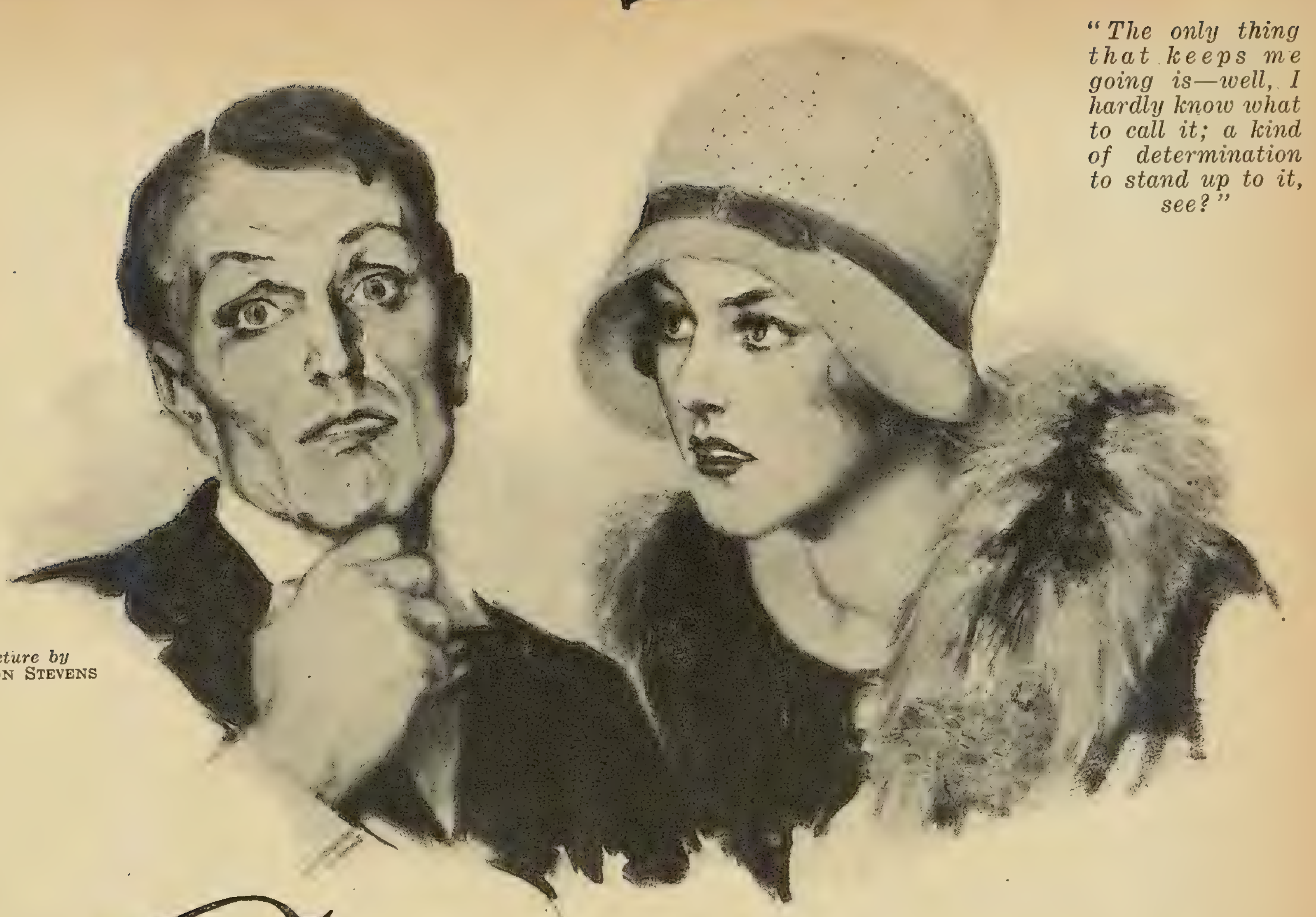
"Some day," says Compson, "I am going to be a great stage star. I may have a long gray beard when the time comes, but if I live I'm going to do it. The theater will have a great renaissance when this decline because of talking pictures is over. Nothing in history has ever downed the theater. It won't now. I'm going to be ready for that time. That's my new ambition. I'll get there. You watch and see."

I expect she will.

If there's anything in past performance, when Betty Compson says she's decided to be a great stage star, I'm certainly not going to lay any money that she won't.

Are you?

THE END



"The only thing that keeps me going is—well, I hardly know what to call it; a kind of determination to stand up to it, see?"

Picture by
DALTON STEVENS

CAPTAIN

A Story of Love That Wasn't Blind

By
HULBERT FOOTNER

(THIRTY-FOURTH STREET. There's the whistle. Count ten to give the cars time to get over before you cross. . . . Now. . . . Something may turn in on me from the left. . . Well, you've got to chance it. Don't hesitate or somebody will offer to lead you over.)

(Made it! Swing your stick carelessly to the right to get the stoop line. Don't tap! Don't tap! If you walk fast you can make the next crossing before the light changes again. . . . Takes a bit of nerve to walk fast. . . . Well, if you haven't got nerve enough you'd better stay home. . . . I'd be all right if it wasn't for the jay walkers. . . . Here's one!)

"Why don't you look where you're going, sir!"

"Same to you, sir. You're on the wrong side of the walk!"

"Oh! I say, I'm sorry! I didn't realize! Let me walk with you."

"Thanks. I don't need any help."

(Now he's pitying me. Oh, damn pity! Damn pity! I'm not asking for it! . . . Easy! Easy! Or you'll collide with another. Get the stoop line again. You've strayed out in the middle. . . . Here's Thirty-sixth. Other people are crossing. Keep right on.)

(That car has loose wrist pins. I reckon it's a taxi. Those poor devils can't afford to lay off for repairs. Sounds like my old Duesenberg. Well, I guess all the cars I ever drove are scrapped now. Like their driver! . . . Here comes a bunch of girls!)

"My dear, Walter is the goofiest thing! Last night he said . . ."

"But just wait till I tell you this . . ."

"Simply priceless! And of course the only thing I could say . . ."

(Girls' voices! Gee! how nice. Wish I could sit in a dark corner and listen to a roomful of girls chattering. Then I wouldn't mind so much not seeing them.)

(Thirty-seventh Street. Hanged if I know which way the traffic's heading. Can't hear a thing. Every year they're making the cars more silent.)

"Can I help you across?"

"No, thanks. Just tell me which way the light is set."

"It's against you now."

"Thanks. Anything coming up Thirty-seventh?"

"One taxi."

"Thanks, old man."

"Not at all."

(Good voice. You don't hear so many. He was a white man. Knows how it is. Didn't grab hold of my arm. God, how I hate that from people I can't see! Nice voice. Young like me. He can see his girl.)

"Look, mamma; what's the matter with the man?"

"Hush, darling; you mustn't point."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

"But what's the matter with him, mamma? He stares so funny."

"Hush, darling, or he'll hear you."

(Confound the woman! Why can't she answer the child? Children are all right. They're honest, and they don't pity you. I could get along fine with children.)

(Thirty-eighth Street. I might begin to slow up a little now. It was along here yesterday— But I mustn't appear to be waiting for her. If she thought I was beginning to build on these meetings, she'd pass me by without a word and I'd never know the difference. She may be passing me now with a laugh.)

(You are building on it, you fool! Nothing can come of it. It's agin nature for a woman to be attracted to a maimed man. She could only fall for you through pity, and you couldn't stand that. . . . She doesn't pity me. That's what got me going. She speaks to me as if I were as good as herself. . . . Go on! You know she pities you! Everybody pities you. But she's got sense. She sees that it hurts, and so she makes a bluff of not pitying you.)

(Nothing can come of it! How many times during the past fortnight have I told you that! Yet here you are listening for her. What's the good of it? Every time you hear her voice will only make it harder.)

Luigis
table d'hote

"Good morning, Captain. Whither away so fast?"

"Good morning, Lady. I go to Grand Central to hear the trolleys sing." (Mustn't let your voice shake!)

"Oh, if that's all you've got on hand, I'll walk along with you if you don't mind."

(Mind!) "Surely . . . surely . . ." (For God's sake, pull yourself together! Say something bright!)

"You must think the red trolleys have sweeter voices, Captain, if you go all the way to Forty-second Street to hear them."

"Well, the green ones have a disagreeable tremolo, don't you think?"

"I see you have an ear."

(Thirty-ninth Street. I wonder if I could ask her to go to Luigi's? . . . Of course she wouldn't. . . . But what's the harm of trying? Might as well know the worst!)

"Why do you hesitate, Captain? We have the light."

"Lady, down this street there's a little restaurant. Would you . . . could we . . . At this hour there would be scarcely anybody there. If we could sit down at a little table and talk. It would be nicer than hearing the trolleys . . ."

"You mean Luigi's, Captain. I know it. Surely, let's go."

(Oh, don't let me wake up! Don't let me wake up!)

. . . . .

"WE must be thinking of going soon, Captain. One can steal an hour from the commonplace, but scarcely two."

"Is it an hour? It seems so short!"

"It's nearly two. . . . You have asked me nothing about myself."

"Well, I know you are as tall as I am, because when we were walking your mouth was just two inches lower than my ear."

"What else, Sherlock?"

"You have a brunette kind of voice; warm, I mean, and dusky. You're wearing a big bunch of violets some man sent you, so you must be popular."

"Right! All except the last. I bought the violets myself."

(I wonder if she did. Many men must be after her. Whole men.) "I don't want to know too much about you, Lady."

"Why not?"

"Well, it's better, isn't it, to meet like two birds on the rim of a fountain, exchange a few chirps, and fly on our way again?"

"Is that all?"

"Oh, don't think I'm belittling the last two hours. It's been marvelous to one like me. Like manna in the desert. I'll never forget your kindness."

"Kindness, Captain? I've just been following my own desires."

(She can't mean what she seems to mean.)

"Humility is not your line, Captain. It doesn't become you."

(Say nothing!)

"I wouldn't dare feel sorry for you. I'm afraid of you."

"You are clever, Lady! You have figured out that that is just what a man like me longs to hear a woman say. But it's not true, of course."

"Oh, dear! You are going to be difficult, Captain."

(Going to be? Nothing is going to be.)

"Listen, Captain. Let us take your misfortune for granted. Or, rather, let us acknowledge it once and then forget about it. The first times I saw you on the street, walking along so straight and scornful, I thought you were like everybody else. It's wonderful how you got away with it! Then when I realized . . ."

"You spoke to me."

"OF course I did. I had to. If you had seen me I could have left it to you to speak. Or at least to have found some way of making my acquaintance. But as you couldn't see me I had to introduce myself."

"You . . . you shouldn't say such things, Lady. I might build too high on it."

"I know what I am doing, Captain. With ordinary people you can fiddle around with words, because they can see by your eyes what you want to say. But with one like you you have to say it, in order to get it across."

"Lady, let me tell you something. When this thing hit me I had to face it out, see? I had to make up my mind to do without everything that other men have. The only thing that keeps me going is—well, I hardly know what to call it; a kind of determination to stand up to it, see? I have made up my mind never to take anything from man, woman, or child because of that."

"Captain, if you talk like that you'll make me cry."

"Oh! . . . Where is your hand?"

"Waiting in the middle of the table. . . . Listen. I read all that in your face. It was because you took it savagely that I— I despise a tame man!"

"Oh, Lady . . . what can I say?"

"Wait a minute. There's something I ought to tell you. I am an ugly woman, Captain. No man has ever looked at me."

(Oh, why did she have to tell me that! A man has his pride! She doesn't know that I can still see in the dark. . . . Mustn't let anything on.) "I don't believe it, Lady. You are too sure of yourself to be an ugly woman."

"So! You're pretty cute, aren't you, Captain? The fact is, I was born beautiful. But an automobile smash-up spoiled it all."

(Mustn't let anything on!) "What's that to me? Your voice is my beauty. I don't see why you even thought it necessary to tell me."

"Every woman wants to be loved for her inner self, Captain, instead of the accident of her face."

(Poor thing! I'm sorry for her. I must carry it through in a big way.) "I love you, Lady."

"Oh! . . . Let's get out of here! . . . Too many people here now! I can't bear it! Take me home, Captain."

. . . . .

"The sidewalk is crowded now, Captain. Shan't I take your arm?"

"No, please. Just touch elbows."

. . . . .

"Look, mamma; here comes the man back again. The one who stares funny."

"Hush, darling. He'll hear."

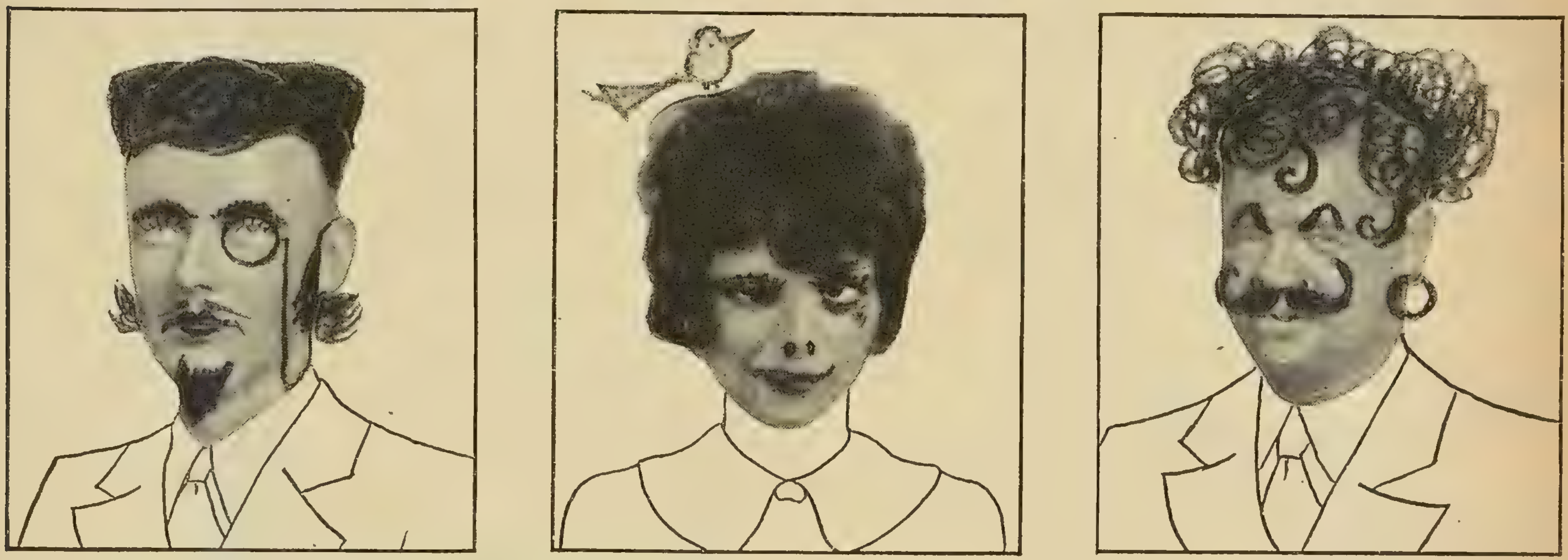
"Look, there's a lady with him, mamma."

"Will you be quiet!"

"Look what a pretty lady, mamma! Her eyes are shining like diamonds."

THE END

Funny Faces! Can You Make Them?



The pictures above give a rough idea of what you can do to a photograph with a pen or pencil. Below are the same pictures, unmarked. See what YOU can do to them, and mail them as directed in the rules below. This set of pictures must reach us before midnight, July 12.

CHARLES A. LINDBERGH
who needs no introduction

CLARA BOW
"It" girl of the talkies

BABE RUTH
the celebrated ball player

Liberty offers One Hundred Fins a Week

For the funniest faces—distributed as follows:

First Prize $200 — Second Prize $100 — Third Prize $50
and 30 prizes of One Fin ($5) each—Grand Total $500

The Rules

Each week Liberty will publish a set of photographs under the heading FUNNY FACES. You are invited to mark them up—all of them—in any way you see fit, and send them, with your name and full address, to FUNNY FACES, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

For the funniest sets of faces received each week, $500 will be paid, the prizes to be divided as indicated above.

You don't have to use the pictures on this page unless you want to. They may be copied or traced on another sheet of paper. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. The editors of Liberty will be the judges, and their decision will be final. Prize awards for the pictures in each issue will be announced four weeks later, and the pictures that win the first three prizes will be published.

We cannot undertake to return any entries or enter into correspondence concerning these Funny Faces.

ANOTHER SET OF FUNNY FACES AND $500 MORE IN PRIZES NEXT WEEK

Snickers and Sawdust

With the Messrs. Rogers (Will and Buddy) Providing the Snickers

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

1 star means fairly good. 3 stars, excellent.
2 stars, good. 4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ SO THIS IS LONDON

WILL ROGERS is starred in this Fox Movietone, so it really doesn't make a great deal of difference who else is in it, or what it is about. But, as a matter of fact, John Blystone, the director, has selected a good cast, including Irene Rich, Maureen O'Sullivan, who was the sweet little Irish girl in Song o' My Heart, Frank Albertson, and Lumsden Hare to assist the star, and an amusing story by Arthur Goodrich and Owen Davis for him to shine in.

While most of the situations in the story are obvious the lines are laugh-getters, and there are two very funny scenes. One is a shooting scene—oh, dear, no, I mean the scene of a shoot—in which Rogers, as Hiram Draper, on his first visit to England accompanies Lord Percy Worthing (Lumsden Hare) on a quest for quail.

The other is the final scene of the picture, when Draper and Worthing are drinking a toast to each other on the engagement of their respective son and daughter and a radio bursts out with the tune of God Save the King. Lord Percy stands at attention and sings, and Draper, recognizing it as My Country, 'Tis of Thee, joins in and gets it all mixed up with the British national anthem.

Clothes make the man—but Will Rogers and Dorothy Christy, in So This Is London, seem to doubt it.

Not Damaged plays up Lois Moran and Walter Byron.

★ ★ ★ SWING HIGH

The circus has come to town, but instead of sawdust and tent Pathé brings it to us on the screen. Joseph Santley, the famous song-and-dance man of a decade ago, directed the picture, and instead of showing us the circus in the usual way from a seat out front, he takes us behind the scenes and lets us look on at the unfolding of a love story of circus folk. Helen Twelvetrees is the featured player and she does well by the rôle of the young trapeze artist who is the star of the show. She is beautiful and appealing in a Gishish way. Fred Scott plays opposite Helen Twelvetrees, and while he sings well, I think he is miscast in the romantic rôle. George Fawcett is a nice old daddy of the circus and Bryant Washburn, as ringmaster and heavy menace, gives the best characterization of the cast. Dorothy Burgess is a beautiful assistant to the villain, and she and Helen Twelvetrees give a fine performance together in the climax of the picture, which, by the way, will make you hold your breath.

★ ★ SAFETY IN NUMBERS

If you are in a receptive mood when you go to Safety in Numbers, featuring Buddy Rogers, you will be entertained and amused by this bit of nonsense, for nonsense it is. Buddy sings five songs, and two of them at least will be popular hits. I liked My Future Just Passed and The Pick-Up.

The author of this piece, George Marion, Jr., has entirely surrounded Buddy with beauties of the Follies

Buddy Rogers and Kathryn Crawford in Safety in Numbers.

The musical gentleman is Fred Scott. The charming aërialist is Helen Twelvetrees. They're in Swing High.

variety. He is about to come into his inheritance of $25,000,000—imagine!—and his uncle and guardian sends him from his home in Frisco to New York to be shown the town and learn about women from three chorines, whom he trusts, before the boy has a chance to spend his own money.

The girls are played by Kathryn Crawford, Josephine Dunn, and Carol Lombard, all beautiful, and the latter two looking like twins. Genevieve Mitchell and Virginia Bruce are also in the cast. This is a Paramount production.

★ ★ NOT DAMAGED

Director Chandler Sprague has made an amusing little comedy of the Fox Movietone, Not Damaged. It is taken from a story by Richard Connell and is about a department-store Cinderella who attracts the attention of a wealthy young man. But this Cinderella, charmingly played by Lois Moran, misinterprets the intentions of the prince. She believes them to be strictly dishonorable. He is too rich, too good-looking, and too suave to mean right by a poor working girl, so she clings to her sweetheart, who works in the same department store, until a disillusioning experience reverses her ideas of the two men.

Walter Byron, as Kirk Randolph, is the attractive prince and Robert Ames gives an honest portrayal of the department-store lover.

Corinne Griffith in Back Pay.

(No Stars) BACK PAY

Not long ago Corinne Griffith announced her retirement from the films, but it was after she did Back Pay for First National. It is too bad she didn't make her decision before doing this picture, for it is a poor one to leave in the memory of her admirers. In the first place, the story is psychologically false.

Miss Griffith, as Hester Bevins, watches the man she loves, and to whom she has been married only a few weeks, die without changing her expression. Grant Withers, as the boy who is blinded in the war, is very theatrical. Montagu Love, who has contributed some fine characterizations to the screen, seems indifferent to the rôle of the self-sacrificing protector. It seems a pity that Corinne Griffith isn't making her screen exit with a fanfare instead of on a false note.

Do you know that—

In spite of the rumors of a separation between Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, the master of Pickfair telephoned his wife every night while he was abroad recently?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—The Floradora Girl, The Silent Enemy.

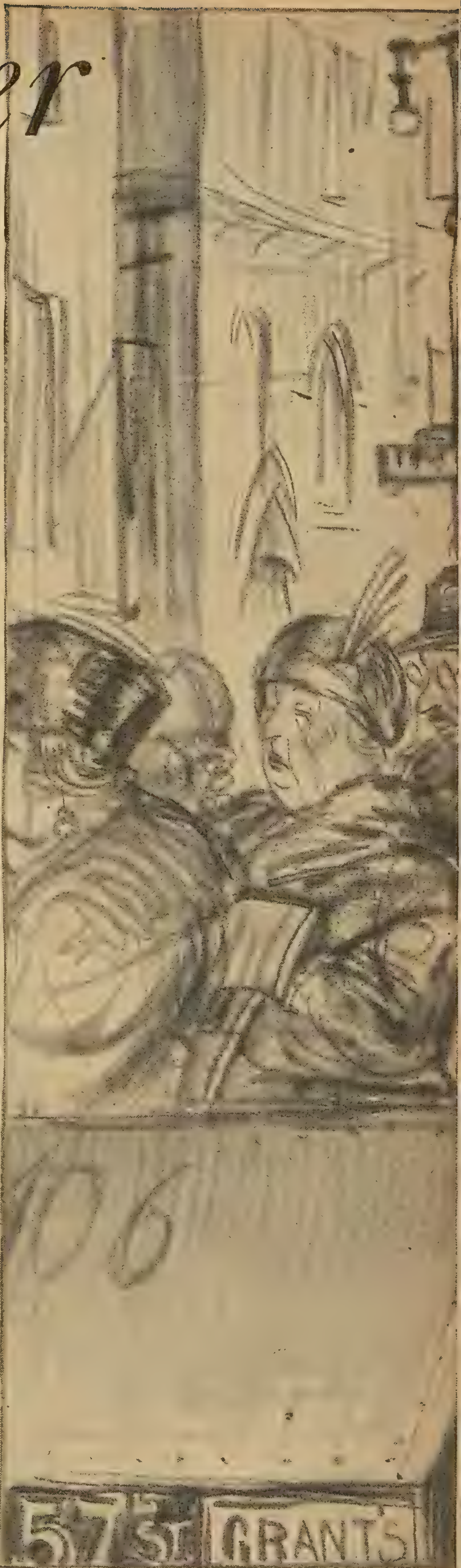
★★★—The Bad One, True to the Navy, Ladies Love Brutes, The Texan.

Still Another Juliet

A Love Story of Today in America

By THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

Pictures by A. D. FULLER



The bus came in handy.

What Has Gone Before:

WAKING up in the morning was almost a daily miracle, now, to beautiful Juliet Rogers. She would dress carefully, eat breakfast with dad—nice, understanding dad—take the train from Glen Hill into New York, go to the J. D. Fredrickson Advertising Agency, sit before her typewriter, and know that right in the same office handsome Keith Morris, new member of the staff, was at work in the copy department.

The other girls in the agency had, at times, teased her about " J. D." himself, the owner of the firm—but this was not to be taken seriously. No, there had been no other man—ever. So far, Keith had shown no interest in her—but it was spring, and Juliet dreamed dreams. And just when dreams were beginning to be too unsubstantial—it happened. Keith came to her desk.

" I wonder," he said, " if you'd care to go to the theater with me tomorrow night."

" I'd love to go," she answered.

She did go, and it was only a beginning. Other dates followed. Little dinners. Rides on the Fifth Avenue bus at twilight.

Then Juliet knew that Keith loved her, and life was perfect—until she met Mrs. Morris, the mother whom Keith had to support. The older woman was coolly polite, declaimed against early marriages, and later, so Keith said, had hysterics.

The next Sunday Keith went to see Juliet at Glen Hill. He hit it off with dad. Thelma, Juliet's sister, put on her latest affected airs for him, and Steve Gill, Thelma's young man, was full of snappy comebacks. But mama suddenly marched upstairs without a word. It was not until Keith had gone that Juliet learned why. Mama had made a strange discovery. Keith's mother had been Minnie Streeter! Now go on with the story.

PART THREE—LOVE'S FADING HOPES

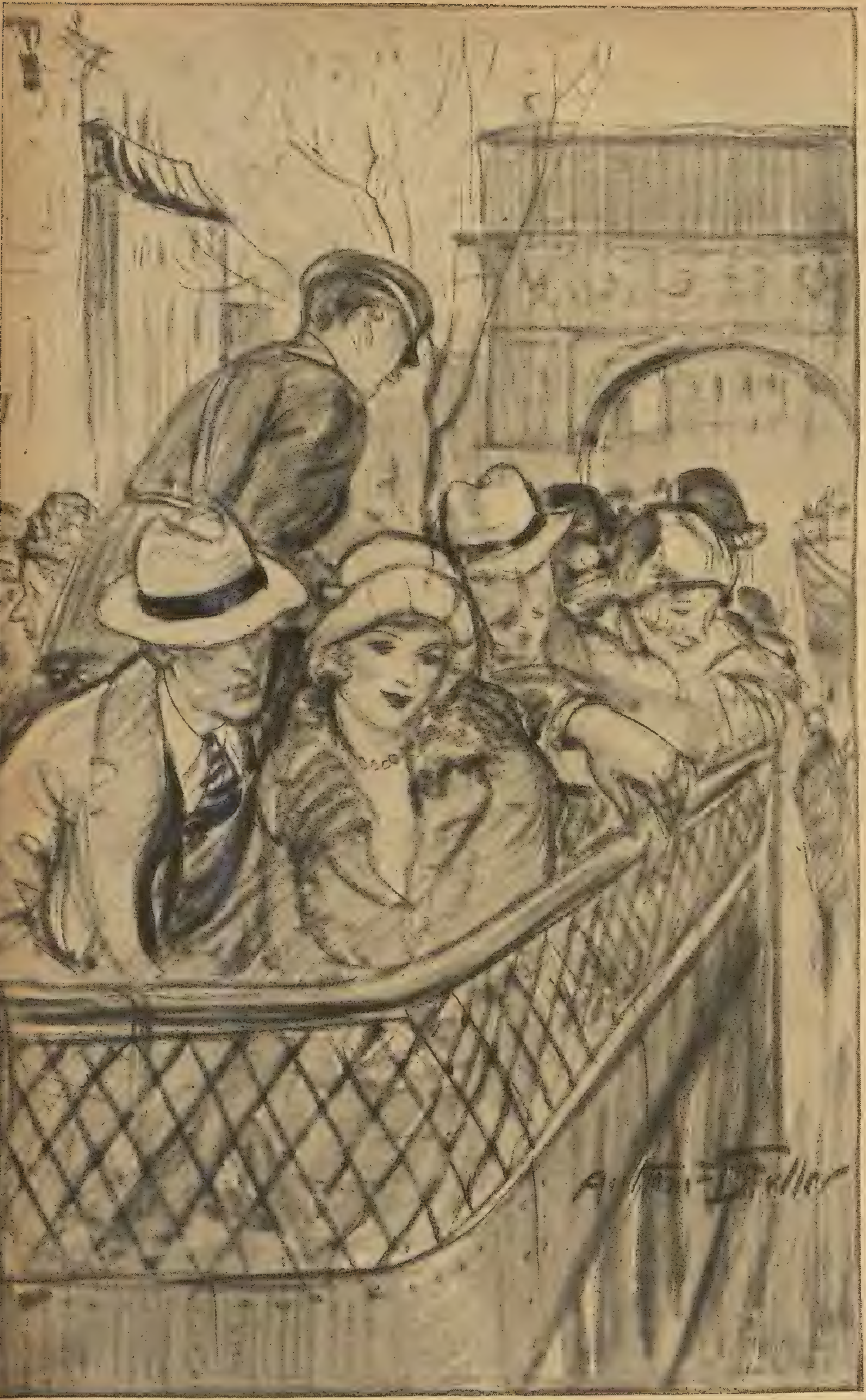
FOR years mama had been talking about Minnie Streeter. Minnie Streeter had been her childhood enemy, her girlhood rival. According to mama's story, mama had rescued dad, not a minute too soon, from Minnie Streeter's web. If a neighbor proved unpleasant, she reminded mama of Minnie Streeter. She still dreamed of Minnie Streeter at night, and was cross all the next day in consequence. It was thirty years ago, back in Jackson, Missouri, that mama and Minnie Streeter had had their quarrels. Mama and dad had married and had moved away. Minnie Streeter, too, had married and had moved away. And the man she had married had been Fred Morris of Monroe, Illinois—and Keith Morris was Minnie Streeter's son!

It was the kind of thing that happened in fiction—or was " too real to happen in a story." And here it had happened! It would have been almost funny, after hearing about Minnie Streeter all these years, if Keith weren't involved.

The beautiful romance that had seemed too beautiful to last had been too beautiful to last! All of its loveliness seemed crumbling in a little heap, first because of Keith's mother, and now because of mama. Because of money, too. If there had been money enough, Mrs. Morris wouldn't have been so bitter about not wanting Keith to marry. And if Keith had money, even mama—

Juliet knew she loved Keith deeply. Keith loved her. When they were together everything was beautiful. They could forget—or pretend to forget—that anything unpleasant had happened—was happening. Keith knew now how mama felt. They tried not to talk about the mothers quarreling.

On warm Sundays they went to one of the beaches.



It was the nicest place in the world on which to talk.

They ran into the water, held hands as the waves broke over them. Then they lay close together on the sand, the hot sun beating down. Lovely days!

When the weather grew cooler they walked on funny, crooked city streets, discovering a dozen tiny transplanted countries, hearing strange tongues, eating strange and enchanting foods. It was next best to traveling. They would have that too some day.

They couldn't forget entirely that unpleasant things had crept in. At home mama talked constantly against Keith. It almost seemed as if she were pleased to have something like that to talk about.

Mama had never quarreled about Thelma's beaus. Usually Juliet had thought that they were pretty terrible. Thelma did seem to choose such odd young men! Showy and slangy and a bit cheap. Mama had always smiled at them, and when they flattered her—as Thelma's beaus frequently did if they thought about it—she had been awfully pleased. Juliet had never cared at all for anyone before. Mama knew that. Somehow, she seemed to take special delight in being unpleasant about Keith now.

It was partly because Keith was Minnie Streeter's son. Mama gave that as her only excuse. How could he amount to anything, mama reasoned, with Minnie Streeter for a mother? Minnie Streeter had always been the thorn in mama's side. Juliet couldn't quite figure that out. As nearly as Juliet could tell, Minnie Streeter was the one who ought to be angry. Mama had been the triumphant one, had taken dad away from her. Even if Minnie Streeter's folks had lived on the wrong side of town and she hadn't belonged to "the crowd," her people had been perfectly respectable. There was no reason why her son shouldn't be all right.

"AFTER the way I raised you!" mama complained. "Always trying to give you the best. Sacrificing for you all the time!"

Juliet didn't see where the sacrifice had come in. Dad had always supported mama as well as he could. Mama hadn't done anything but keep house. She'd been good to her daughters, of course. Weren't most mothers who lived in little suburban neighborhoods and had nothing else to do good to their children?

"I thought that at least you'd marry well," mama went on. "After all we've done! You had a wonderful education."

"Only high school and a commercial course so I could get a job," thought Juliet.

"Everything you wanted," mama went on..

"I wanted a thousand things you never even knew about," thought Juliet.

"The least you could do is to marry a man with money," raved mama. "It isn't as if you weren't a nice-looking girl. Everybody says to me, 'Mrs. Rogers, you ought to be awfully proud of your beautiful daughters!' And then you pick out a boy on a small salary and not a chance to get ahead. And a mother to support! And that mother Minnie Streeter! Even if he weren't Minnie Streeter's son he wouldn't be anyone for you. To think that one of my daughters should do this!"

Then mama would have a small spell of hysterics, and Juliet would put her arms around her and promise a lot

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page twenty-nine

of things. She never promised not to see Keith. She wouldn't promise that. But it didn't make things any pleasanter to know that mama would be unhappy the evenings she spent in town and would pout the next morning.

Juliet knew that Keith wasn't having any easier time of it than she was. Mrs. Morris wanted Keith to herself, heart-free, not "all wrapped up in that stenographer." She had been afraid something like that would happen when she said she'd come to New York!

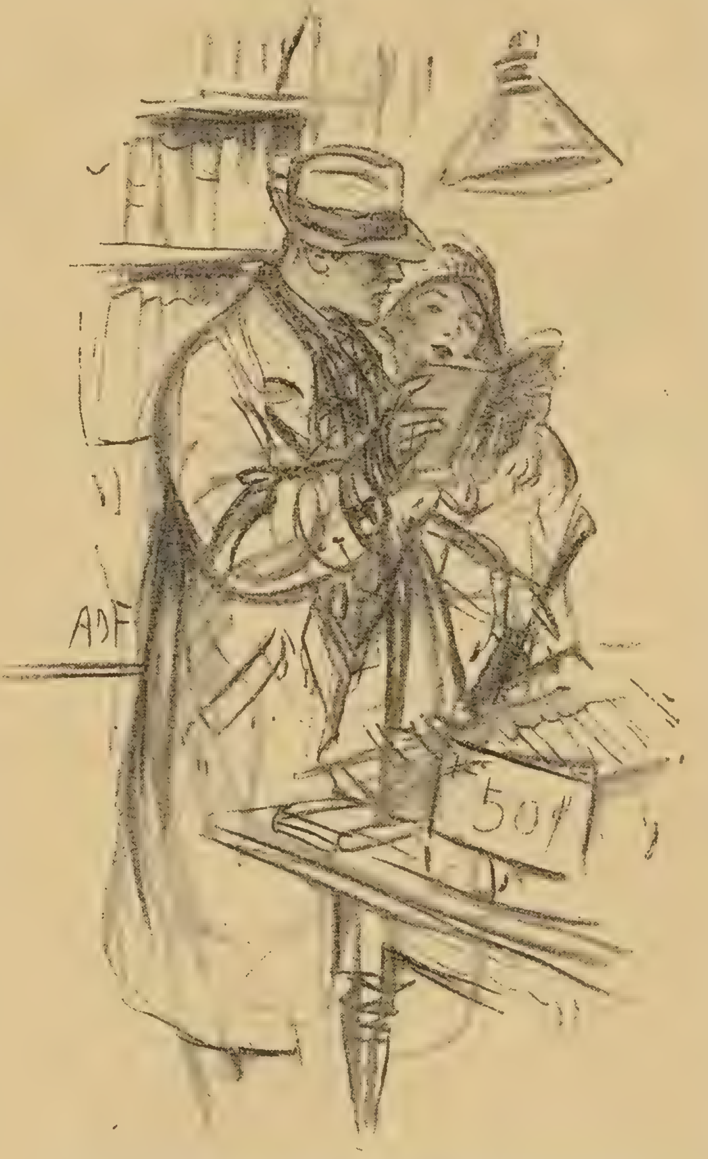
The hours Juliet and Keith spent together were wonderful. They were alone, the two of them, in their own world. An hour in a Washington Square bookshop. Gallery seats at the theater. Movies in odd little theaters or in the Broadway "picture palaces."

These nights and days weren't as frequent as they had been. Keith's mother saw to it that he spent many of his evenings with her. Juliet had to stay home sometimes, "so mama wouldn't carry on so."

Juliet had always laughed at the girls who had to use a Fifth Avenue bus on which to entertain their young men. The bus came in very handy now. It was the nicest place in the world on which to talk. But it wasn't what she wanted out of life. Not what Keith wanted, either! They wanted marriage. A home of their own. A complete love. As the weeks, the months passed, they knew that was what they wanted most of all.

Juliet thought it over. Perhaps if she talked things out with dad he could advise her. She had always been his favorite. He had forgiven her, long ago, for not being the boy he had longed for.

Juliet never got a chance to talk things over with dad. She never even had the chance to know him as well as she always hoped to know him. She had always thought that some day she and dad could throw off the restraint that seemed to hold them, could talk the way she had felt she could talk with dad. They had said little things to each other that mama and Thelma hadn't understood, had smiled over a hundred jokes together.



The hours Juliet and Keith spent together were wonderful. They were alone in their own world.

II

THE thing happened suddenly—the way things like that always happen. A telephone call in the middle of the afternoon. "Your father! Come home at once!" Catching a train at an unusual time. Sitting, too frightened to read, as the wheels of the train seemed always grinding to a stop. Hurrying home.

Juliet heard even before she reached home. During his lunch hour dad had not watched as carefully as he should while he was crossing the street. Perhaps his eyes had grown dim with the years. Perhaps he had been thinking—about the days when he and mama were young, or about Juliet and the tall son of that merry-eyed girl of whom he had once been so fond. A car must have been almost on him before he saw it. He stumbled. Before the crowd realized what had happened, the car had got away, and dad lay there, a crumpled figure. They telephoned mama, who telephoned to Juliet, and then grew almost helpless. Dad never regained consciousness. He died two days later.

Juliet never remembered very well—never could think very clearly about those days or the days that followed. She spent every minute she could spare with her mother. J. D. Fredrickson, her boss, became suddenly human, thoughtful, a warm friend. He told her not to worry about anything, to stay away as long as she was needed. Thelma had lost her job a couple of weeks before and had not quite got around to finding anything new, so she was with mama too. Thelma wasn't good in emergencies. She cried and said, "Isn't this terrible!" It was Juliet who did things.

Steve Gill appeared and made large and rather confused statements about what he wished he could do—and disappeared before he did anything at all. Keith took charge of everything. Unknown to Mrs. Rogers, he took care of the funeral services. He found an undertaker. Notified the newspapers and dad's lodge. Ordered flowers. Talked with the minister. Made all necessary arrangements.

THE burial was at a Long Island cemetery, not too far away from Glen Hill, so that mama could go there whenever she wanted to. Mama was of the generation that liked to visit cemeteries.

The services were fortunately brief. Juliet remembered them only through a haze. Acquaintances of dad's and mama's. People from the office, too. Neighbors trying to be helpful. Flowers. Mama clinging to her. Her own mind telling her over and over again that dad was dead, and that she'd never see again his rather troubled face with its inquiring and perplexed eyes.

Dad had always tried so hard. He hadn't got a great deal out of life. Still, maybe that was all he ever wanted to get out of life—a home, and raising his two girls, and keeping mama satisfied. After all, he and mama had had each other.

Juliet wondered if he had really cared for that other girl—the girl who had become Keith's mother. She was not attractive now, but then, mama didn't seem attractive now, either. Dad had said, one time, that Minnie Streeter had always seemed such a gay, bright girl. Certainly Mrs. Morris, worried-looking, nervous, trying to rule Keith's life, wasn't the way dad remembered her. Life had done this to her. To mama, too. And now dad was dead. She and Keith were alive—and young. She wanted to live before life changed them, too.

Juliet wondered if dad had loved that other girl—if his love for her had been, in some way, the feeling that had been deepest in him. She remembered reading something one day that might account for the reason that she and Keith felt so deeply for each other. The qualities in dad and in Mrs. Morris that had made them love each other, in those days long ago when they were young, made Juliet and Keith—the results of later loves—parts of a complete whole. A funny theory. Juliet felt that odd theories like that were true lots of times.

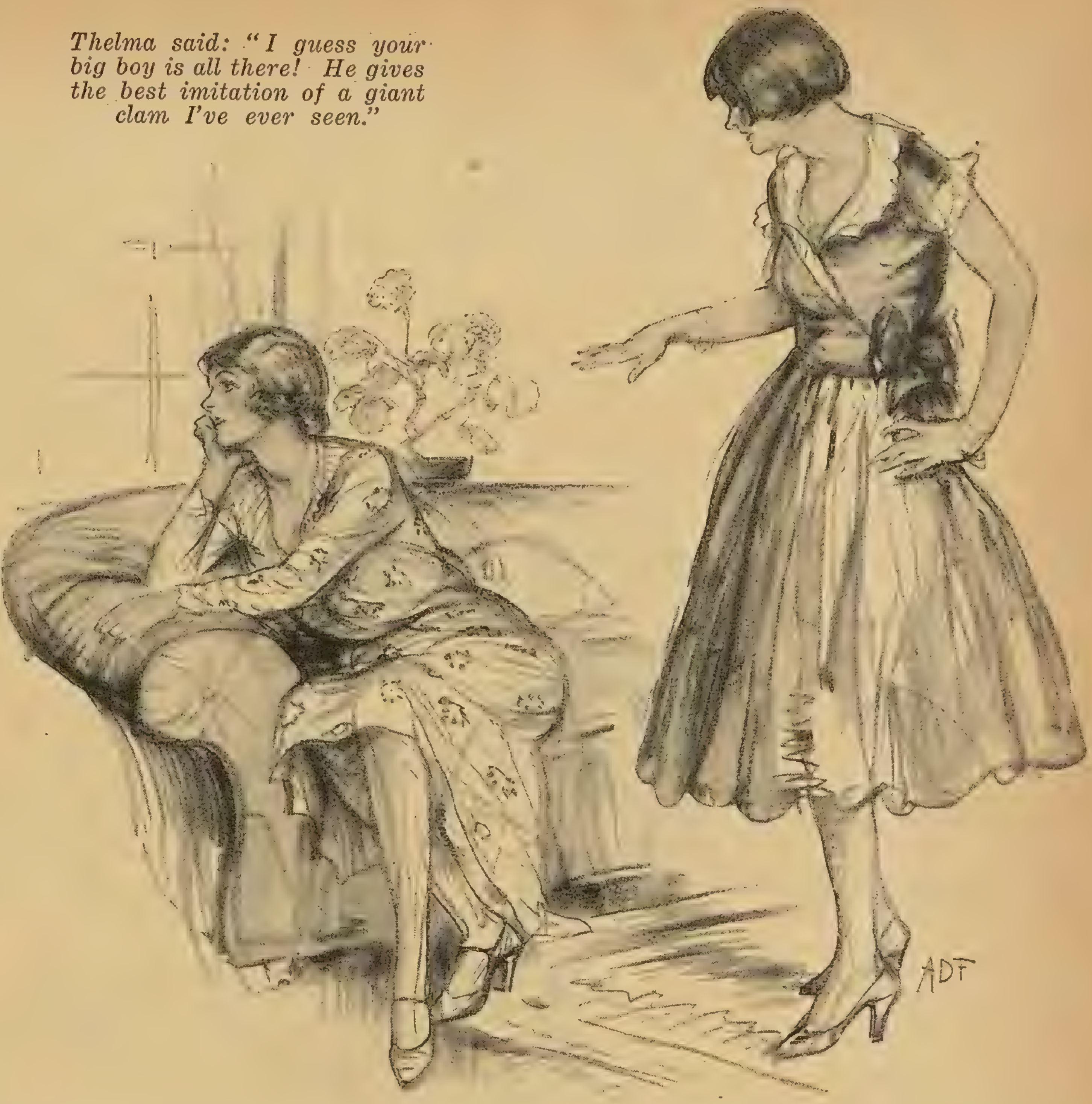
Keith didn't come to dad's funeral. It would have upset mama—and mama was pretty badly broken up, couldn't be worried with anything. He sent flowers. He had done the hundred little things that someone had to do and that two girls alone could not have attended to. Mama was useless, of course. And Steve, at the last minute, found important business deals occupied his attention, though at the funeral he ushered in the guests and made himself most important.

Thelma and Juliet didn't wear black. Dad had had very strict ideas about that. He had said, many times, how much he disapproved of mourning. Now the girls tried in vain to persuade Mrs. Rogers not to wear it, in spite of the fact that she knew her husband's wishes.

"Don't you remember?" they asked her over and over again. "Dad said he never wanted anyone to stay at home or wear black or do anything like that. He didn't like it, really."

"I suppose so," mama agreed. "But it doesn't seem right, somehow." Mama wore black.

Mama wanted all of the outward trappings of mourning. She grieved sincerely for dad. The girls knew that. Their lives had grown so closely together during the years. They had talked over every little thing, every trifle. They had gone every place together, had slept side by side in the big bed.



Thelma said: "I guess your big boy is all there! He gives the best imitation of a giant clam I've ever seen."

SUDDENLY, now, mama seemed old. Her hair, which had had gray in it but had been predominantly dark, seemed altogether gray now. Her shoulders were no longer straight, and her movements, which always had been quick and almost sprightly, seemed suddenly slow. She did her accustomed household tasks, but the reason for doing them was gone. It had been fun getting breakfast and dinner for dad and the girls. Gossiping about nothing at all. Hurrying through her tasks. The guarded, petted wife of a considerate, tender husband. Now the girls were out so frequently, and seemed to have so little to say when they were at home—and dad was gone.

Thelma and Juliet arranged to take turns in staying home, so that mama wouldn't often be altogether alone. She seemed so lost and lonesome in the house now. Mama was accustomed to being by herself in the daytime, but she had always had dad at night, and when you are used to someone evenings—

Thelma was always begging off staying at home—or changing her plans without warning at the last minute, so that Juliet would have to break an engagement with Keith or let mama stay home alone. Juliet knew how mama must feel in the house that had seemed so small before and seemed so large and empty now. If she could only have brought Keith home with her! But mama felt even more strongly about Keith now than she had in the past. Sometimes she even said things—"If your father hadn't been worried these past few months!" Things like that.

Juliet grieved, too, because dad had died. She missed him every day.

As the months passed she grew accustomed to the fact that he was dead, and said, with a little start, sometimes, "Why, when dad was here—" or, "Is it six months since dad—since—" And she could say his name without choking, and no longer cried even when she was alone. She missed him, of course. And she knew how mama must miss him. Mama had no one but her and Thelma. She had Keith. Keith and their love. And life went on—as if dad had been gone for a long time.

The evenings Juliet spent alone with mama weren't bad. Occasionally Keith would telephone her, but she tried to discourage him, because each time he called it was a toll call, and they did talk such a long time, and she knew that Keith didn't have much money.

She would read, and she and mama played the victrola—though they couldn't bring themselves to play some of dad's favorite records, especially the ones he'd laughed over. And mama would tell her stories about when she was a little girl and lived in Jackson. And about when she met dad. And stories of when she and dad were going together. When mama didn't bring Minnie Streeter into the conversation the evenings with mama passed pleasantly enough. And Juliet wished a million times each evening that she was with Keith instead.

SHE read the books Keith told her about. Keith had read a lot more than she had. Besides his year at Illinois, he had always been interested in reading. Juliet hadn't read a great deal, except the lightest books of fiction and the magazines. She wished, now, that she had read more. Still, it might not have been nearly as much fun as having Keith recommend books for her to read—and talking them over with him later.

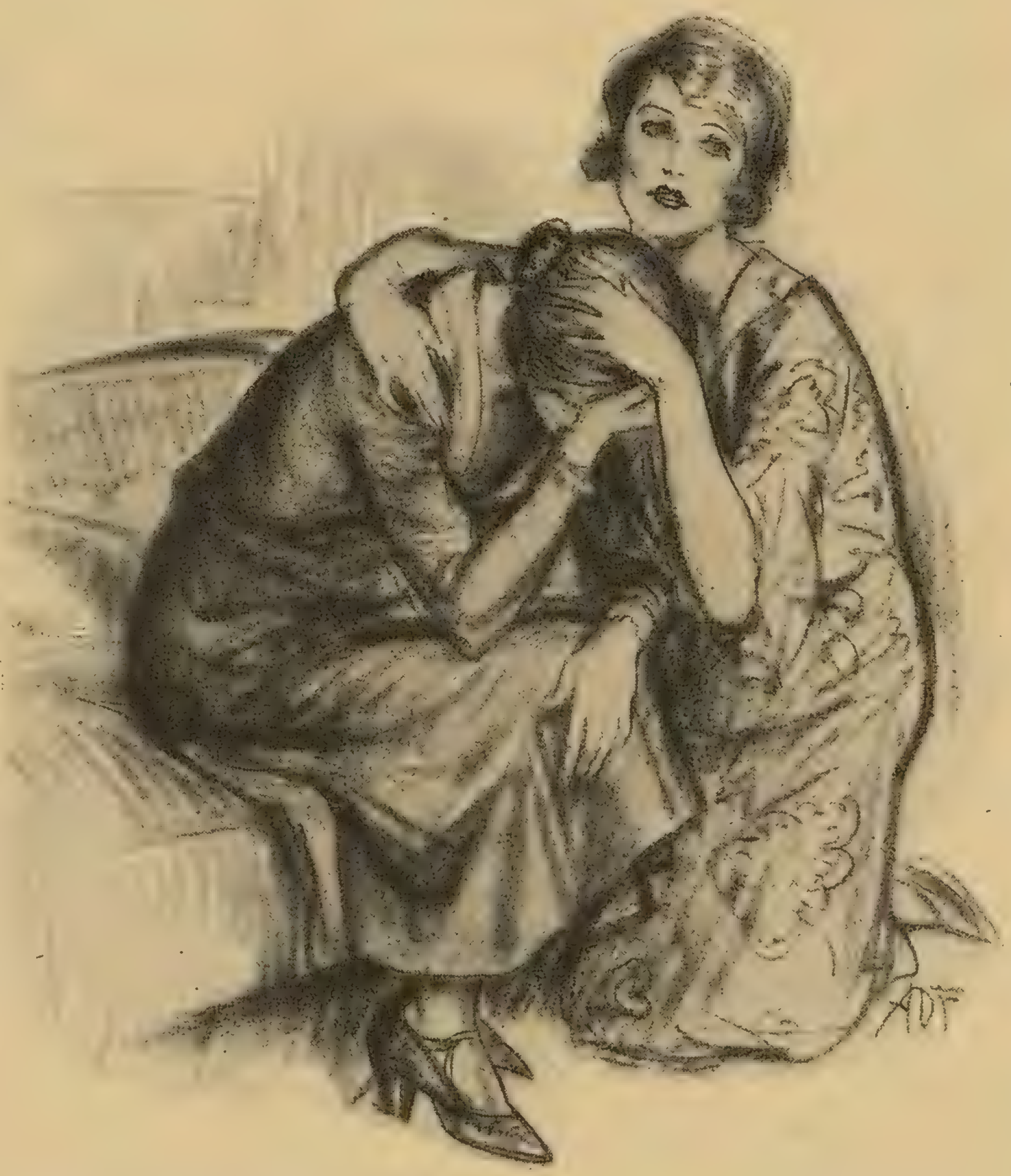
All evening, in between pages, Juliet would dream of Keith.

It couldn't be long before they'd be together always. Things would be bound to work out. Juliet tried to plan things out ahead, but that did seem rather difficult. Still, if they could only have patience, everything was bound to come out all right. Or maybe things wouldn't come out right at all! There was poor old Murphy, who

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page thirty-one]

waited and waited for years, and then her beau ran away with another girl—a young girl—and left Murphy all alone. She and Keith weren't like that, she knew. Their love was real. Why, it was the greatest thing that could ever happen to them! The hours with Keith were as wonderful as ever. The undercurrent of Mrs. Morris and mama didn't take away any real happiness, though family difficulties didn't make things seem any more pleasant.



Juliet would put her arms around her and promise a lot of things. She never promised not to see Keith.

Their pleasures changed as the seasons changed. And the days dragged by or went swiftly by, depending on whether they were apart or together. Walks in the country in spring. The beaches —Coney Island, even —and ferry rides and days in the country in summer, and the bus and talks in the library and visits to the museums in the wintertime. Museums were nice. Two people could feel so alone in them. And lovely little surprise presents on birthdays and Christmas—and the hope that next year the presents would be bigger, though they couldn't possibly mean any more.

Since dad died, money was important to Juliet. Until then they had lived comfortably, without much thought about finance. Dad had given nearly all of his salary to mama every week, keeping only enough for his commutation ticket, his carfare, his lunches, his few expenses. Juliet had contributed a small amount. And Thelma had too, when she was working. The girls spent the rest of their salaries on clothes and on little things they wanted. Now Juliet had the awful, frightened feeling of being very poor. Without realizing it, at dad's death she had assumed the responsibilities of the head of the family. Mama had always left everything to dad. When dad died, mama didn't know what to do, and had been a little complaining because of her helplessness. She didn't even *want* to do the things that she could do! She wanted to be taken care of, looked out for.

THE house was paid for, excepting the first mortgage. That meant interest twice a year, taxes, and running expenses. Juliet never knew food could be so expensive. Since dad's death Juliet did what dad had done—turned nearly all of her money over to mama; and even then mama complained because she didn't know how they would get along. Now Juliet had to save up for weeks before she could buy an inexpensive dress.

When Thelma had a job, now, she contributed her share. Juliet felt that perhaps Thelma could have given a little more, but Thelma pointed out that this was much better than she had done when dad was alive—she was doing the best she could. Oh, well, they'd get along!

Keith got a raise and Juliet got a raise, and these helped a little—even though they didn't help solve the one thing Juliet and Keith wanted solved—the problem of being together always.

Keith made a radio set with ear phones for Juliet. The word "broadcasting" had just come in, and WJZ in Newark had the best programs. For distance Juliet got KDKA in Pittsburgh.

III

ALMOST before she realized it 1923 came and Juliet was twenty-two. She wondered if she looked any older, and decided that of course she didn't. Twenty-two was awfully young, really. She was filling out just a little. Though she was still slender, she no longer had the "soft-boned" look she had had at twenty. But she had something else—a sort of glow because of her love for Keith and because she was, in turn, beloved.

She and Keith read Babbitt and liked it a lot, though they didn't like This Freedom, which was popular too, at all.

And they read One of Ours and The Enchanted April. And Juliet read So Big as a serial, but Keith said he'd wait until it came out in book form.

In the theater they saw Kiki; and Jane Cowl and Rollo Peters in Romeo and Juliet. This play meant an awful lot to them and they talked about it, very solemnly, afterward. Another Juliet! Juliet loved John Barrymore in Hamlet and thought Keith looked a lot like John Barrymore—only Keith was so much bigger, and better-looking, really. And they liked Florence Nash and Glenn Hunter in Merton of the Movies.

Mildred Grey, still pretty and still too thin, married a boy named Harvey, and gave up her job and went to housekeeping in three rooms on 210th Street, just two blocks from where her folks lived. Frances Topping got fired. Then, two months after Mildred's marriage, Ethel Wright married a boy in the office and became Mrs. Bunn, and came to work just the same.

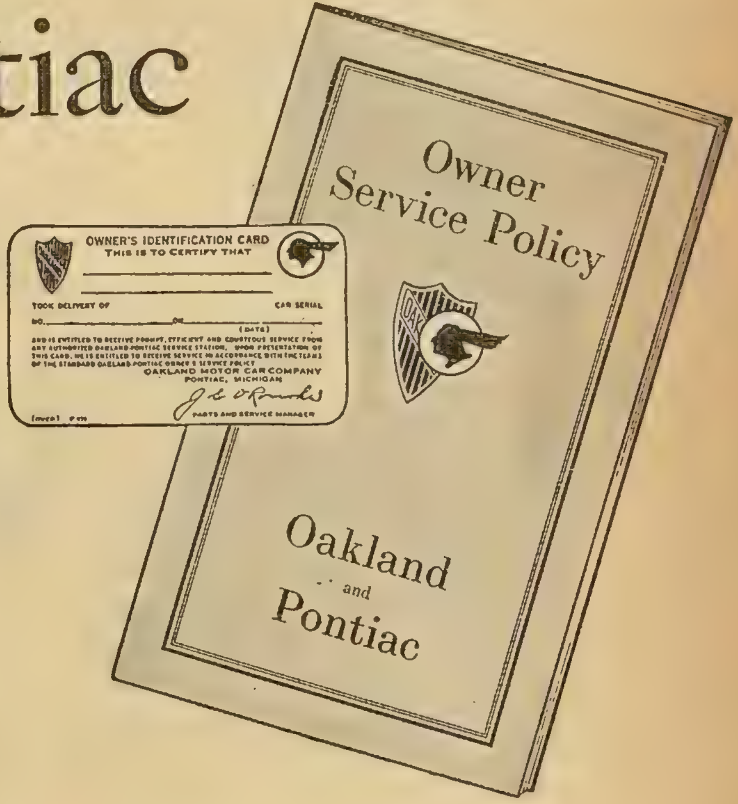
And Juliet and Keith dreamed and planned, and wished they could be together more frequently.

Occasionally Joe Norton or Roy Hall, who were in the copy department and were both married, or Stanley Peterson, whom Keith had known in Illinois, would invite them home to spend an evening.

The Hall and the Peterson homes were much alike. Little uptown apartments. Small and neat and not very imaginative. Curiously enough, the two women were alike too, though they had never even met. A bit fluttery. The kind that didn't talk unless you made conversation, but were very gracious when you did. And who were nice little cooks but didn't give you quite enough to eat. Mrs. Hall was Southern and always had hot biscuits—but never quite enough hot biscuits. Mrs. Peterson was from Ohio and cooked without much regard for seasonings. Decent, uninspired dinners. The Nortons were a bit sportier—liked a cocktail, made of rather poor homemade gin, and played games for money.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

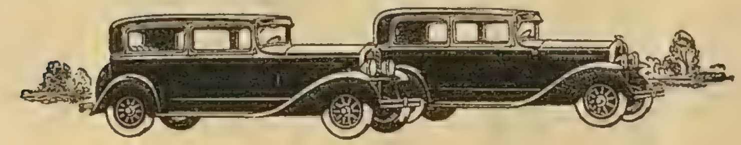
Three *Important Features* of the *new* Oakland-Pontiac Service Policy . .



1 *No charge for parts or labor under warranty replacements.*

2 *Inspection and adjustment during initial driving period at no cost to owner.*

3 *3-Point Free Adjustment Service at 90-day intervals.*



WHEN you buy an Oakland Eight or a Pontiac Big Six you not only get qualities of performance, appearance, comfort and long life exceptional at the price, but you also receive definite assurance that your car will operate satisfactorily over a long period of time.

This assurance is provided in two ways: First, in the care with which the Oakland Eight and Pontiac Six are designed and built; and second, in the unusual provisions for the efficient servicing of these two fine automobiles.

Throughout the United States are thousands of competent Oakland-Pontiac service organizations. And now they are operating under a new Owner Service Policy which is broader and more liberal in its scope.

This new policy is a printed document which is handed to you when you take delivery of your car. It carries the backing of both the dealer and the Oakland Motor Car Company. It guarantees that the car will be delivered to you properly inspected, adjusted and lubricated. And furthermore, it definitely specifies the following:

1—*No charge for labor or for parts* replaced under the standard warranty which covers a period of 90 days or 4,000 miles, whichever occurs first. This operation will be carried out by any Oakland-Pontiac dealer anywhere in the United States upon presentation of the owner's identification card.

2—Expert inspection and adjustment during the initial driving period furnished *at no cost to the owner* by the dealer making delivery.

(*a*) At 500 miles the dealer will give your car a road test—check the oil in the engine, rear axle and transmission—and adjust the ignition, carburetor, timing and brakes.

(*b*) At 1500 miles he will give the car another road test and precautionary re-checking, performing the following operations: align the front wheels—tune the engine—adjust the brakes, steering gear and fan belt—tighten all body and chassis bolts. In addition he will check the radiator, tires and lights—test and fill the battery—lubricate the car completely—all without cost except for the grease and oil used.

3—3-Point *Free* Adjustment Service at 90-day intervals—checking and adjusting ignition, carburetor and timing.

* * *

This new service policy constitutes definite protection of your investment when you buy an Oakland Eight or a Pontiac Big Six. And it reflects the sincere desire of the Oakland Motor Car Company not only to build fine automobiles, but to make certain that every owner enjoys the maximum motoring satisfaction at minimum expense.

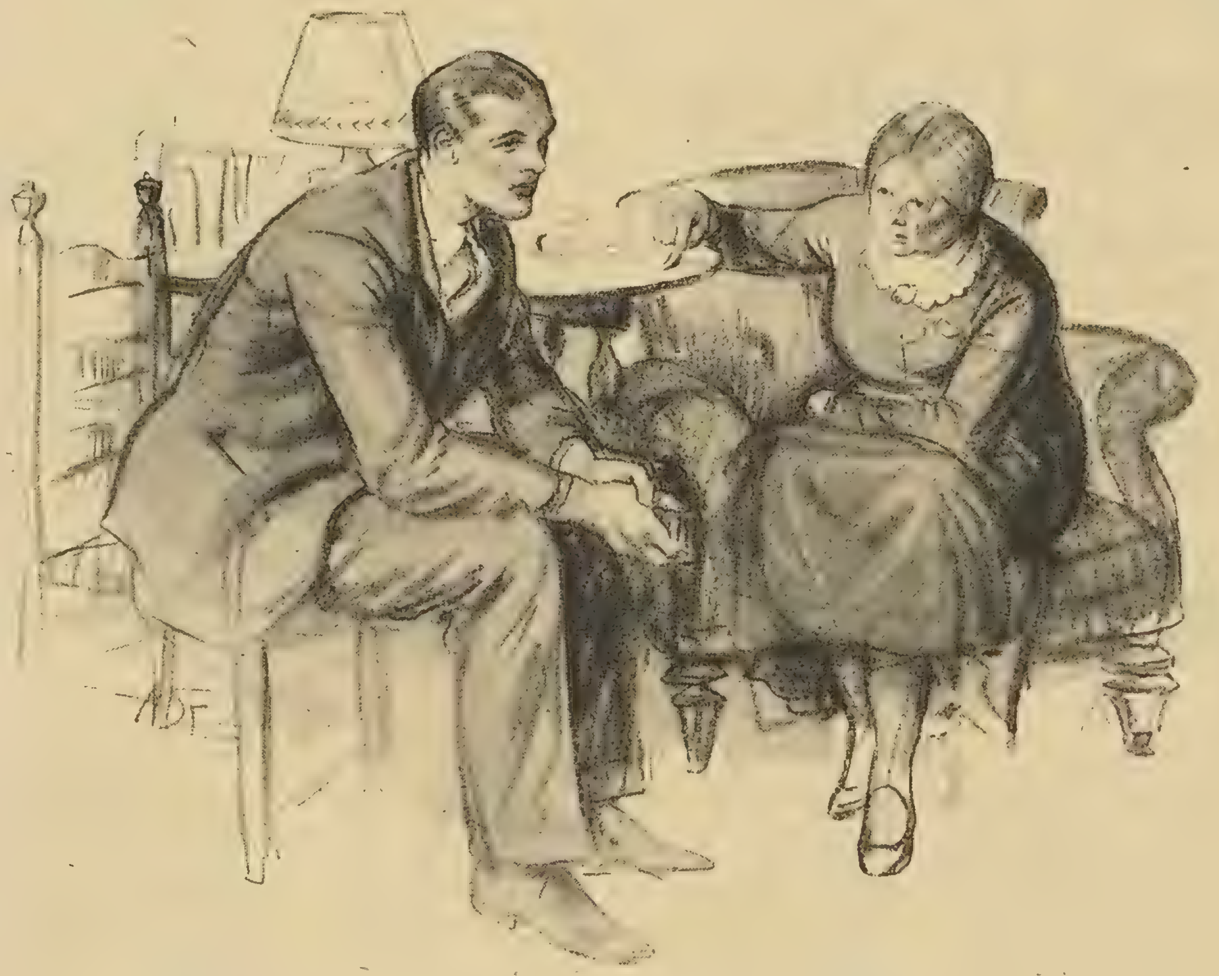
OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Pontiac, Michigan

STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page thirty-two

Juliet and Keith were grateful to the Halls and the Nortons and the Petersons for their invitations. Some place to go together.

A girl several years older than Juliet, who had once lived near her, was married and living in Richmond Hill now. Juliet had not seen her lately. Now she was pleased when Florence invited her and Keith to her home. Florence was awfully interested in knowing that Juliet cared about anyone. She had been a little afraid, she said, that Juliet would grow into an old maid. She never had seemed to care for the boys. Why, Thelma had begun running around with boys when she was thirteen.

"I see you've been waiting for Mr. Right to come along!" said Florence with great originality.



"This ought to wake you up to the truth about that girl!"

When Florence found out that Mrs. Rogers disapproved of Keith, she became very much intrigued over the affair and was glad to have the young couple frequently. The Garrisons were buying their own home, a semi-detached red brick which stood in a row of a dozen, all alike. This meant they didn't have money enough to go out much. Then there was a baby, too, and you can't leave a year-old baby alone, and Florence couldn't afford anyone to look after him, unless there was some special party. So the Garrisons were glad enough to entertain pleasant young people like Juliet and Keith.

Other evenings, when they couldn't afford the theater, Juliet and Keith went to the movies. Juliet hadn't cared especially for movies before she met Keith. Now they seemed wonderful. Especially when her hand lay in Keith's big one and their shoulders touched. Every romance on the screen seemed to twist itself so that it had some special significance for them.

"You're more beautiful than any of the movie stars," Keith whispered. "Much lovelier than Corinne Griffith, certainly. And as for Mary Pickford—"

Juliet didn't half believe him. She liked hearing him, anyhow.

IN the office when she typed out At Last—The Sun Shines on Blue Monday, or Let Beauty Come While You Dream, she thought of Keith. It was wonderful knowing that she had only to walk down a hall and open a door—and there Keith sat. It was a grand surprise, when she was writing, to find him standing at her desk.

When there was copy to type for him, they would let their hands touch by accident and smile at each other.

Occasionally they managed to have lunch together, though they couldn't do this often. Keith usually ate with some of the men in the copy department and Juliet ate with the girls she always had lunch with.

The girls didn't understand about Keith. Irene Little and Ethel Wright—excuse me, Mrs. Bunn—admitted that Keith looked like an awfully nice chap. But what was there so wonderful about him, anyhow? Why keep on going with him, year after year, not even looking around for other chances?

"We thought at least you were waiting for Florenz Ziegfeld," said Irene.

"Well, your young man's large enough, anyhow," Ethel contributed. "He looks more like a football player than a copy writer. You'd never pick him out to be writing about canned tomatoes and chewing gum. If you saw him you'd more than likely figure out he was studying to be a piano mover, though he does dress too nice for one of those good muscular jobs."

That pleased Juliet. Just because he wrote copy didn't mean that Keith had to be a funny little fellow like Walter Ross or Martin Fronds.

BEING with Keith was wonderful. The difficulty lay in being with him. Some of the nights Juliet was free Keith had to stay with his mother, who made up a thousand excuses, it seemed to Juliet, to keep her son with her.

Mrs. Morris' cousins in East Orange had two daughters, Louise and Roberta. And Louise and Roberta were always having parties—and the parties always required Keith's attendance. Mrs. Morris saw to that.

That and staying home with mama meant lonely times for Juliet. It never occurred to her, from the day she met Keith, that she could be with anyone else. The evenings she was not with him, excepting the few times she went to the movies with a group of girls from the office, she stayed at home. Thelma liked that. It often meant evenings out for her.

Thelma and Steve quarreled and made up and quarreled again. Sometimes for several months she didn't see him at all. She'd get in touch with one of her old beaus or start going with someone new. She'd go back to Steve at his first intimation that he'd like to renew "keeping company."

Keith and Steve had nothing in common. Juliet knew that. Occasionally they'd make a foursome, Juliet and Keith and Thelma and Steve, and try going out together. There never was much fun. Steve talked most of the time, airing his knowledge of people and events, quoting Variety without due credit, giving his opinion of plays he had never seen and people he knew nothing about.

Keith never talked a great deal, but he always had things to say—brilliant things, Juliet thought—when he was with other people. With Steve he stopped talking altogether. Juliet, who had tolerated Steve because he was Thelma's young man, began to see him more and more through Keith's eyes. He was rather impossible. She tried to tell Thelma a little of what she thought of him, and Thelma said:

"I guess your big boy is all there! He gives the best imitation of a giant clam I've ever seen. One word every hour on the hour and he thinks he's being talkative. How do you get that way? Steve suits me. I can't imagine what makes you such a good judge of young men. Why, Keith's the first real beau you ever had in your life—and maybe I don't think your choice is so hot."

There wasn't anything Juliet could say. It just made her angry to argue. It was rather difficult at home with Thelma, anyhow, since dad died.

Juliet began to feel a little desperate. Why, they could keep on like this year after year. It took all of Keith's money to support his mother and himself. And since Mrs. Morris knew there was a girl Keith liked, and whom he continued to care for month after month, she seemed constantly to find new things she needed—things that cost just enough to cut down Keith's spending money.

Juliet had to go without all the small luxuries she had enjoyed when she first met Keith. She didn't really mind, but she did want to look nice for his sake. She was glad she was young. When you're twenty-two, and you're tall and slim and your hair is red-gold, almost everything looks nice on you.

Juliet felt that she and Keith loved each other more every day. There was no need for words, even. Their eyes met and their world was complete. But they wanted more out of life than eyes meeting. Marriage. A home of their own. Babies. They were healthy, vital, young. The mating instinct was strong. They had found each other—and yet they weren't any closer, actually, than when they had first met. They'd have to find a way out!

Thelma found her way out. Perhaps it was partly because of the little quarrels she and Juliet had had over money and over Thelma's selfishness. Perhaps it was that Thelma felt the irksomeness of staying home several nights a week, of working year after year, of contributing money to the household. Perhaps it was just because the opportunity offered. She and Steve made up, after protracted quarreling, most of which was carried on over the telephone.

Juliet left for work one morning, thinking that Thelma was catching the next train. When she came home she found mama in hysterics. While mama had gone out to do her marketing, Thelma had filled two bags with her best clothes and had disappeared, leaving a note behind.

Steve had got the offer of a good job in Baltimore. A friend of his had opened a shop there—a combination garage and sales room for second-hand cars. Steve was leaving at once—Thelma was marrying him and going along. Going like this was easier than having a lot of family arguments.

A WEEK later they had a letter from Thelma. She and Steve had been married in New York and were in Baltimore. Steve liked his new job fine and they were going housekeeping. She knew they had forgiven her for running away. She and Steve sent their love.

Mama changed a little more at Thelma's marriage. She had never quite recovered from dad's death, though the last months she had been a little more cheerful. Now Thelma's elopement took away this new edge from her spirits.

PRIVATE
J.D.Fredrickson.

The entire burden of the house now was on Juliet. There was nothing she could do about that. After all, when you've got a mother to take care of— Thelma had helped a little; and now Thelma was gone.

Juliet could go out in the evening whenever she wanted to, of course. Mama didn't try to dictate. But she didn't like the idea of leaving mama very frequently—and mama was just as firm as ever about not letting Keith come into her home. She cried when Juliet even suggested it.

"My home is my own, at least," she said. "It's all I have left in the world. Minnie Streeter's boy isn't going to darken this door!"

Juliet smiled at her mother's expression, even while she had to accept the decision.

Juliet and Keith talked things over. What could be done? If, by some wonderful chance, some miracle, their mothers could live together, everything would be solved. The home in Glen Hill was large enough. Mrs. Morris would have many comforts that she couldn't have in the small Washington Heights apartment. After all, if the women could meet, they might get over the hatred they had carried for thirty years.

Juliet and Keith, doubtful as to the outcome but willing to try any experiment, each suggested the new arrangement.

Two cases of hysterics were the only results. Mama said she'd kill herself before she'd let Minnie Streeter into her home—even enter the door. And she certainly wouldn't go out and meet her! She felt, indeed, the whole thing was a plot on the part of Minnie Streeter herself to come in and take her home away. In the end she made Juliet promise never even to mention the thing again.

Keith's report was no more satisfactory. He had never had to tell his mother, before, who Mrs. Rogers was—that his mother had known her years before. After the explanation—and the reaction—it seemed almost as preposterous to him as it did to his mother that the two mothers could be friends.

"That terrible woman!" Mrs. Morris said. "If you could have seen her when she was a girl! Always showing off. Why, do you know, she had the nerve to think she grabbed Dan Rogers right from under my nose. She said so, even. She didn't know I didn't want him! The farther you keep away from her daughter the better off you'll be. They're a designing family. This ought to wake you up to the truth about that girl!"

WELL, the plan hadn't worked. There hadn't been a very real chance, anyhow. What were they going to do now? What *could* they do?

Juliet tried to get her mother to give up the big house, or perhaps to get someone in to live with her. A couple, maybe, or a middle-aged woman for company.

Mama simply wouldn't move. And she said she didn't want to live—wouldn't live if "strangers came in." Anyway, wasn't it just as cheap, living here in the home you owned, as if they took an apartment in town? Mama couldn't stand giving up the house or sharing it with anyone. Hadn't dad left it to her, so that it would always be hers? Juliet was trying to take away her home!

Juliet shrugged her shoulders, gave in. There was nothing else to do.

Juliet settled down, looking out for the home and her mother, staying in evenings with mama when she would have preferred being with Keith—and feeling just a little guilty when she did go out with him. She got another raise—J. D. was being awfully nice about things. And the additional money got sucked into the expenses—a doctor's bill for mama, shoes, the telephone and grocery and gas bills, a commutation ticket, a new coat for mama.

Juliet and Keith knew there were thousands of young people like themselves who couldn't marry because of family obligations. That didn't make things any easier. Why, poor old Murphy would have married her bookkeeper years before! Freda Robertson, they knew now, had been engaged for seven years, and she seemed no nearer marriage than when she first got engaged. Parents to look after!

If either Juliet or Keith could get a really big raise, could make a lot of money some way, they felt that everything would be all right. Oh, there were other things besides money—but with money it wouldn't all seem so hopeless. With money mama would be taken care of—Keith's mother, too. Then they could get married, even if the mothers didn't get along, didn't approve of the marriage. And there were no chances of big raises or making a lot of money at all. Small raises helped a little. They meant a few nicer things, perhaps money for an extra evening each week together. They didn't mean marriage.

This couldn't go on and on, year after year. If only something would happen!

Something happened. One morning, Irene Little stopped at Juliet's desk.

"J. D. wants you in his office," she said.

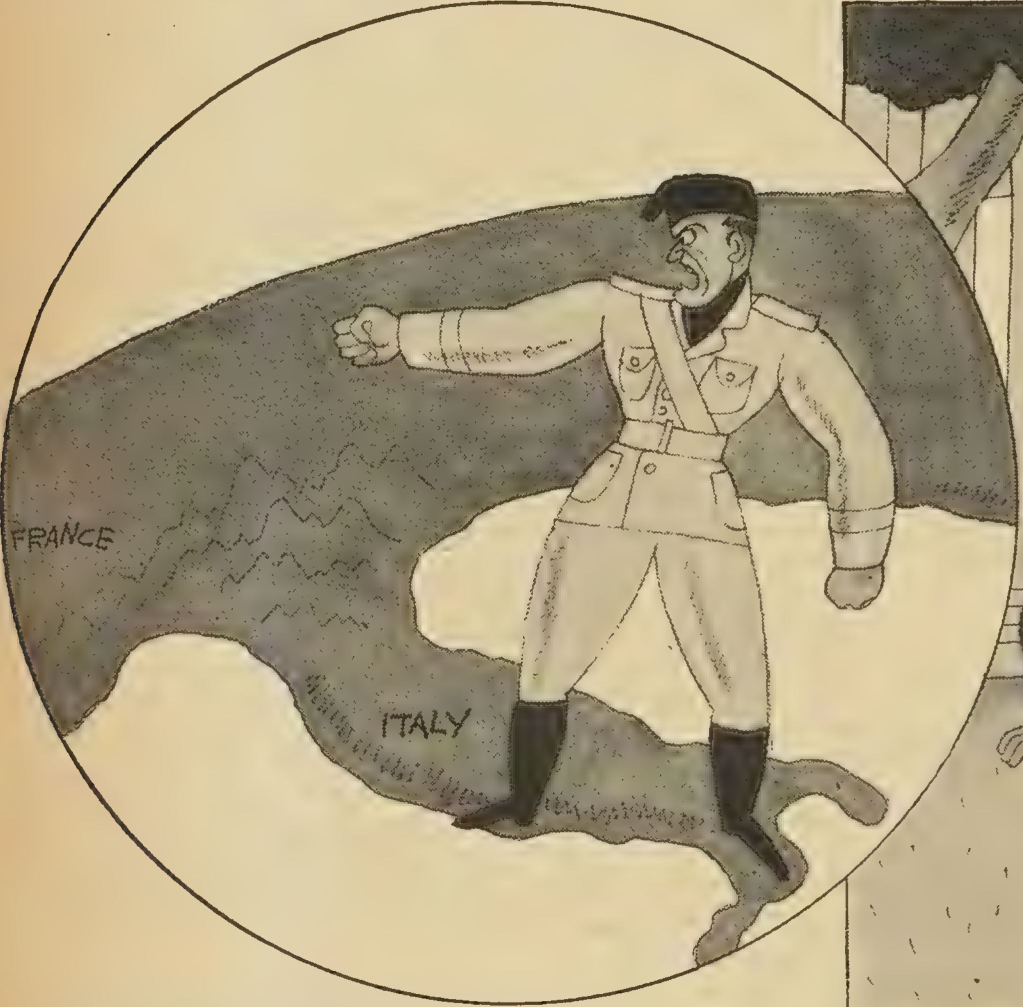
J. D. Fredrickson, the "big boss," the owner of the J. D. Fredrickson Advertising Agency! Juliet never talked to him unless something important happened. Was he going to give her a raise? Maybe she had made some terrible mistake, was going to get fired!

Had Juliet known J. D.'s real reason for calling her into his office, she would have been amazed—as you'll be in next week's installment of the story.

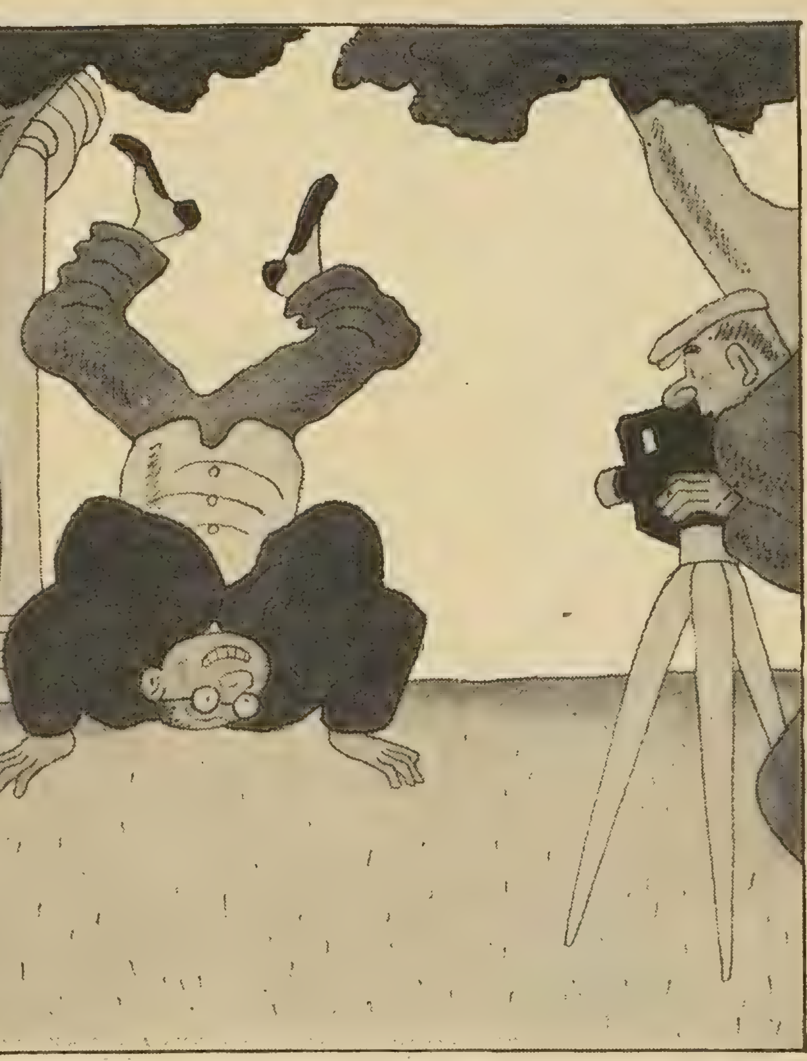
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

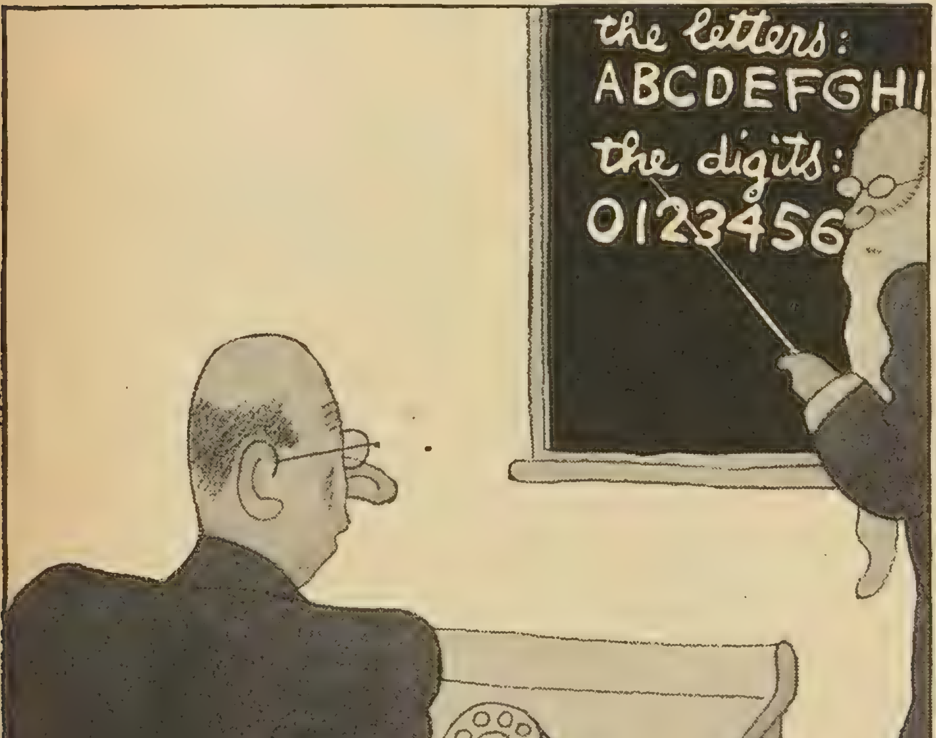
By RALPH BARTON



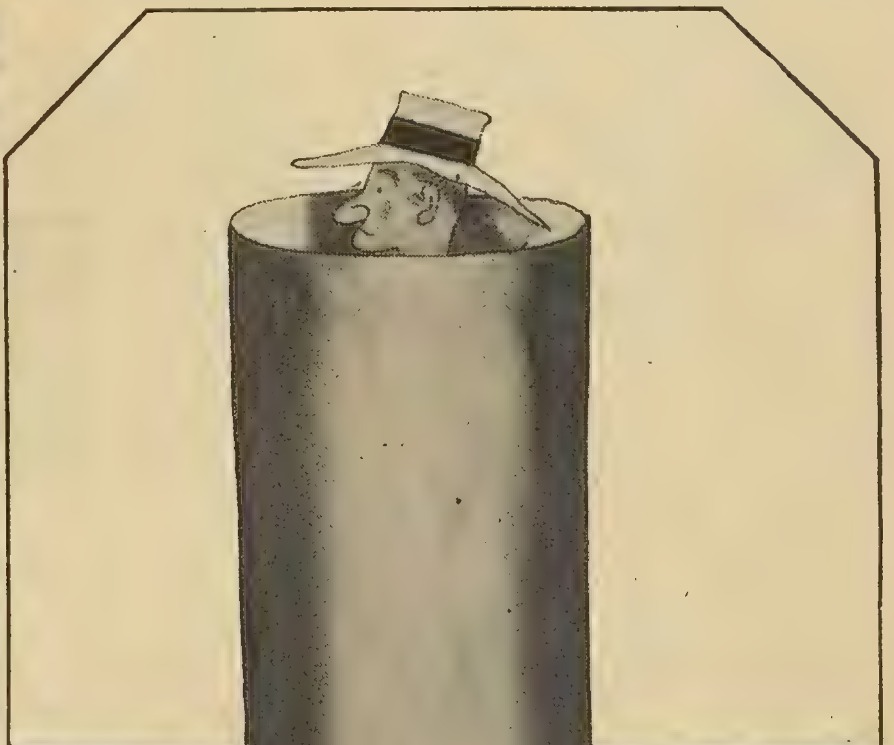
THE GREAT WAR may have been the war that ended war, but it didn't do much toward checking the flow of fine brave words from the mouths of those gentlemen who would be too valuable to risk in the trenches if we had another.



MR. HOOVER'S Coolidgesque taciturnity is impairing his political leadership. Well, shall we admit frankly that what we like in a President is a man who puts on a good show for the newsreels and Sunday papers?



SENATOR WHIFFLEBURY has been taking lessons at home and can now operate a dial telephone just as well as any of us.



THIS PAGE WAS FOR SHORTS, until it saw some humans wearing them. From today on, this is its idea of a perfect costume for summer.

Announcing

A NEW TEXACO MOTOR OIL

STILL CLEAR , STILL CLEAN , STILL GOLDEN

WITH A

LONGER LASTING "CRACK-PROOF" BODY

TEXACO
TEXACO
T

In the Spring of 1926 The Texas Company revolutionized motor fuel values for the nation by introducing the new and better Texaco Gasoline—the original dry gas. Today, maintaining its leadership in the petroleum field, The Texas Company makes another outstanding contribution to the motorized world.

(See following pages)

©1930 The Texas Company

TO OUR MILLIONS OF CUSTOMERS

TEXACO

THE TEXAS COMPANY again demonstrates its leadership in the petroleum field with the introduction of a vastly superior, new product—a motor oil with a longer life and so clean and pure that it will measurably improve the performance of any automobile engine. This new oil revolutionizes lubrication values as completely as the *new* and *better* Texaco Gasoline—the original "dry" gas, revolutionized motor fuels in the Spring of 1926.

Because of its carefully worked out combination of crudes and special processes of refining, this new lubricant is without precedent. It retains all the famous characteristics of the former Texaco Golden Motor Oil. It is still free from hard carbon-forming elements, free from clogging wax and other impurities. It flows freely at zero. In addition to all this it is "Crack-Proof" and provides the more complete protection demanded by the high speed, high compression automobile engine of today.

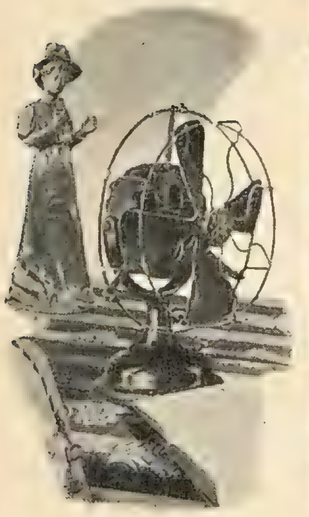
A CULMINATING ACHIEVEMENT
in the science of refining

THIS new "Crack-Proof" Motor Oil represents the culminating achievement of years of research and experimentation. An oil of this type has long been desired by the automotive world. It remained for The Texas Company to perfect a distillation process that enabled them to combine all the outstanding qualities of the major crudes in a single motor oil. Because of its world-wide resources and tremendous refining facilities, The Texas Company is able to offer this new lubricant today through its 40,000 dealers located in all our 48 states.

All Texaco now sold is the new Texaco. It comes in five grades—C, D, E, F and G. They correspond in body to the Society of Automotive Engineers (S. A. E.) viscosity ratings and cover a sufficient range to give every type of automobile engine the maximum in lubricating efficiency. Despite its revolutionary character and far greater lubricating value, this new and tougher Texaco is sold at 30 cents a quart* in all our 48 States.

30¢ a Quart
*35¢ for Grade G

the New TEXACO MOTOR OIL
LONGER-LASTING. . .CRACK-PROOF
THE TEXAS COMPANY TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

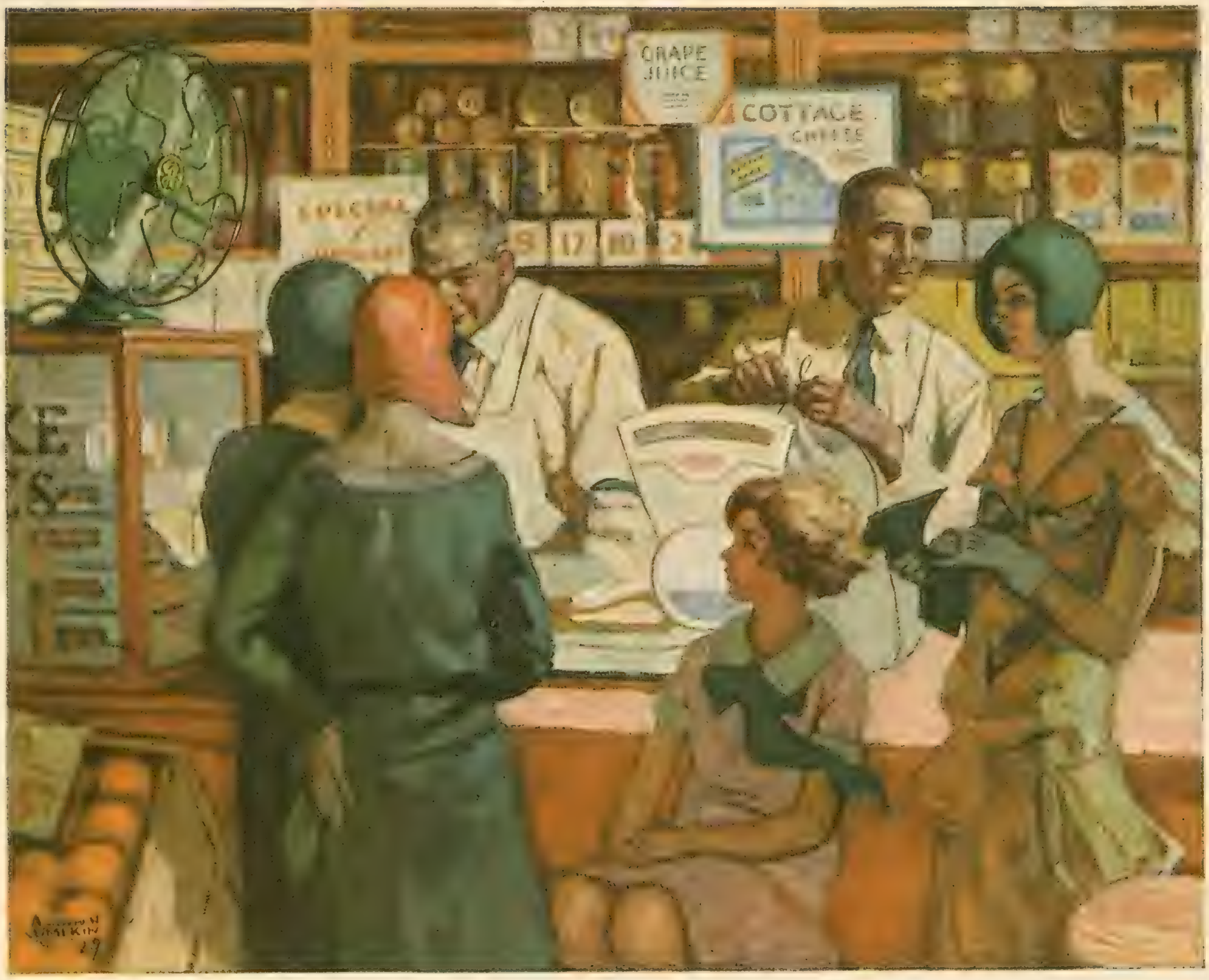


21 years—every hour—day and night

Here's a veteran General Electric Fan that has done duty for 21 years, every month in the year, every hour in the day. Here's a bit from the letter of its owners...

"This is the only piece of machinery known in this section that has run practically 21 years continuously."

And this is only one of many similar letters.



Cool customers stay to buy

When a shop is stuffy and hot, people have only one thought—to get *out.* But when there's a fan-breeze to keep them comfortable, buyers linger a bit and think of half a dozen additional things they need.

It's good business to have plenty of fans. And it's better business to have General Electric Fans. They're so completely dependable, so quiet and sturdy. And they do their job on only half a cent's worth of current for an hour's breeze.

In your shop — and in your home — bring cool comfort into every room. It costs so little . . . and it means so much.

The average life of General Electric Fans is about 20 years. Prices start at $5. Average running cost is half a cent an hour. Merchandise Dept., General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

GE
Fans
buy them here

GENERAL ELECTRIC FANS

JOIN US IN THE GENERAL ELECTRIC PROGRAM, BROADCAST EVERY SATURDAY EVENING, ON A NATION-WIDE N. B. C. NETWORK

Love Letters of an Interior DECORATOR

More About the Macks

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

DEAR MARG:

I wood have wrote you before, but I couldn't find my teeth. Those darned hamburger crushers cause me more worry than a Revenoo spotter in a speakeasy.

Listen, Heart Throb, Im living with the Macks in their new home and if you ever want a laugh you should see this bunch of flat dwellers puttin on the swank. On the level, since I eased into this doggy joint, all Ive been doin is fallin over books on Ettiquette, Table Manners, Bridge Teas and what not. Honest they get in your soup.

If you dont think all the dough they inherited aint gone to their heads, youre goofy.

The other day they invited the minister over to supper so they could put on the big front for the neighbors. Gosh it was great! For two days the family themselves were shinning up the silverware, beatin rugs, and tearing the house apart, while the jiggaboo and his wife were playin poker in the kitchen.

Pa Mack somehow or other cant get used to the idea of having the servants wait on him. If the dinge butler begins shovin in Mrs. Macks chair when she sits at the table the old man swoons.

Leave her alone! he hollers—shes no cripple, she can push in her own chair!

Then the fireworks start. Mrs. Mack squarks.

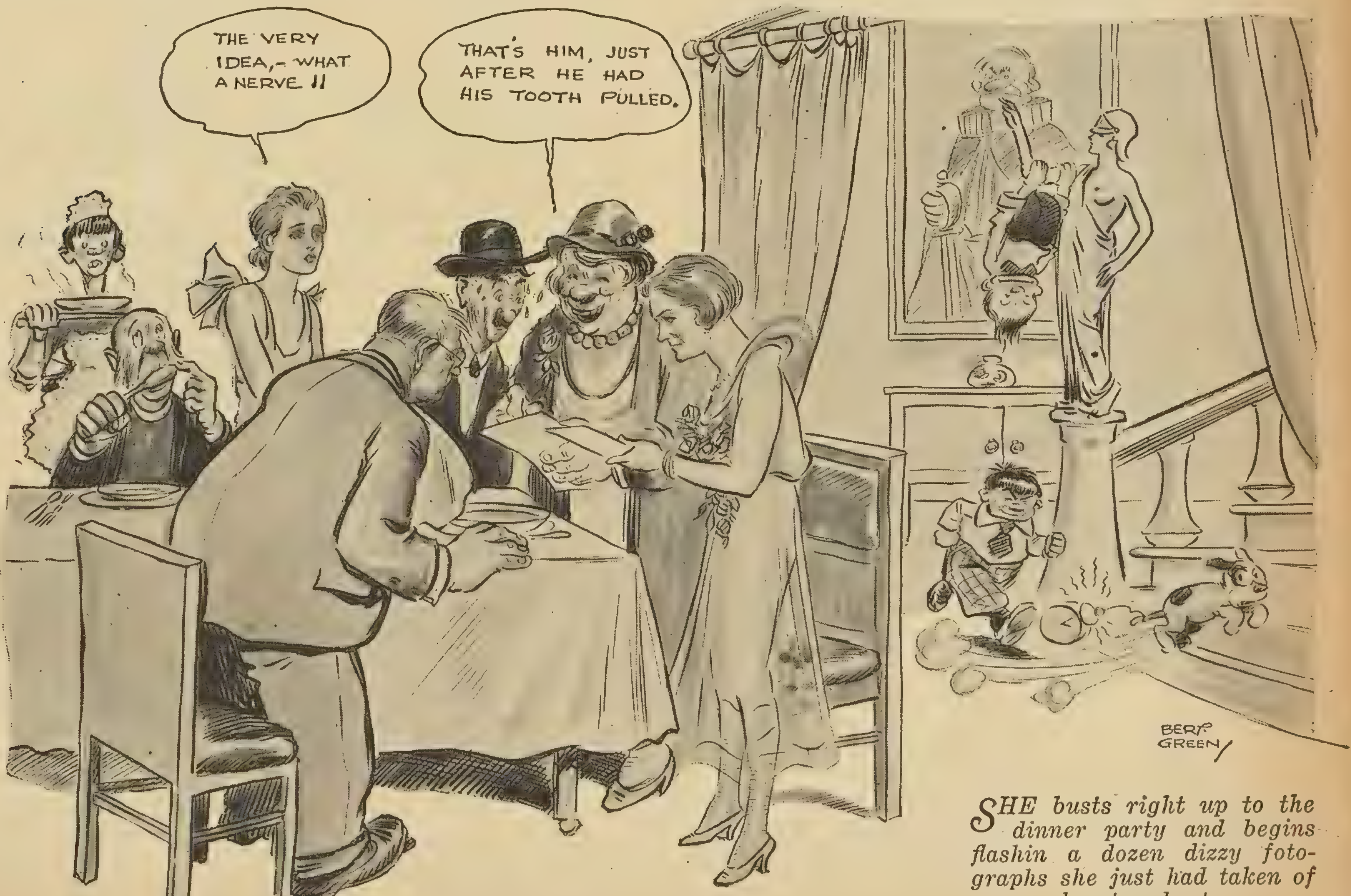
Thats manners, you fathead, mind your own business.

Well, as I was sayin, they invited the minister over, and he no sooner got in the house than Pa Mack asks him if he'll have a bit of a nip? Can you imagine *that* Marg? When Ma Mack heard him, she took the old man out in the back yard and nearly chewed his ear off.

Listen to me! she says, Dont you *ever dare mention liquor* to the minister again, and whats more, if I catch you eatin with your knife somethins goin to happen.

Well everything went along kinda smooth until we all sat down to supper. The minister was parked opposite Pa who sat next to his wife so she could kick him in the shins if he pulled a Foxpass. When we were right in the middle of the soup who blows in but Mrs. Lottie Loosejaw all of a flutter. Shes one of their old neighbors down near the gas house district. Her husband hangs paper when he aint writin out checks. Lottie is a giddy

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]


THE VERY IDEA,- WHAT A NERVE !!
THAT'S HIM, JUST AFTER HE HAD HIS TOOTH PULLED.
BERT GREEN

SHE busts right up to the dinner party and begins flashin a dozen dizzy fotographs she just had taken of her two brats.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

young thing whos been able to survive fifty five hard winters by going against the rouge, lip sticks, wrinkle plasters, massages, permanent waves and every other known knick knack that glorifies the American frail and then some. And *can she talk!* Wow! Shes got a cute little mouth that makes the Yale Bowl look like the uptown side of an egg cup. And when she starts layin on the gab, every universal joint in a model T Ford needs a handicap and HOW. All the neighbors from here to the West Coast are in the pan—and *Plenty!* Sister, she makes a four bagger everytime she opens her trap.

Now, I dont want you to go thinkin Marg Im knockin her just because shes a distant relative of yours, because I aint! But on the level shes an awful heel with a number 10 soul.

Anyway, Lottie was all dressed up like a firemans horse all set to retire from service. She had on the cutest little flared out tea gown trimmed with spangles and jazzmine, red hot from a Third Avenue gown shop. Honest she could have slayed the Johns in an Old Mans Home if they had half an eye. The back of her dress was pulled up to make it lower in front and on the level a greyhound could have walked under it. Lottie, as you know, is no mean armful. When she steps on the Toledoes the big hand makes two round turns before it comes up for air and stops on sixty, so you can well imagine shes *some* contract to make love to. How her hundred and ten pound ball and chain handles her, is a cross word puzzle to me, no foolin. Around Lotties neck she wore a row of cornstarch pearls that were big enough to set a hen on, and hanging from her right shoulder parked a bunch of rubber orchids and celloloid fruit that would make a California fruit packer go nuts. Oh, shes aces!

A deeply moving account of the first Gold Star pilgrimage to France—

Mothers Remember

By

Grace Robinson
(who was there)

will appear in Liberty next week

ALONG with her tagged her husband and two lovely low pitched kids, and believe me both of em should be chained to a Reformitory School for life. Of all the petty larceny bandits, they made the James Boys look like a pair of sunday school pupils playin beenbag.

Her husband,—all thats left of him,—wore a little brown derby with a wide brim that was one of the snappiest creations let loose from Hester Street. The little dope had never been in such a doody joint in his life before except to do a bit of kalsomining. In fact, the poor sap was so fussed he kept his Kelly on most of the time.

On the square, Love Lips, I wish you coulda lamped the situation. Here was the Macks puttin on the dog, when this mad troup blows in and crabs it. Well, no sooner did Mrs. Loosejaw blow into the room, then she busts right up to the dinner party and begins flashin a dozen dizzy fotographs she just had taken of her two brats.

Heres Mickie, she says, just after he had his tooth out—and this one is Junior, aint he cute. See him sittin on the kiddie car after he just got over the mezelles.

Well, Mrs. Mack and Peggy were fit to be tied. All of us were jumpin up and down at the table like a bunch of hop toads. Everytime we sat down we flopped in somebody elses chair and half the time we was eatin out of the other guys soup. What a party! The minister was the only smart guy in the outfit. He kept right on goin against the chow like nothin happened.

While we were lookin over the fotographs, little Junior was outside in the hall chasin the prize steak hound through the house with an alarm clock tied to its tail, and the other bandit was chinnin himself on the prize statues. A nice family the Loosejaws, eh Marg?

FINALLY, when the dinner was over with and the minister had left, Peggy called her mother aside and remarked, Now look here mother, why on earth do you allow a freak like her into a house like this? Gosh, just when we're tryin to go big with the neighbors that dumbell blows in and ruins the works.

I know, says Ma, but we cant cut our old friends we used to live with just because we have money now.

Applestrudel! steamed Peg, we're *above* that class, and the sooner you get rid of them the better. Why, that old fool had a heck of a nerve tellin the minister she used to know us when father drove the garbage wagon. That made a big hit, didnt it??

Whats *that* of *her* business, butts in Pa Mack, I knew *her* when her old lady was takin in washin!

Hush your tongue! demanded Ma Mack, youre no angel. The idea of you dippin your oysters in your tea, right in front of the minister.

Well, I didn't know what to do with them things, chuckled the old man, I never saw the likes of them before.

Yes, and did you see what he did with the shrimps? snapped his daughter. He ate them off the end of his knife.

Well, whats the shivv for if it aint to spear the bugs with? growled her old man. It serves you right for bringin in a lot of doo dads such as them.

Gosh, I'll be glad when we can take him to Europe! whispered Mrs. Mack, maybe he'll learn how to eat at the table without making a fool of us all.

You said it! murmured Peg, anklin out of the room.

And another thing, roared Ma Mack to her husband, what was the big idea takin your shoes off when the minister was talkin to you?

Well, if you *must* know, me corns were poppin, and Id a taken me shoes off if the whole congregation was there.

Oh, youre impossible! sighed Ma Mack leavin him flat.

And thats the way it goes Marg. One battle after the other. I'll bet when the Macks leave for Europe theyll be the life of the boat.

Well, I got to go now and press my pants.

Wishing you the same.
Your ever lovin husband,
MIKE SHEA.

P. S. Hope your mothers arteries are better—its hell havin hartening of the artilleries.

Watch for more from Mike in an early issue.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the birth stone for July?

2—Who won the British amateur golf championship last May?

3—What country is named for Simon Bolivar?

4—What is the meaning of the phrase *de mortuis nil nisi bonum?*

5—Is Portugal a monarchy or a republic?

6—What officer normally commands a division in the United States army?

7—Mindanao is a part of what island group?

8—In Alaska, who is called a musher?

9—What are called the Middle States?

10—What is the largest planet in the solar system?

11—What is the area of the District of Columbia?

12—Who is sometimes called the Hoosier Poet?

13—What is smearcase?

14—What is Mauna Loa?

15—Who was the youngest President of the United States?

16—What is legerdemain?

17—Who were the parents of Esau and Jacob?

18—What is the antonym of centrifugal?

19—What is meant by salad days?

20—With what game are the words trap, slice, stymie, and eagle associated?

(Answers will be found on page fifty-four)

Water Babies

A New For the Love o' Lil

GAY beach umbrellas dotted the sand like mushrooms in fairyland. People rented them for one dollar a day and then sat beyond their shade to acquire stylish African sun tans.

"Watch those children. Watch those children," Mrs. Smithers warned Mr. Smithers from the pavilion. "You stay down there on the sand and watch 'em. I have a headache from the glare. I'm going inside for lemon pop."

This week's cover picture.

"Where are they now?" he asked her, squinting out over the water.

"Ask me the first book of the Bible, what kind of a bird brought the good news to Noah, or the color of a broiled lobster," she laughed, "but don't ask me where those kids are. You have to watch 'em like fleas. Gwen can look out for herself, but Ulysses is too young to know the waves are wet. The next time a neighbor's going to have a baby, I'll ask her to tie up her other child and not wish him on me." And Mrs. Smithers disappeared.

"*Gwendolyn!*" Mr. Smithers yelled above the whine of a peanut stand. "*Ulysses!*"

"D'you want us?" Gwen giggled from under the porch where she was collecting empty cigarette packages. "We're here in a cage. We can see out but nobody can see in."

"We're wabbits," U. said.

"Come out in the sun," Mr. Smithers told them through the green lattice. "You might as well be at home in the cellar playing with the coal."

They wriggled out from under like worms and their bare arms and legs were stained with brown sand. They clutched squashed cigarette wrappers.

"Throw those away," Mr. Smithers said. "D'you know what you'll get from them? Germs. And you'll get sick and won't be able to eat corn in August."

"Corn in August?" Gwen giggled. "I thought corn came on the cob. August? Tee-hee! Come on, sap, and play in the sand."

"Who's a sap?" her father asked, looking around for a discarded funny sheet. He'd left Little Orphan Annie on a tipped-up canoe and wanted to find out if she had drowned. "Who's a sap?"

"*He is!*" Gwen yelled, pointing to U., who was taking toe exercises to watch the sand bank up around his feet. "He's so sappy he don't know what a shell is. Shell, shell, shell, shell—"

"Heard you the first time," U. told her. And he picked up a cracked shell. "Here's a shell."

"That old thing?" she giggled, running off down the beach. "Come on with me. I'll show you a shell. I'll sew you a sell. I'll—" But she was out of breath running along the sand and couldn't say anything else.

The shells were prettier way the other side of the gay beach umbrellas, and the pebbles were more fun to collect. The blue and white waves played tricks and wet Gwen's feet as she dared walk in the cold damp sand. Delicious shivers crept up her legs.

"Get your feet wet!" she told U. "What d'you think my mother put your bathing suit on you for if you don't get your feet wet? Come on, sit down!"

"I'm afraid," he whimpered. "Those waves are big."

"*Sit down!*" she shouted, watching a low wave sliding toward them. "Gee, it's fun!"

And he did sit down. But he tipped his legs high in the air when that wave came to eddy around his feet!

(Next week's cover adventure: Marianthe Again)

"... so if you're a lover of the wild come fill a pipe ... no other brings such pleasing pictures."
—Burt L. Taylor

"Come fill a pipe" and here's the "filler"!

1 Cut for Pipes Only
2 Made by Wellman's Method . . . An 1870 Tobacco Secret
3 Big Flakes that Burn Slow and Cool
4 Sweet to the End No Soggy Heel

Pipe tobacco from leaf to cut ... prime old Kentucky Burley ... cut the *one* right way for a cool sweet smoke!

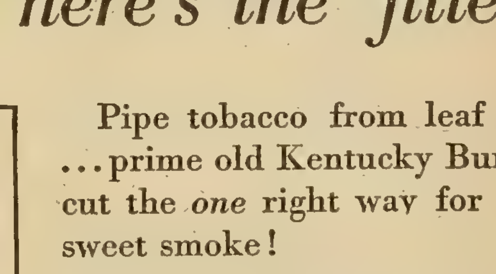
Unlike finely cut tobaccos, suitable for cigarette rolling, Granger is cut in big shaggy flakes that burn *slow* and *cool.* What's more, your pipe stays *dry* and *clean.*

"Come fill a pipe", you smokers, ... and see for yourself!

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

GRANGER ROUGH CUT

A COOLER SMOKE AND A DRIER PIPE

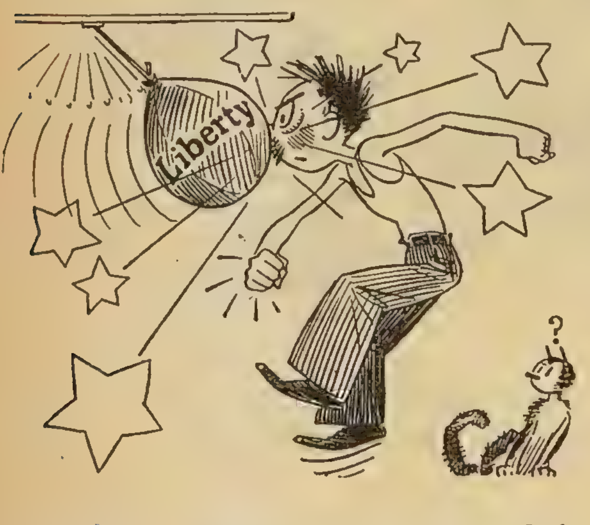


Vox

Yessir. That's Why We Have Vox Pop Pages

BUFFALO, N. Y.—I am going to quit reading Liberty. However, I forgive you your sins in view of the editorial page. We know where you stand and grudgingly admit your editorials are top hole—in fact, the cat's nightdress.

Come to think of it, I'll continue to read Liberty anyway—if for no other reason than to get myself sore. It's like a punching bag—you sock it and it swings right back and socks you on the smeller.—*Eugene McMahon.*



Not Wishing Any Harm to the British Empire, of Course

CORINNE, UTAH—I have read Mr. Lothrop Stoddard's article, "India—The World's Biggest Powder Magazine," with interest.

To say, however, that it is only the establishment of British rule that has brought peace and order to India is a gross perversion of the facts. Peace and order existed in India long before any European set his foot on Indian soil.

The peace which the British have brought to India has done more than anything else to demoralize and degrade the Indian people. It has wholly emasculated them and has reduced them to the condition of mere chattels and slaves.

It is true that in India religion is the paramount issue, and the chief obstacle to Indian unity and progress. I may even say that, as long as there is religion in India, to talk of an Indian nation and independence is a foolish mockery. But we cannot ignore new forces which are working to bring about the disintegration of religion and loosen its strangle hold on the Indian people. Western education has brought about a revolutionary change in the thinking of Indian students.

The British Empire is in dissolution. The changes which, during a decade or so, have been taking place in the political situation of India will undermine British prestige altogether and will shake off the iron grip of English tyranny on the Indian people. Bolshevik Russia is fully determined to destroy British imperialism in the East and to give a death-blow to English political and commercial supremacy.

The Sikhs, Gurkhas, Maharattas, and other Indian fighting races have helped England to extend her imperial scepter through the world and to secure for her a predominant position in international affairs. But sooner or later the Indian troops are likely to take the side of liberty and will refuse to shed their blood for the sake of British imperialism. And when that happens the Empire will rock on its own foundations and will be shattered to atoms in a week.—*Daljit Singh Sadharia.*

Hm

BAKERSFIELD, CALIF.—You fellows have brought something new and huge into the magazine world in Liberty—a complete lack of affectation. More power to you!

Liberty reminds me of nothing so much as a high-class, bang-up burlesque show on State Street in natural old Chi.—*Frank H. Cross.*

And One of the Little White Crystals Was You!

CHICAGO, ILL.—Being of an investigating turn of mind, I took a copy of Liberty down to the laboratory the other day, and proceeded to analyze it. After several hours of boiling, draining, separating, etc., I reached the final stage of solution. Filling a test tube with this solution, I allowed it to stand for some time. Upon final observation I noticed that the solution had separated into different components.

Incrusting the top of the test tube was a rim of gleaming crystals: Ralph Barton's "News of the World." Just below this was a clear, amber-colored fluid which I labeled Editorials, Twenty Questions, and Cross Word Puzzles.

The next layer was a rather deep ultramarine color. There was no difficulty in labeling this: sport articles, and various articles concerning important news of the day.

But at the bottom there was a dark, cloudy liquid filled with several unsavory messes.

These were easiest to label: Bert Green, Thrasher's covers, and out-of-date, dried-up biographies.

The very dregs of this liquid was a dark mass filled with several little white crystals. This was Vox Pop.—*Walter L. Dennis.*

Thanks, Doris

VICKSBURG, MISS.—I've only two things to say against Liberty: it isn't published often enough and there never is enough of it.—*Doris Ferguson.*

We Know Where We'd Like to Leave a Toe-Print

ATLANTA, GA.—Your contests are all fakes; the Twenty Questions department is a swindle; the same person writes all of the short short stories, and you paid the editorial force for the prohibition letters.

I've been buying Liberty ever since the first issue, and I haven't read one copy that would leave a toe-print on the sands of time.—*A Disappointed Contributor.*

A Crate Pleasure, So to Speak

DAVENPORT, IA.—Now you've come up. "The Voice in the Sky," by Edwin Balmer and William MacHarg, was the best short story you've ever released. You put it right up in front where it belonged, too. Brain food simply couldn't be crated in less verbiage.—*Herbert E. Dissette.*

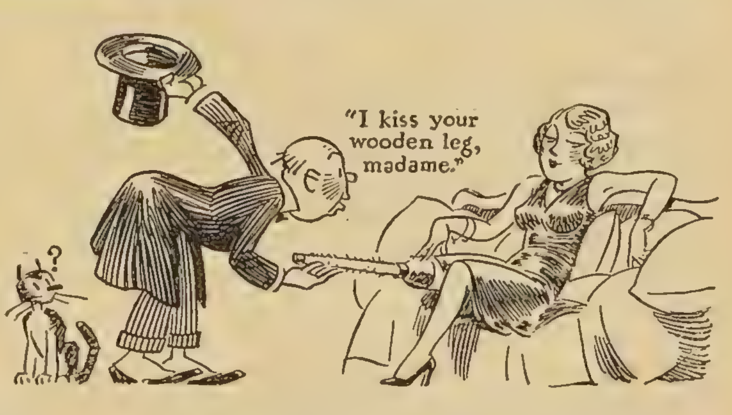
It's the Curse of Ambition

KANSAS CITY, MO.—It is my belief that most of your readers don't know just what they do want.

Of course you can't please everyone all the time—so why try?—*G. G. C.*

Illustration by Request

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—Under an illustration of the story, "Diamond and Platinum," appearing in one of your recent numbers, I read: "Shannon was rather tipsily watching Rosenstein slither his thick lips up her arm . . ."


"I kiss your wooden leg, madame."
?

Too bad the author couldn't have made him slither up a wooden leg full of splinters. Kindly have this story rewritten and re-illustrated according to the above suggestion.

Wondering who the deuce wrote the yarn, I was very happy to find it was written by an authoress who lives in London, England. When you've got to send to Europe for that kind of stuff this country is in better shape than I thought it was.—*W. H. B.*

What, for Instance?

MEMPHIS, TENN.—Give us some stories with a little something besides seeing how many people can be killed in as short a length of time as possible.—*Bob Hicks.*

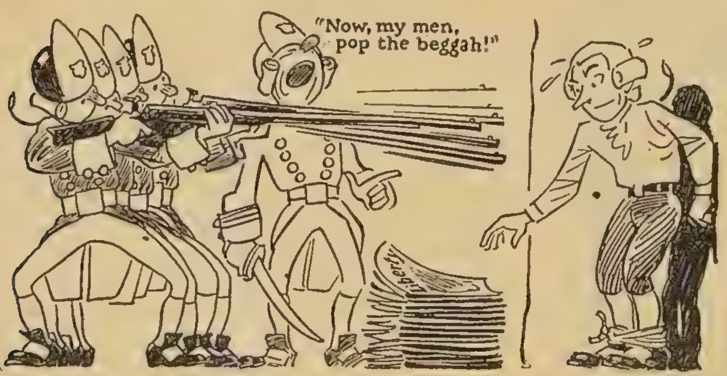
Pop

Aw, Cheer Up

ST. PAUL, MINN.—What this country needs is a good five-cent magazine.—*Firman Redd.*

This Could Be Funnier

LINCOLN, NEB.—Patrick Henry, celebrated orator and statesman, paragon of eloquence, hailed as the champion of constitutional freedom, is dead. He said to give him Liberty or give him death. Those who loved him most took him out and shot him.


"Now, my men, pop the beggah!"

It was better for him.—*A. R.*

Kipling and the Customers

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—I've been working on the dog story by Rudyard Kipling, appearing in one of your recent numbers, for possibly three-quarters of an hour, but haven't gotten anywhere a-tall. Extract quoted below:

"*Beginning of times.* There was walk with Own Gods, and 'basket-of-things-to-eat-when-we-sit-down-piggies.' It were long walks. We ate lots. After, there was rabbits which would not stay. We hunted. We heard sorrowful singing in woods. We went look-see. There was that Far-off Tall Dog, singing to hole in a bank. He said: 'I have been here dretful long whiles and I do not know where here is.'" Etc., etc.

What is it, code? And have you the key?—*W. H.*

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—All I can say for Rudyard Kipling's dog story, "Thy Servant a Dog," is more, more, and still more.

A "Scottie" is the grandest dog alive and what more fitting subject than the grandest could the old master, Kipling, write about?

Yeah, verily, every once in a while he must come back and show the new generation of writers how to write a clean, decent story.—*Frank A. Baughman.*

Well, We Can't Say You Didn't Give Us Fair Warning

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Since your first issue, your attitude has been to dominate every competitor in circulation and influence, and you surely have succeeded.

When a million was reached you sought a quarter million extra. Now you come along belly-aching for two million seven hundred thousand.

Shame on you for being such a hog.

When you reach your zenith, Vox Pop will be no more. Your democratic articles, editorials, etc., will be at an end, and the aims, purposes, and ideals of the mass citizenship, who constitute the backbone of your wonderful little weekly, shall be squelched.

You will gradually metamorphose into a subservient mollycoddle, as all of your predecessors have done. You may not feel that way now, but as you gain circulation and influence you gradually will descend to the level of your class.

The editor of today's Liberty will be compelled to bend the knee to conservatism and plutocracy, or be replaced by one who will.

People who control wealth, whether they be magazine, newspaper, business, or other stockholders, are blind to the economic, social, or other progressive trend of the times, and cannot see beyond their nose tips.

A magazine or paper that gives expression to the aims, purposes, and ideals of the founders of our republic can't go wrong, and will live so long as the republic exists. When you deviate—look out.—*J. J. Sullivan.*

That's a Surprise. We Didn't Get It

SENECA, S. C.—In introducing Carrie Tibbets McCausland, the author of "One Strong Thing," a short short story, you say: "Her family bet her she wouldn't send in a story to us. She surprised them and we surprised her."

After reading the story I don't wonder she was surprised. If you paid her a hundred dollars for it, she certainly owes you at least $99.99 change.—*J. B. Williams.*

More About Immortal Jeanne

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Jeanne Eagels—Jeanne Eagels! Here is one writer who can say something in defense of this wonderful woman and superb actress.

Do any of you remember that extraordinary breath-catching passage in "Rain" where Sadie Thompson pleaded to be given her chance—her chance to live—to live in the way and manner she saw fit? That was Jeanne Eagels pleading for life. Can you remember the distinct, expressive voice with its flawless diction that was deep and thrilling?

She had to struggle to attain the heights that she did and if she was temperamental it was her intellect that made her so. An actress cannot just speak her lines—she must use gestures, looks, inflections—must know when tiny silences at the end of a speech will leave her audience breathless and gasping.

I remember after a certain first night of one of her later plays we came out of the theater in a certain mood of extravagantly high spirits, so we proceeded to the stage door to see "La Eagels" without her war paint.

She entered her car the same high-strung, physically nervous woman we had seen just a while ago on the stage. She was carrying several bouquets of flowers—many having been given to her over the footlights. An old woman beggar shoved her way to Jeanne Eagels' side. Miss Eagels thrust a bouquet into her hands. This illustrates, in a way, how she disposed of her money. She gave freely of her earnings, never thinking of tomorrow.

And when "tomorrow" did come to her she was penniless in her death.

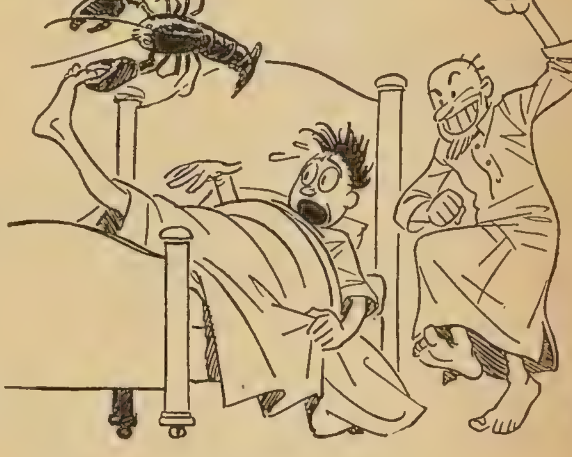
Jeanne Eagels will never be forgotten by us who saw her live.—*A Reader.*

SEATTLE, WASH.—Jeanne Eagels' acting has been an inspiration to every student of drama. It is wonderful to get the background that produced such acting, now, in Liberty. Congratulations!—*G. D. Schmalle.*

Bedtime Story

BOSTON, MASS.—A handshake to you for your June 14 cover—the one showing the lobster nipping little Ulysses.

Now that lobsters are editorially welcomed by you, I hasten to tell you a little story. It seems a Westerner came to visit a New England farmer, and peeved him considerably by telling him that everything was bigger out West. Apples were bigger, grain grew bigger, etc., etc. At last the farmer saw red and told his wife to put a big lobster in the Westerner's bed.



The household was roused by yells, at midnight. The farmer ran upstairs, found the lobster grappling with the Westerner, and snapped out: "That thar's a New England flea. Do you grow 'em bigger out West?"

Mebbe it was the same lobster that bit little U.—*J. Simmons.*

Beauty's Barometer

By Eileen Bourne

Constant Care is the enemy of Time

ONE of the many cheering things about our particular day and age is the broadened standard of beauty to include women who on strict form and feature analysis are not letter perfect, but who have wits enough to be groomed, chic, and charming. And most cheering is the wide, wide field of opportunity to be all of the things prescribed within the current law. The expense is not prohibitive. Time is subjugated to serve the honorable and imperative pursuit of physical improvement. And taste is a commodity that can be exhibited by the many, thanks to our alert dress, hat, and shoe manufacturing trade.

With all the easy and comforting latitude at the gateway to beauty's arena, however, one exacting toll is required—a skin of youthful freshness.

Women themselves sense the disqualifying fact of a non-youthful complexion. Else why the millions upon millions spent annually upon lotions and emollients to maintain or achieve the face of youth?

Figures, with all the obeisance that has been paid them of late, are not one-half so " years-placing " as lines or absence of them in the face. An exquisitely reduced and perfect-thirty-four dress rack of a figure does not proclaim youth unless the quality of the skin is consistently youthlike.

A case in point is that of a mature woman, a trifle heavy of figure, nevertheless with a face that baffled vigilant age appraisers. Her skin was remarkably firm for her years. Its color was unusual for our day. There was a baby-faced roundness to her cheeks, and a clear, unwrinkled chin and jawline was hers. The face truly was years younger than the figure that went with it. With a reckless fifteen-pound loss, the age-placing was reversed. The cheeks sagged, the neck sagged, the firm tissue gave way to a puttylike structure, and youth was lost in the facial debacle in spite of the girlish silhouette. The illustration is not so much a comment on unwise reducing, but to identify the fact that the facial area is more closely linked with youth than is the figure. A fact we believe women have lost sight of in their hectic pursuit of the perfect thirty-four.

QUEER they should lose sight of it, unless you can charge it to another of our well known inconsistencies! For all the face-creaming, skin-toning, astringent-dousing, cheek- and chin-patting, etc., that go on are not being done to add years to the face. They are done to remove traces of a past, eventful or not, or to protect the future face against any such revelation. There is a hitch somewhere. And if we know our woman, we think it is because she does not go deeply enough into the study of her actual facial needs. She does not apply the same fervor or consistency of effort to her face as she does to her silhouette. To be sure, she has a well stocked cosmetic laboratory. But there is much of the experimental about her facial care. Today she is enthused possibly because she just arrived home with a brand-new line of preparations. Tomorrow she is indifferent. Her figure improvement, on the other hand, may have been a three-week to a three-month fair trial. A certain type of woman there is that depends upon herself for reducing care but commits her facial care to professionals and is none too conscientious about keeping appointments.

THE common error, of recent days at any rate, is to pay more tribute to the silhouette than to the face. It is the individual's error—not the public's. For the latter keeps on looking to the face as the barometer of years. When we speak of the face, we really mean the condition of the skin, and chin and throat must necessarily be included.

With the actual coloring we are not deeply concerned, since foreign pigment, deftly used, will supply the " bloom " where needed. And coloring—unless it be of a sickly pastiness due to slackening tissue, or from internal disorder that ages the face—is not of primary importance here.

What we are interested in is the firmness of the tissue and the muscles under the skin and the condition of the oil glands upon which the skin's lubrication depends. In these features are found the true secret of why faces are not so young as they might be.

In the normal healthy and youthful skin there is abundant provision for the formation of fat in the skin. If this natural fat is extracted, which may happen through illness, advancing years, or too stringent reducing measures, the skin surface becomes brittle, " cracks," and loses its resistant quality. A sharp loss of fat causes a relaxing of muscles and a shrinking of the tissue.

So, in the interests of a youthful contour and firmness of face, there must be a good pad of fat and good muscles. Proper massage improves the muscle tone. The pad of fat necessarily must come from the maintenance of good general health, with especial emphasis on diet to include such items as are known as fat-making properties. Olive oil, for instance, is absorbed into the tissues and fills them out, noticeably the tissues of the face.

As for the muscle-toning, massage, as said, is helpful. But not in your " on again, off again " manner. Be consistent with it. It must be a daily habit to be effective. Then let cold water show you what it can do. The muscles under the skin are so affected by cold water that they contract and make the skin smooth, firm, and velvety. Also the cold-water tonic makes the skin " harder," so that it lends resistance to outside attack. Other astringents may be added, but give the cold-water tonic a fair trial, too, since it is firmness of muscle and tissue that keeps the face young.

EILEEN BOURNE has written for Liberty readers an entirely new 64-page Book of Beauty that will prove of invaluable aid to those who would always look their best. Miss Bourne's new book (not a reprint of her previous one), smartly illustrated and attractively printed, contains up-to-the-minute advice on Make-up, the Skin, Posture, and many other factors of charm. The price is 10 cents. Fill out the coupon and send for your copy today.

If you have a question on beauty or hygiene that you would like Miss Bourne to answer personally, inclose a stamped, addressed envelope and mail your queries to Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

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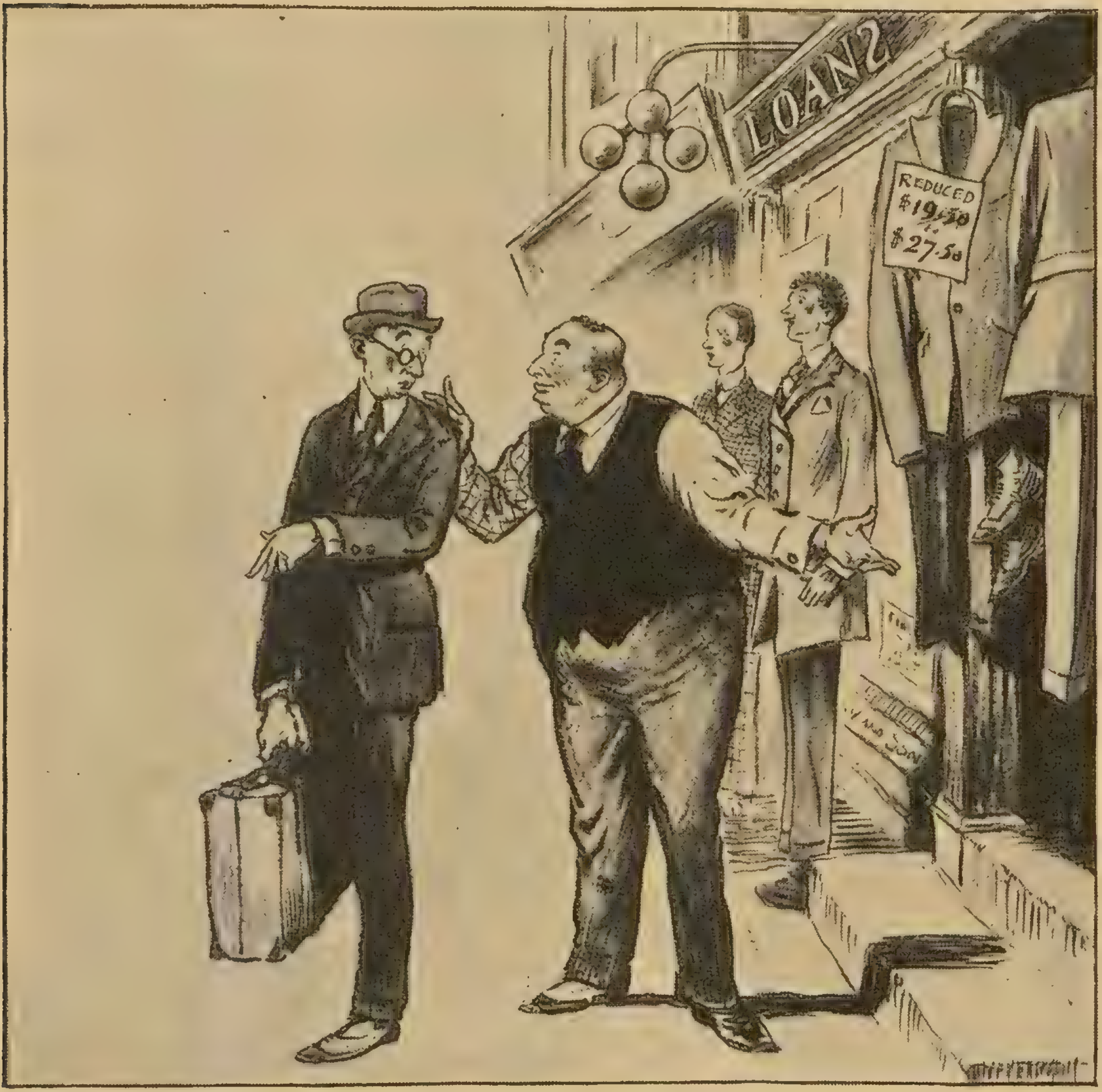
What's Wrong Here?



Careful observation will disclose ten mistakes in this picture. Try to find them without the aid of the list on page seventy-four.

WINNERS!

Eight New Awards in Liberty's Offer of $10,000 for Mystery Solutions

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND has awarded prizes as follows for the solutions which, in his judgment, were the best of those submitted on The Mystery of the Typhoid Oyster, the ninth problem in his recent series of ten for solutions of which Liberty is giving its readers a total of $10,000:

FIRST PRIZE—$500

To David Weil,
701 West 177th Street, New York City.

SECOND PRIZE—$250

To Robinson Verrill,
57 Exchange Street, Portland, Maine.

THIRD PRIZE—$100

To Tyrrell Krum,
100 North La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

To William Sofran,
35-30 Ninetieth Street, Jackson Heights, Long Island, New York.

FIFTH TO EIGHTH PRIZES—$25 EACH

To Ernestine Clark, Box 20, Waukegan, Illinois; Tom O'Connor, 22 Pearl Street, Provincetown, Massachusetts; Mrs. Virginia Leimert, 4848 Lexington Avenue, Los Angeles, California; Albert F. Baenziger, Chicago Evening American, Chicago, Illinois.

Prize awards for the tenth and last problem—The Mystery of Arnold Rothstein, which appeared in two installments—will be announced in the issue of July 26.

THE Velvetskin
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Remove the telltale tracings of creeping age. Prevent the lines of neglect. Bring back the pink of health and beauty. Pat away that tired look. A few minutes every day with the **Velvetskin Patter** will make you feel and look years younger and keep your skin in wonderful condition. And the price is within the reach of all—$5.00.

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will be on sale at leading Department Stores, Beauty Shops, Drug Stores and Electrical Stores. If not, mail the coupon for the Beauty Book or enclose $5.00 and we will send you a **Velvetskin Patter**. If you are not delighted with it during a 30 day trial, return it and your money will be refunded.

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Gentlemen: I enclose $5.00. Please send **Velvetskin Patter** with privilege of return for refund within 30 days.

Name..........

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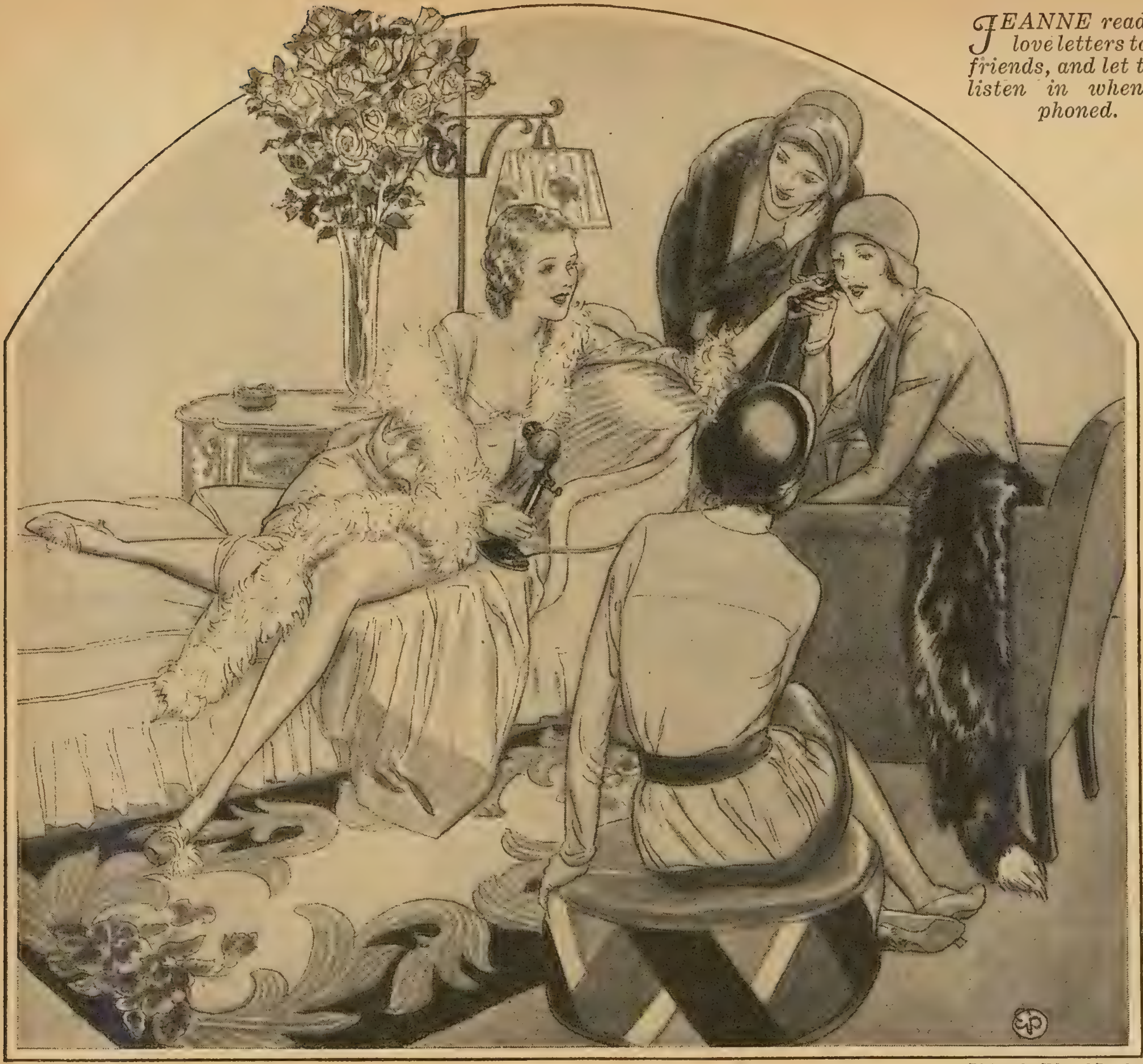
Dealer's Name..........

I want: ☐ Jade Green; ☐ Orchid; ☐ Primrose



JEANNE read his love letters to her friends, and let them listen in when he phoned.

Picture by Edward Poucher

Jeanne Eagels

"Mr. David" Belasco Puts Jeanne in Daddies—Her First Big Broadway Triumph—Ins and Outs of a Stormy Petrel

By

EDWARD DOHERTY

MR. DOHERTY'S life story has now brought Jeanne Eagels to the eve of her first great success, made in Daddies, a Belasco production, in 1918. It was the fruition of a stage career begun in Kansas City seventeen years before, when as a child of eleven she had played Puck in A Midsummer Night's Dream; and it was the reward of an ambition that had weathered all discouragements, including the many that had been due to her own capricious temperament.

Last week Mr. Doherty told of her experience with George Arliss, who gave her, in The Professor's Love Story and Hamilton, opportunities of which her genius took full advantage—after her having broken with him rather than submit to his direction. While playing in his company she also made movies, and thus, month after month, worked fourteen hours a day except on Sundays. Continuous overwork with physical agony drove her to a doctor who gave her "magic potions" of sedatives.

PART SEVEN

A HUNDRED times or more Jeanne Eagels said to Helen Broderick, "I wish Belasco would come and take a look at me."

Four times, while she was playing in Hamilton, she saw Belasco "out in front." So dreams come true!

But Helen, ever the chorus-girl pal, disillusioned her: "Don't be silly. He's watching Arliss."

But Helen was wrong. Belasco sent for Jeanne.

"I saw you in Hamilton, Miss Jeannie," he said, "and I think that with a little more training you will become a very good actress. Not a star. Stars aren't made overnight.

"I'm going to put you in a play. I'm going to feature you. It's a four-act play by John L. Hobble, and it's called Daddies. I'm going to sacrifice your youth and your beauty—but only in the first act, and you'll have to be very clever to make up for this sacrifice."

He beamed upon the excited girl.

"You are a little immigrant girl. You come on the stage quite seasick from your long journey from England, and I'm going to build you a staircase to climb."

JEANNE watched Belasco's hands, and saw a girl climbing up those stairs as though she were climbing the companion on a pitching ship. She felt the throb of engines. She felt herself reeling, clinging to the companion rail, while the ship fell into a deep pit and then began to climb a hill.

"You are the daughter of a dead British officer, and one of five bachelors in New York who have sworn never to marry has agreed to adopt you, poor little war orphan, not knowing you are grown up. Can you see the consternation of these bachelors when you come reeling on to the stage?"

Again his hands made pictures for Jeanne to visualize.

Jeanne was elated, but did not let Belasco see it. She asked about the cast, the stage director, the date set for rehearsals, thanked "Mr. David" prettily, walked sedately down the steps; and, once out of sight, danced into the street.

She was going to be a Belasco star!

It was a long way from Maurice Dubinsky and the sweltering cornfields to Belasco and Broadway—but she regretted no inch nor hour of it.

Yet even now she risked her future and the loss of all she had won, to have her own way. Not even Belasco might tell her what to do or how to do it. Belasco smiled to himself and waited. He had his own ways of getting what he wanted.

He sat back in his seat, in the dark and empty theater, and watched rehearsals, smoking a cigar, taking mental notes.

"Don't stamp your foot, Miss Eagels," the stage director would say.

"Why not? Of course I'll stamp my foot. I would, in this situation. It's the only thing to do."

"Yes? But try it without stamping your foot. Now let's take this scene over. And remember, don't stamp your foot."

But Jeanne would stamp her foot; and it might be hours before Belasco would make any comment.

"Miss Jeannie, I thought you were good in that scene, but do you think you ought to stamp your foot? I don't know. Maybe you're right. Of course it's effective—in a way. But then, every woman in the world is different, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Photo by
Strauss Peyton

A portrait photograph of Jeanne Eagels at the time when she was "Belasco's latest find."

Jeanne in Daddies, the comedy in which Belasco brought her out in 1918.

[JEANNE EAGELS
Continued from page forty-nine]

should be played in a different way. It takes a real actress to portray all kinds of women.

"I know women who would stamp their pretty feet, just as you did. I know women who would merely stand and look—but in that look there would be the stamping of a thousand feet. I know others who would show their defiance merely with a lift of the head and a gesture of the hand—and be superb!

"Here is a little problem for you, Miss Jeannie. Your father lies dead before you. He has been murdered. You walk into the room and discover his body. Will you scream? Will you weep? Will you get down on your knees and pray? Will you cry out for vengeance on the murderer? Or will you merely stand and look at the horrible sight, helpless, frozen, and inarticulate?

"IT seems to me the last woman is the most dramatic spectacle. She cannot talk. She cannot weep. She can but stand and look, and we know that unless she cries she must go mad with horror and despair."

At the next rehearsal Jeanne would not stamp her foot. She would merely "register defiance" as she had been taught in the despised moving-picture plays, and the stage director would cry, "Great! That's it! I knew you could do it, Miss Eagels."

Belasco, sitting back in the audience, would grin slyly to himself and light a fresh cigar.

He saw that Jeanne not only adopted his suggestions but bettered them. He saw too that little by little she warped that part into the shape she wanted it—pulled it, patted it, made it fit her, and made it better than it had been.

As rehearsals drew near to the first night, Jeanne told Belasco that she wanted her mother present at the opening.

"By all means," Belasco agreed, smiling benignly. "I like my leading ladies to have

With the staircase that "Mr. David" built for her to climb.

mothers. It gives them dignity. Send for her, Miss Jeannie, and I'll see that she has the best seat in the house."

Most of the big stars, especially those in the movies, have mothers always hovering about them, shielding them from harm, stepping between them and the uncouth world, lending them the air of dignity Belasco thought essential to his actresses.

Some of these mothers are old, placid, and genuine. Some are bought and paid for. These latter may be of any nationality and any age. The real mothers are often the worst obstacles in their daughters' paths. The paid mothers, rented for background, are often helpful.

Mrs. Julia Eagles, however, wasn't the stage-mother type at all. While she adored Jeanne, she did not interfere with her, and she adored her other children too. She came to see Jeanne whenever she could, as she visited Edna and Helen at every opportunity. She had no more intention of regulating Jeanne's career than she had of running Edna's domestic life.

She was more concerned with Jeanne's happiness and comfort than with her ambitions. Jeanne—" Gee-Gee "—was the shining light of the family, but at the same time she was only one of Julie's girls.

Some years ago it was reported that Helen Eagles was engaged to an English nobleman. A newspaper man, unable to find Helen, called her mother on the phone and asked if the report was true.

" I don't know anything about it," Mrs. Eagles said. " But it's nothing new to have a nobleman in the family. My daughter Edna is married to a prince."

" A prince! " The reporter was impressed. " I didn't know that. Has it ever been printed? Won't you tell me about him? "

" Of course I will. His name's Bill Ackerley and he's an engineer on the Santa Fe Railroad."

Mrs. Eagles, like all Irishwomen, likes a spacious joke, a hearty laugh, and a big family.

Would it be so strange if, looking down at the dead face of the great actress, she wished her girl had never had any talent—wished perhaps that there had been another prince in the family?

II

MRS. EAGLES came to New York a few days before the opening of Daddies, to find her girl frail and ill, and sadly in need of an operation for sinus trouble.

Jeanne fainted frequently during rehearsals, but her indomitable spirit drove her on and would not let her rest. She was ever in pain.

Some time before she died she said to Mabel Webb, " I cannot remember the day when I haven't suffered."

She would fall on the stage. Members of the company would carry her to her dressing room and give her such treatments as they could, pending the arrival of a doctor. At times Belasco had a doctor waiting all day—and all night, too, for that matter—to minister to her at need.

Mrs. Eagles consulted a physician, and had him make an examination of her daughter—the old fear of consumption clutching at her heart. An immediate operation was advised, but Jeanne laughed at the idea. That would be impossible, she said. They were going to open in a few days.

And it was not until some time after she had made a tremendous hit in the show that she gave way and submitted to the knife. She was operated on in the morning and played her rôle that night.

THE house was packed with the usual Broadway first-night crowd on the evening in 1918 that Daddies was given its première. The crowd came to see the new Belasco offering, and left raving about the new Belasco find. They began to laugh as soon as the seasick little girl staggered on to the stage. They roared as she climbed the steps. Everybody who had ever been seasick or seen a seasick person was overcome with appreciation and delight.

When Jeanne disappeared into her room at the top of the steps, the audience clapped and clapped and yelled and shouted until she reappeared.

For the first time in many years on Broadway, an actress had stopped the show before it had well begun.

Jeanne had not only fought her sick and tormented body for this night of glory, but she had also fought a very important person in the Belasco organization.

This man was years older than the young actress. He was rich and powerful and experienced in the ways of women, and he thought this ambitious girl would be an easy conquest.

He began by promising her stardom. He ended with pleading and with threats. She laughed at his pleas. She ignored his threats. She read his love letters to her friends, and let them listen in when he phoned.

Shortly before the show opened the lovesick gentleman sought to entrap the girl who boasted of her virtue. He had a room close to Belasco's, and he summoned Jeanne to him there—first giving sly winks to his familiars and letting them know that Jeanne was his for the taking.

Some of the cast saw Jeanne go up the stairs, and felt shame. Others chuckled in unholy glee, for Eagels was unpopular and aloof. She had snubbed some and ignored others, and now that she was going to humiliation and disgrace, " it served her right."

When Jeanne entered the room Belasco's lieutenant closed the door and tried to take her in his arms. She eluded him and laughed at him. She called him bitter names.

He told her of his great love for her, and Jeanne answered with phrases she had learned from the canvasmen on nights when the tent shook in the wind and the rain fell in tor-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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MEN, GREAT NEWS! Lifebuoy Shaving Cream is here. Gives a lather that is absolutely different. Ends *tender*face—gives the easiest, quickest shave ever.

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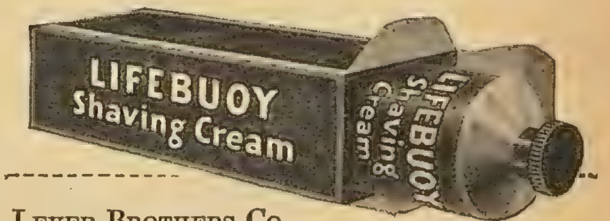
Furthermore Lifebuoy Shaving Cream gives the same antiseptic protection as the famed Lifebuoy Health Soap. Soothes and heals the skin. Get the big red tube today. Or mail the coupon for a free trial tube.



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JEANNE EAGELS
Continued from page fifty-one

rents and there was need to drive the tent stakes farther into the solid soil of Oklahoma.

The old man staggered back, and resorted to the trick that had succeeded hundreds of times with girls as virtuous as Jeanne but neither so intelligent nor so angry.

He put his hands quickly to his breast, pretending he had suffered a sudden heart attack. He sank to the floor, moaning that his great love was his death. It was the cue for the hard little rebel to fall on her knees and weep and beg him to live. It was the cue to soften and surrender. But Jeanne followed no cues. She stepped over the writhing body, opened the door, and turned to laugh at the man still moaning and writhing on the floor.

As soon as she had disappeared the outwitted lieutenant got to his feet and rearranged the room. He ran his hands through his hair, tore open his shirt at the neck, and summoned his friends. He met them with a diabolical grin and a jovial man-to-man wink. But his plot didn't carry, for Jeanne stood in the doorway, smiling sweetly, as if no hurricane had passed over her.

"Now tell these gentlemen exactly what happened," she said. "And put the room in order, as it was when I left."

Jeanne as she looked in The Wonderful Thing, produced in 1920.

THE great man explained as best he could that he had not kissed Jeanne, and that if he had tried to make it appear that such was the case, he was but playing a scurvy joke—and he was sorry.

During the third act on the first night of Daddies, Belasco stood in the wings, his indispensable adjutant at his side. He was made up, expecting that after the first curtain call Jeanne would lead him by the hand to the center of the stage and present him to the audience.

This was always done on the first night of a new Belasco play. It was an essential part of the Belasco ritual. It was showmanship. It was drama. It was a public acknowledgment on the part of the actress of all that she owed to the great master of the drama.

Jeanne saw Belasco standing there, and knew what she was supposed to do. But because of the man at Belasco's elbow she determined not to do it. She took as many bows as she earned, and never once glanced in Belasco's direction. She went off stage on the other side of the house. And Belasco remained where he was, stunned to think that any actress should dare to ignore him, especially this upstart from "the sticks" whom he had fostered. He went to Jeanne's dressing room, all but apoplectic in his wrath.

Jeanne looked at him and smiled.

"I know what you're going to say, Mr. David. But don't say it now. I'll explain it later. I'm busy now, and a little nervous, and quite sick. I'm afraid I'm going to faint any minute."

Belasco left her alone. She fainted when the curtain had fallen on the last act and she had taken her last bow. She had to be carried to the cab that took her home. Almost every night thereafter she fainted—but not until the show was done. Physicians and nurses were kept back stage, and they were needed often. Yet, no matter how much Jeanne suffered during the play, she never faltered in her lines nor collapsed upon the stage.

THE emotions she portrayed were stronger than her body. The actress was ever more real to her than the woman. The woman might feel faint, might know terrible pain—but the actress was well, vital, dominant, above all frailties to the flesh. From the time the curtain went up until the moment it fell Jeanne Eagels was merely an actress who could not be hurt unless the rôle demanded it. When the show was over she was a woman, doubly hurt because the actress' emotions not only failed to buoy her up but left her a little weaker than she had been.

Often, when audiences were still discussing the spell of the actress, the woman was riding to her home in an ambulance.

A little row of bottles might

Brown Bros. photo

David Belasco, the famous producer, who was first to give Jeanne an opportunity worthy of her abilities.

be thanked for keeping the woman and the actress in one body—a little row of bottles that she obtained in her “ unlucky ” Mamaroneck home.

She played Daddies every night until she could stand no more. The sickness and the pain and the hard drudgery of rehearsals were nothing to her. She was used to that. It was the importunities, the tricks, and the constant love-making of Belasco's man that made her quit.

She blew up at a rehearsal, with all the company present.

“ You can all go to hell ! ” she cried. “ I'm through with the show ! I'm through with all of you ! I will not be a prostitute to be a star. I don't have to be.”

Belasco saw her leave with sorrow —and perhaps with a little relief as well. She had made a great success. She was a warm and devoted friend. But she was tempestuous, volcanic, destructive. She had all but disrupted his organization. She had made enemies of almost all his cast. Broadway was seething with malicious rumors about her.

“ Good-by, Miss Jeannie,” he said; “ and good luck to you. Some day, perhaps, you will be a star, a great star. I sincerely hope so. You are still under contract to me; but if you get an offer from some other man, you may say I will release you.”

“ I'll always remember Jeanne Eagels as a splendid comrade,” Belasco said when Ward Morehouse, dramatic critic of the Sun, interviewed him on Jeanne's death, “ as a person who was good and generous to her friends, and as one who could not overcome a temperament that was no fault of hers.”

He was glad to know that, in her home at Ossining, Jeanne had two pictures of him, prominently displayed.

Jeanne exhibited no sorrow when she left; and she took no consolation from Belasco's hope that she would be a star. She never quite forgave “ Mr. David ” for not realizing that she was a star—and the greatest star in the world.

III

JEANNE EAGELS was free again, and broke, and pursued by creditors; but she was sanguine. She had made a tremendous success in Daddies. The critics had said many nice things about her. Great people of the theater had predicted a rosy future for her. Producers had asked her to come and see them if she ever left Belasco.

Now that she was free, she would become a star. She would call on those producers who had praised her. They would be glad to see her. They would be eager to give her everything she asked. Or so she thought.

But Jeanne Eagels free was only Jeanne Eagels out of a job, an actress looking for work. She was no longer “ the patsy of New York.” Managers knew her capabilities, but they also knew her temper, or her temperament. And they knew, too, that there were rôles she could not or would not play. She was a strange creature who must have a part that suited her, who could act but couldn't rehearse, who fought stage directors, who hated her fellow players. They wanted her—but they had no plays to suit her.

It was to be years before she tasted the sweets—and the bitterness—of stardom.

She was to appear in many plays before Sam Harris gave her Rain. She was to go hungry again, to look wistfully at pretty frocks she could not buy. She was to borrow, to pawn, to walk from agency to agency looking for work.

BUT she had her independence and her self-respect when she walked out of Belasco's theater. And she had confidence in herself, and hope. She was a little over twenty-eight years old—but what of that? Hadn't she been a leading lady when she was fifteen? Or was it twelve? Sometimes she herself forgot; she had told the story of her early days so many times.

Now and then she got a part and played it for a while. Now and then the play was a failure; now and then it ran for months and the critics said she was good, or excellent, or capable, or fine. An actress is only as good as her rôle. A Young Man's Fancy died in a few weeks. The Wonderful Thing drew crowds for many months.

A Young Man's Fancy, produced in 1919, concerned the plight of a chap who fell in love with a wax model in the window of a department store. He finds the model was made in the image and likeness of one of the buyers, the blonde Mary Darling. Jeanne was Mary.

The Wonderful Thing was a comedy by Lilian Trimble Bradley, a Brooklyn girl, and was based on a story by Forrest Halsey. George Broadhurst produced it in 1920. Gordon Ash, an English importation, was the leading man. It was his first American appearance. Philip Dunning, now known as a playwright, was another member of the cast. Jeanne played the part of Jacqueline Laurentine, the daughter of an English pork packer, who had been reared in a convent in France. The wonderful thing, of course, is love.

It was while she was rehearsing this play that she found an admirer and a friend.

The first was Thomas L. Chadbourne, a famous New York corporation lawyer. The second was Mme. Maria Savage, who had for long years worked with the Metropolitan Opera Company, and who taught French.

Chadbourne was a widower when he met Jeanne Eagels. And everybody who saw him with Jeanne, or admired the jewels he gave her, believed that he would marry her.

Jeanne made no secret of her love; and Chadbourne was proud of her beauty and her talent, and to have her accompany him to public places.

He used to attend all the rehearsals of The Wonderful Thing, and when

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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JEANNE EAGELS
Continued from page fifty-three

Jeanne collapsed on the stage he ran to her and picked her up, and wept as he carried her to her dressing room. He patted her hands, put ice water on her forehead, and worried until she opened her eyes. She laughed and called herself a silly thing to faint, and a cruel thing to cause him so much anguish.

But there was no need for Jeanne to seek an annulment of her marriage to Maurice Dubinsky, for Chadbourne's admiration lessened. Jeanne blamed Maxine Elliott for this, and hated Maxine to her dying day—but without reason.

Jeanne was ill for months after Chadbourne and she stopped seeing each other, and Mme. Savage at times despaired of her life. When The Wonderful Thing closed, and her money was spent, Jeanne went to Mme. Savage, not only for consolation, but that she might live.

TWO years went by before she again saw Chadbourne. It was on the night of her greatest triumph, her first night as Sadie Thompson in Rain.

Chadbourne and his new wife sat in the first row with Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bayard Swope. Jeanne saw him when she came on the stage in her pathetic finery—the high white buttoned shoes, the white lace coat falling over her skirt, the discouraged plume drooping from her white straw hat, and the cheap parasol she held like a dowager's cane.

At the end of the second act she spoke the words she was to speak to the Reverend Davidson. Spoke? She shouted—with her hands clenched into fists and held on her hips, and her face distorted.

"You! You! I know your kind, you dirty two-faced mutt! I'll bet when you were a kid you caught flies and pulled their wings off! I bet you stuck pins in frogs, just to see 'em wiggle and flap while you read 'em a Sunday-school lesson. I know you. You'd tear the heart out of your grandmother if she didn't think your way, and tell her you were saving her soul, you — you — you psalm - singing son of a ——!"

THE last word was supposed to be covered in an inarticulate shriek of rage. Sometimes it was. Sometimes it wasn't.

This night the word was not lost in a shriek, and it was delivered with such genuine bitter feeling that the audience sensed her torrent of angry passion and thundered applause.

Next week's installment of Mr. Doherty's story will tell of "Mama Froggy" — Maria Savage — who taught Jeanne French and in whom she found an understanding friend; also of the Italian "millionaire stevedore" who crazed himself with love of Jeanne, and sent her a coffin as a hint of what would happen if she didn't return his love.

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Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 42

1—Ruby.
2—Robert Tyre Jones of Atlanta, Georgia.
3—Bolivia.
4—Of the dead (say) nothing but good.
5—A republic.
6—Major general.
7—Philippine Islands.
8—One who marches on foot, especially across snow with dogs.
9—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware.
10—Jupiter.
11—One hundred square miles.
12—James Whitcomb Riley.
13—Cottage cheese.
14—A volcano in the Hawaiian Islands.
15—Theodore Roosevelt.
16—Sleight of hand.
17—Isaac and Rebekah.
18—Centripetal.
19—Days of youthful inexperience.
20—Golf.

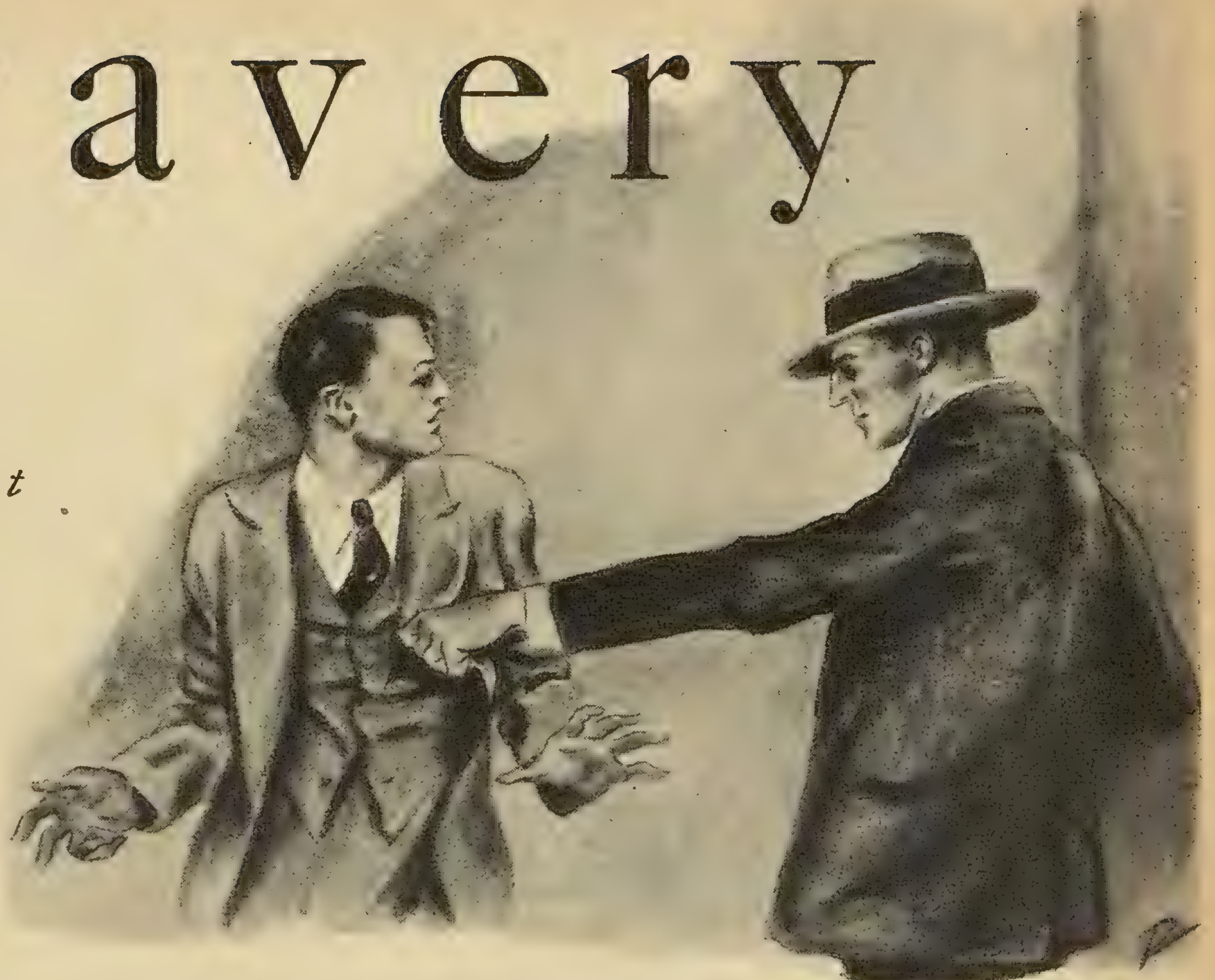
Bravery

A Short Short Story

By
NATHAN ASCH

who was born in Poland, came over here at thirteen, tried the navy and college and business, and has written Pay Day and other novels. Having sold us this story, he went traveling, so we couldn't get his picture.

Picture by
CHARLES E. PARKER



The one at the door went toward Harry, said, "You're pulling something funny, and I'm going to slug you."

JOHN was standing back of the case that held the sixteen-fifty to thirty-nine-dollar rings, thinking of nothing in particular, when the two guys came in. One stood at the door, a cigarette in his fingers. The other came forward, took out a gun—not hurriedly, just took it out of his pocket—and said, "Put your hands up."

John put his hands up. Everything was very quiet. The door to the shop was closed, no noise coming in from the outside. Mr. Waxman had his hands up, not very much, since he was fat. Harry Porter, the other clerk, also had them up. John was thinking of nothing at all. A few pictures flashed through his mind: his wife Rose, the baby kicking his feet in the air, the raise he was promised for next month, and the mortgage. No thoughts. It was very funny.

The guy at the door took a gun out, too. The other one put his in his pocket, took out a handkerchief, went back of the middle counter toward the open safe.

The guy at the door said, "Take that grin off your face."

Harry Porter was grinning. His hands were up in the air, the tie had come out of the vest, and he was grinning. The guy with the handkerchief stopped, turned from where he was, stepped to where Harry Porter was standing, and smashed him on the nose with his fist. Harry swayed a little, then blood began to trickle down his lips.

Mr. Waxman said in a hurry, "Take anything you want, but leave my boys alone. They didn't do nothing."

The guy said, "You shut your jaw or you'll get the same thing."

HE went to the safe and opened drawers. John began to think. His heart beat loudly, his knees became weak, and things went slowly up and down his spine. Mr. Waxman was very pale. Harry Porter's face bled.

The guy at the safe said, "Where's the diamonds?"

Mr. Waxman said, "They're in the drawer with the white label."

The guy began looking. The one at the door said, "Hey, you. You're going to get a slug in your belly if you don't stand still."

Harry Porter was slowly moving to the center of the case. There was a gun under there for emergencies. John wanted to yell: Don't. Let them take the diamonds. They're insured. Mr. Waxman doesn't care. He told them they were there. Don't be a fool.

Harry Porter had a girl, and he was going to get married soon. He was saving up for it. They both were. She was a nice kid, and so was Harry. Leave the diamonds alone, think of your girl, Harry.

There was another gun under John's counter, but he wasn't taking chances. The guys meant business. There was Rose, and there was the baby, and there was the mortgage. There was no time for heroics, nor nonsense.

THE guy at the safe was putting little white papers into his handkerchief. Harry Porter was slowly edging to the middle of the case. John thought a year must have gone by, and knew it was only a minute since the two had come in. John thought time would never end, the holdup would never be over, he would never be free again.

The one at the door said, "Watch out." The other one turned, his gun in his hand in a terrible hurry. The one at the door went toward Harry, said, "You're pulling something funny, and I'm going to slug you," and hit him over the head with the butt of his revolver. There was a thud. Harry said, "Oh!" and fell.

Mr. Waxman said, "Oh!"

The gunman said, "Hurry up."

Through John's mind went Rose and the baby and the raise and the store and the diamonds, and then he fell to the ground, grabbed the gun from the little shelf, quickly rose, and began firing. Pop and pop and pop, and one guy dropped to the floor. The other turned. Then something burned John, and there was black.

He woke up in the hospital. On one side of him there was his wife Rose and on the other side stood a reporter. The reporter was trying to interview him.

"They're all wrong, mister," said John. "I mean the magazine guys who speak of bravery in a holdup. You don't feel brave at all. You feel weak, and sick, and then something happens, like when they slugged the other kid in the shop, and you just forget everything, and you've got to kill."

"I see," said the reporter.

THE END

Vegetables *in* JULY

By ETHEL SOMERS

THIS is the month when corn takes its place as the queen of vegetables. Cooked properly, it is both palatable and wholesome. Most vegetables are now plentiful and cheap, and the wise housewife will use them in abundance in planning her luncheon and dinner menus.

Fritters made with fresh corn are both satisfying and delectable.

Corn from the cob is one of the treats of July; the fresher the product, the better its flavor.

Green Corn Fritters

- ½ cup milk
- ½ tablespoon butter, melted
- 2 cups corn pulp, fresh or canned
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1½ cups flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 3 tablespoons minced sweet red pepper or pimiento, if desired
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/16 teaspoon pepper or paprika

MIX and sift the dry ingredients. Combine the milk, melted butter, pimiento, beaten egg, and scraped corn. (Corn is scraped by cutting with a sharp-pointed paring knife down the center of each row of kernels and then removing the pulp by scraping with the back of the knife. Patent scrapers are made that both cut and scrape with one stroke.) Add the combined liquids to the dry ingredients and drop by spoonfuls into hot fat (375° F.) to cook from five to eight minutes.

Tomato Tower Sandwiches

- 6 toasted round sandwiches, preferably cheese
- 12 thin tomato slices, either chilled or broiled
- 6 broiled bacon strips
- Shredded pimiento
- Curled celery, olives, and lettuce to garnish

ARRANGE lettuce on the service plates. Cut the toasted sandwich perfectly round and one-half inch larger than the tomato slices. Place on the bed of lettuce and top with two slices of tomato put together in sandwich fashion with mayonnaise, lettuce, and strips of bacon. Garnish with celery, olives, and pimiento.

Baked Tomatoes

- 6 tomatoes
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ⅓ teaspoon pepper
- 1 tablespoon butter

THOROUGHLY wash the tomatoes and remove the blossom end with the core. Divide the butter and seasonings, fill the cavities, and place on a baking dish in a moderate oven (325° F.) for from twenty to thirty minutes, depending on the size of the tomatoes. Bake until tender. Test by inserting a fork well into the tomato at the cavity. Serve hot, garnished with parsley.

Green Corn Griddle Cakes

- 2 cups scraped corn (uncooked), fresh or canned
- 2 tablespoons minced pimiento or sweet red pepper, if desired
- 2 egg yolks, well beaten
- 2 egg whites, whipped stiffly
- 1 cup flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/16 teaspoon pepper or paprika
- 1 tablespoon melted fat

SCRAPE the corn as for corn fritters. Add the melted fat and the egg yolks, well beaten. Then fold in three-fourths of the stiffly whipped egg whites. Blend the flour, salt and pepper, and the pimiento, if used, and sift them over the top of the griddle-cake mixture. Fold them in with the last of the egg whites. Drop by tablespoons on to a hot griddle (only iron griddles are greased). When the griddle cake is full of bubbles on the top side and well browned on the under side, carefully turn it over to brown the other side.

VEGETABLES, best hot-weather guardians of health, are especially wholesome and tasty when prepared from Miss Somers' three Liberty cookbooks. In addition, you'll find in Miss Somers' booklets many other treats for torrid days, such as fruity desserts, salads, and cooling beverages. The cookbooks cost but 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. Send for them today. And please use the coupon.

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Scalloped Green Corn

- 3 tablespoons yellow corn meal
- 1½ cups rich milk
- 2 cups scraped or cut corn, fresh or canned
- ¼ cup minced green pepper, sweet red pepper, or pimiento
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 teaspoons salt

POUR the heated milk over the corn meal, add the butter, mix, and cool before adding the other ingredients. Bake in a greased casserole in a slow oven (325° F.) for one hour or until brown, stirring every fifteen minutes to prevent the corn meal from settling. Serve hot with parsley garnish.

Stuffed Baked Tomatoes

- 6 large tomatoes
- ¼ cup bread crumbs
- ½ cup chopped okra or scraped corn
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- 3 tablespoons butter

HOLLOW out the washed tomatoes, leaving a wall three-fourths of an inch thick. Discard the cores and blossom ends and chop the rest of the removed tomato pulp, adding it to the okra or corn. Mix the bread crumbs, salt, pepper, and butter (which has been melted), and then add the vegetable pulp. Fill the tomato cavities and bake in a hot oven (425° F.) for fifteen minutes and then reduce the temperature to 350° F., baking about fifteen minutes longer or until tender. Serve hot with tomato, cheese, or cream sauce.

Modes on the Move

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris.

NEW modes are moving in. Old modes are moving out. The social season is on in Paris, and fashions that looked so good yesterday are being packed in the *oubliette* van headed for the junk heap, while fresh, smart, new clothes appear around the salons.

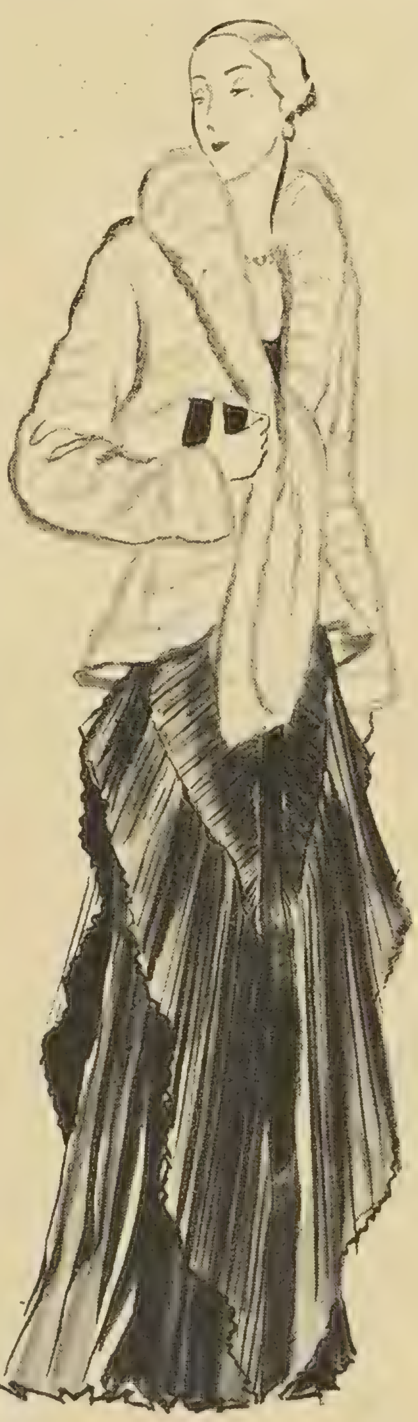
Those evening dresses that molded the figure down to the knee regions have moved out, and left no address, it seems. New frocks make it hard to miss them, for they introduce a fashion that is much easier to wear, with skirt fullness beginning at the hipline or a bit above, waistlines lowered somewhat, and nature's errors thus safely concealed. The skin-tight fitting—favorite game of yesterday—is ruled out as unfashionable, and becoming bodice and jacket drapery comes in to replace it.

Evening wraps that are draped like blouses are the newest Paris style success, and daytime wraps are beginning to ape these lines too. The latest dressmaker suits have such jackets, and they are worn over one-piece dresses instead of waist and skirt.

Evening décolletés have turned modest. The bare-back craze is barred out of smart society. Ladies prefer their backs and shoulders draped with scarfs and capes.

Many of the newest evening dresses have little sleeves that puff out the shoulder lines. This makes the waist look slimmer, and adds a dash of quaint modesty to the most modern of fashions.

Daytime modes, too, like to wear a lot of chic on their sleeves, and Augustabernard's sleeves with petaled panels at the top, and Martial et Armand's puffed long sleeves are having a great social success.



This ermine jacket is the newest of evening wraps, worn with a taffeta frock.

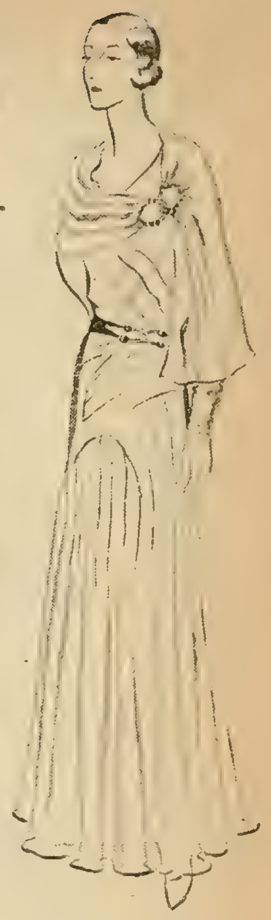
TWEEDS have at last worn out their welcome in social circles, and smooth woolens are being entertained in the smartest wardrobes.

Evening slippers either match the evening coat or the floral decoration that all smart women are affecting this summer.

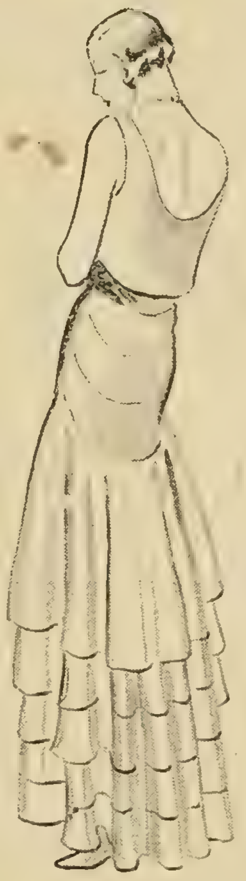
Evening dresses are made of very stiff or of the softest possible materials. Evening coats are lighter in color than the frock with which they are worn, and the smartest of all evening wraps is the short jacket of ermine.

The ermine bolero is being replaced by the ermine jacket that is very like the short jacket which *élégantes* wore in 1850. This newest fancy of fashion is shown in our first sketch. It is fitted to the waistline and has a flared peplum. The shawl collar ends in long ties, and the sleeves are very loose but unflared. Lucien Lelong made this wrap for Lady Deterling, and he also designed for her the black taffeta evening gown with its unusual plaited-ruffle skirt. It just touches the floor all around.

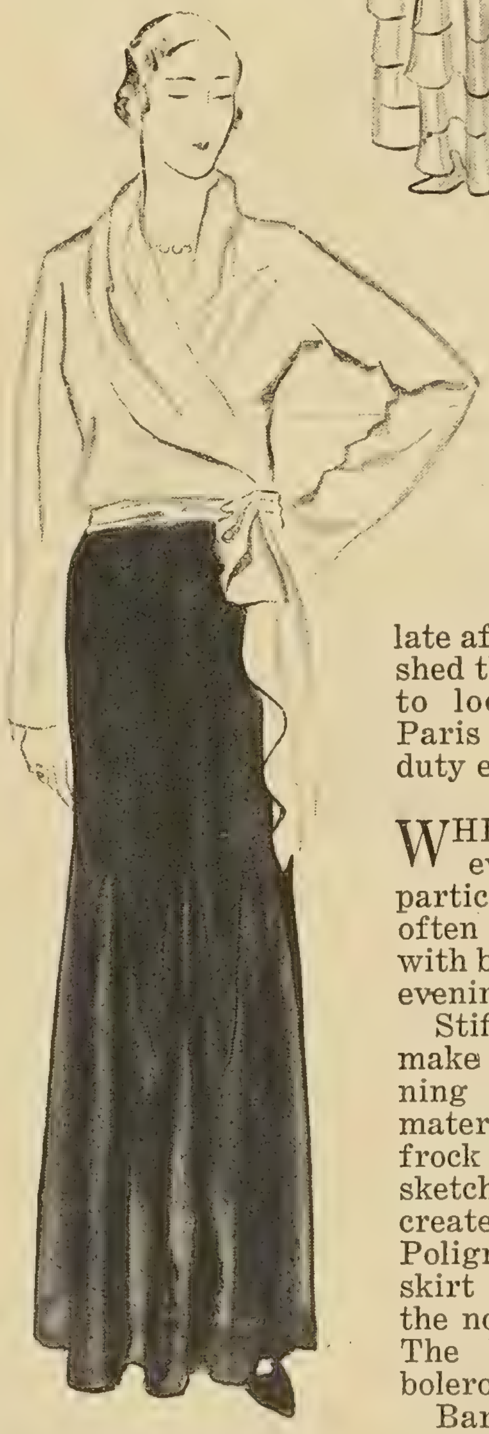
The blouse jacket for evening is shown in our second sketch. Mme. Schiaparelli designed this for herself, made it of white crêpe romain, and wore it with the black crêpe romain evening gown shown with it. She has since copied this ensemble for most of her very smart clients. You may wear this ensemble with the blouse jacket from late afternoon on, and you may shed the jacket when you want to look formal-eveningish. Paris dotes on these double-duty ensembles.



Diamond rings fasten the scarf and belt of the black georgette gown above.



At the upper left, a gown of white faille, which is a favorite for evening wear.



A white silk crêpe blouse jacket worn over an evening dress of black.

WHITE remains the favorite evening shade of the most particular Parisiennes. They often wear their white frocks with bright red or green velvet evening coats.

Stiff white faille is used to make many fashionable evening gowns, and it is the material Lelong used for the frock shown in our third sketch. This model was created for the Marquise de Polignac. The ruffles of the skirt curve and narrow up to the normal waistline in front. The bodice has a cutaway bolero.

Baronne de Rothschild, famous for her sartorial distinction, wears the Worth evening ensemble shown in our fourth sketch. It is made of black georgette, and the scarf wrap of black georgette is attached by double jeweled rings. So also is the belt of black velvet. This skirt has the newest fullness, beginning at the hipline.

Well, Folks, Here We Are Again, Offering $500 a Week for Limericks

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Just provide the missing line, making it rhyme with the first two, as printed. Send in a lot of last lines, if you wish. The five best lines win the prizes.

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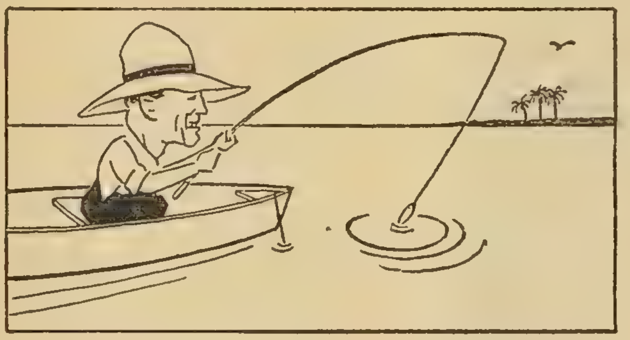
Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet.

For the best line, $250 will be paid; for the second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50; and fifth, $25. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. Anyone, anywhere, can compete, except employees of Liberty and their families.

Here Is This Week's Limerick:



A gent on the island of Yap
While fishing fell into a nap;
He gaped and he dozed,
And the incident closed—

. . . .

(You write the last line)

All last lines for this Limerick must reach us before midnight, July 12. The results from this Limerick will be printed four weeks from today.

Here are the FIRST WINNERS

who share in the prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of June 14. The Limerick read as follows:

Bill Smith was just rarin' to go,
But he found that he needed some dough.
So his girl said, "Why, man,
Be a Limerick fan!"

. . . .

Last lines which the prize winners wrote were:

FIRST PRIZE—$250

"Win some jack. I'm your Jill. Don't be slow."

Written by Thomas von Trott
8018 Germantown Avenue, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia

SECOND PRIZE—$100

"You've got a good 'line,' boy, I know!"

Written by T. H. Miles
707 East Van Trees Street, Washington, Indiana

THIRD PRIZE—$75

"Hard up? You're a 'hellava' beau!"

Written by Mrs. M. N. Jamieson
P. O. Box 344, Stonington, Connecticut

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

"It's a cinch with the bull you can throw."

Written by M. Westberg
P. O. Box 232, Adams, North Dakota

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

"A beau without dough has no show."

Written by Irma Hawley
1242 Racine Street, Racine, Wisconsin

ANOTHER UNFINISHED LIMERICK AND $500 MORE IN PRIZES NEXT WEEK

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Rogers Hornsby

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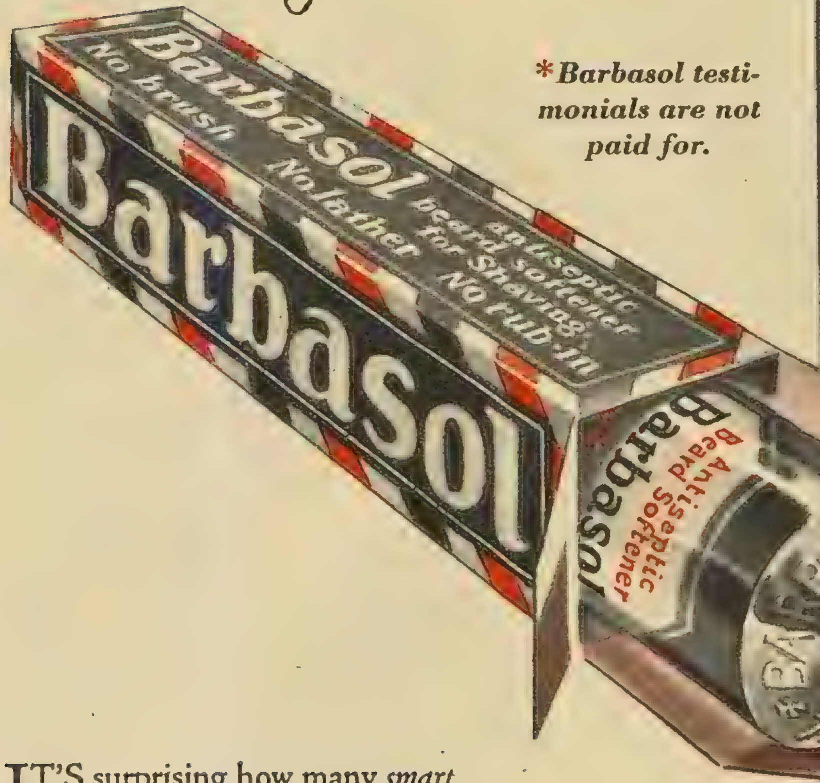
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ROGERS HORNSBY, heavy hitting second baseman of the Chicago Cubs; hero of World's Series struggles; league leader in batting for years, and one of baseball's outstanding figures. He has the distinction of being the only player to have twice received the most valuable player award.

IT'S surprising how many *smart* men are using Barbasol. Men in the headlines and men in the homes have been stirred to glad shouts of joy by this quick, easy, MODERN shave, judging by a fan mail that would make a movie star jealous. Our enthusiastic friends must *mean* these praises—their letters are unsolicited!

Here's one—"An answer to prayers . . . a better shave in less time," W. S. R., Ohio. Here's another—"Leaves the skin soft and smooth . . . never found anything its equal," Dr. J. T. K., Missouri. Here's another—"Shaving comfort in Barbasol. From now on I'm a Barbasol booster," D. G., New York. (Names on request if you want.)

Try it Today—Follow These Directions and You'll Follow the Crowd

1. Wet your face. Leave it wet. **2.** Spread on Barbasol. Don't rub it in. **3.** Wet a good blade and—Shave.

That's all! Like most great things, the finest shave in the world is simple and EASY. You'll be amazed at the magical way the blade slips along—cuts crisp and close *without any pull*—leaves your face soft and refreshed. And remember, you don't have to lather up; no messing with brush, no rub. And blades last longer, too.

The Believers in Barbasol are legion. Therefore you can get the generous tubes, 35¢ and 65¢ at any drug store. You'll be a Believer, too, if you start today.

The Barbasol Company, Indianapolis, Indiana.

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A bracer when you need a facial "pick-up." Slap it on face or neck ANY time—morning, noon or night—instantly refreshing.

Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

No brushing—No lathering—No rubbing

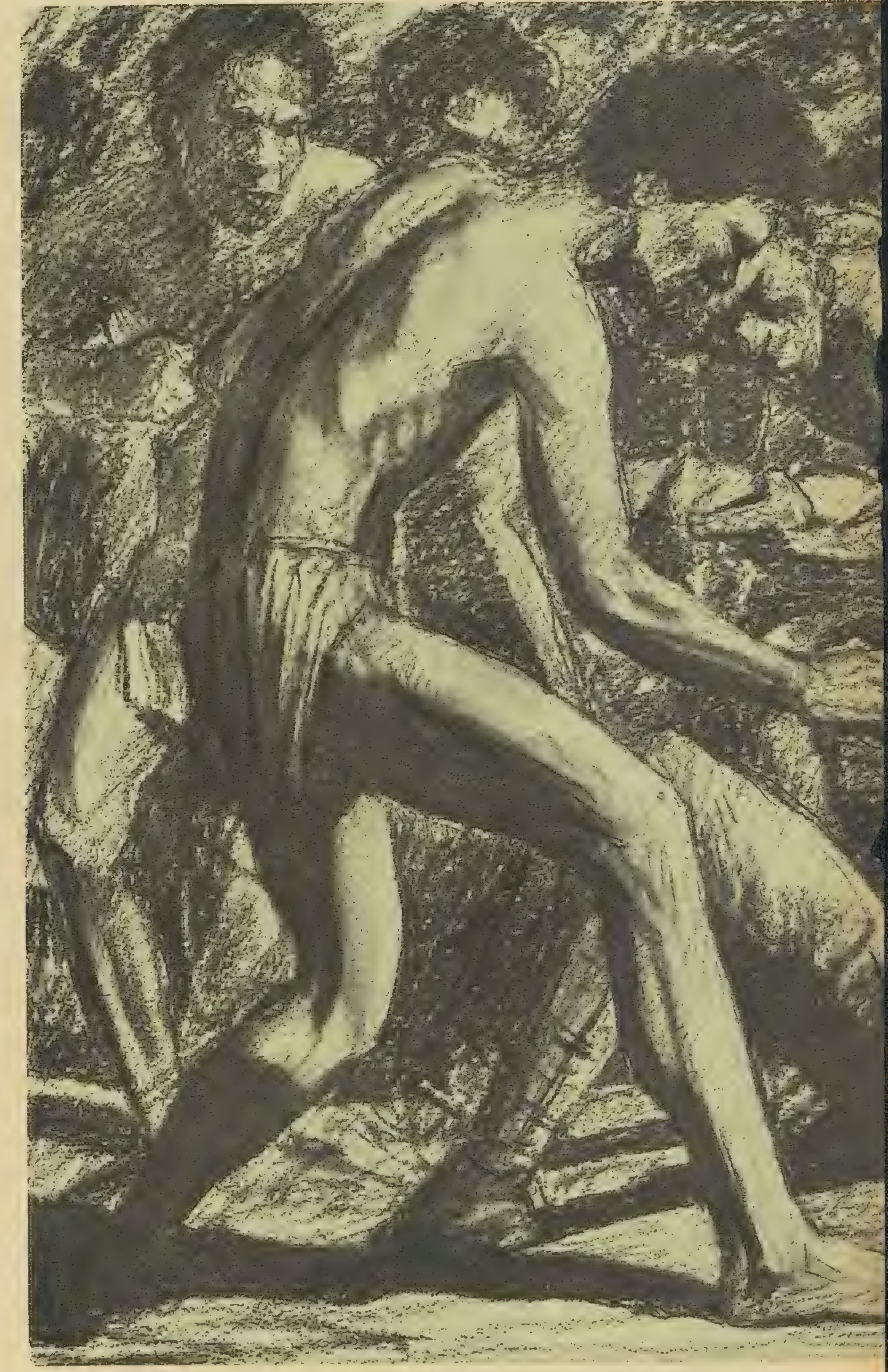
SHANE of the

A Tale of the Thing Men Die For

By

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

Pictures by W. T. BENDA



The Malaita men had downed him, seized him, and battered him,

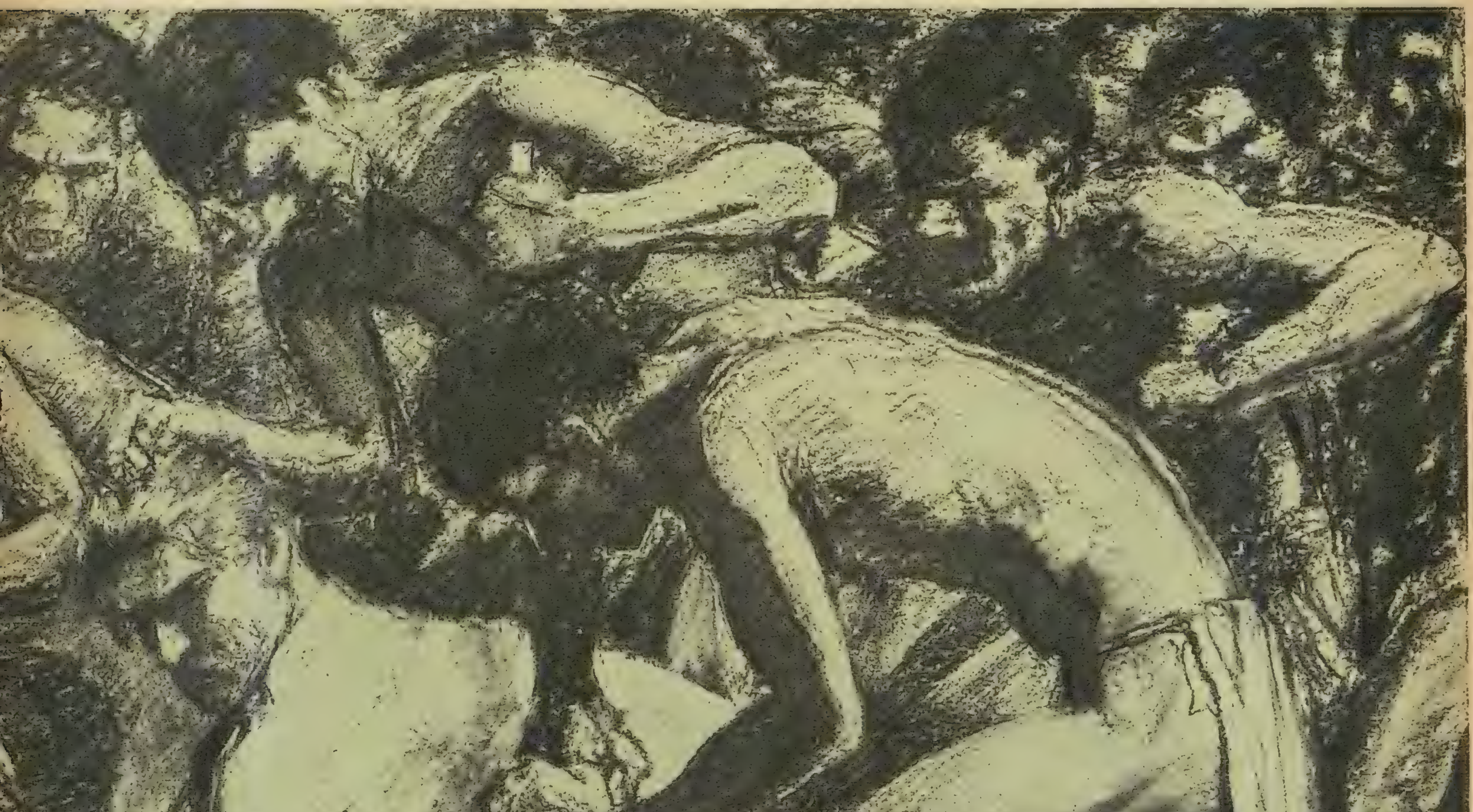
HE had never understood why they were so ready to have him—until he saw Koa Plantation. Then, the aspect of the place, coupled with the recollection of certain things that had been hinted at, rather than said, during the voyage, sharply enlightened him.

He knew, now, why he was offered a salary of four hundred, why he had been asked to sign a two years' agreement, why the directors down in Sydney had not been particular as to commercial experience, but had shown interest beyond common in his military record—the record that had seemed such a big thing at the end of the war, so unimportant in the lean years that followed. Nobody, up till 1927, had cared a postage stamp whether Phil Shane, bred to the trade of war and to no other, carried letters few or many after his name. They had wanted to know about his experience, if any, in collecting accounts, driving a delivery van, running a lift. They were not interested in knowing that he was "willing to learn."

He had drifted. And Emelie, who believed in him, had drifted with him, and so, perforce, had tiny Phil. He couldn't credit his luck when the friend of the friend of a director got him this job of manager at Koa, in the Solomons. But it turned out to be true; and Emelie said she would follow him in a few months' time; the climate of the Solomons, so they said, was not bad for a very young child . . . or two. . . . Meantime, she had three hundred out of his four; he could live on half nothing at Koa.

The B. P. liner brought him up from Sydney, and a small local boat, making her half-yearly call, dropped him at the plantation. When she steamed away, Shane knew himself alone for six solid months, unless he were to

Sorrowful Islands



and were striking at him with great clearing knives, before he even realized that they meant mischief.

count as company the occupant of the next plantation, on an island near two days away; or unless he counted—which emphatically he did not—the labor.

Yes, the labor. It wasn't altogether the look of Koa that told Shane why he had got his job. True, the place was deadly; lying, as it did, obscurely niched at the end of a long steel-colored lagoon with a beach of stinking black mud in front of it, and a solid mass of palms, level as if cut with a knife, behind the beach; sad sky with clouds that hung low like steam; heat, held down under the heavy sky, damp, breathless, overpowering. It wasn't all this. It wasn't the absence of the beauty he had somehow expected, the realization that the Solomon Islands were not for nothing called the Sorrowful Isles. It was the look of the crowd of " boys " assembled to meet him.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SHANE OF THE SORROWFUL ISLANDS
Continued from page sixty-one

Boys they were called, according to custom; in reality they were men of eighteen to thirty years of age. There were about forty of them; Koa, though exceedingly productive, was a small place, compared with the huge holdings of Beaver's and "B. P." They were all Malaita boys, recruited from the island that has written its name in blood and gunpowder across half the Pacific world. The residents of the group were one and all agreed that Malaita boys could be good workers, under effective command. "But if they once get out of hand," a man on the boat had said, "neither God nor the devil can get them back again."

Shane was said to be stupid, and it may be that he was, behind a counter or on the seat of a delivery van. He was not, however, stupid when facing and judging a crowd of enemies; otherwise there had been no string of letters after his name, no little heap of medals in Emelie's jewel case.

HE knew, on the instant, that these men were against him; and seeing the type of the colored foreman who was marshaling them on the jetty, he knew why. They had been let to run down; allowed to slack, to work or rest as they liked. It was always so when a place was left to a colored "boss," so men had said on the steamer. He supposed it wouldn't help matters that the last white manager but one had committed suicide; that was bound to leave bad effects.

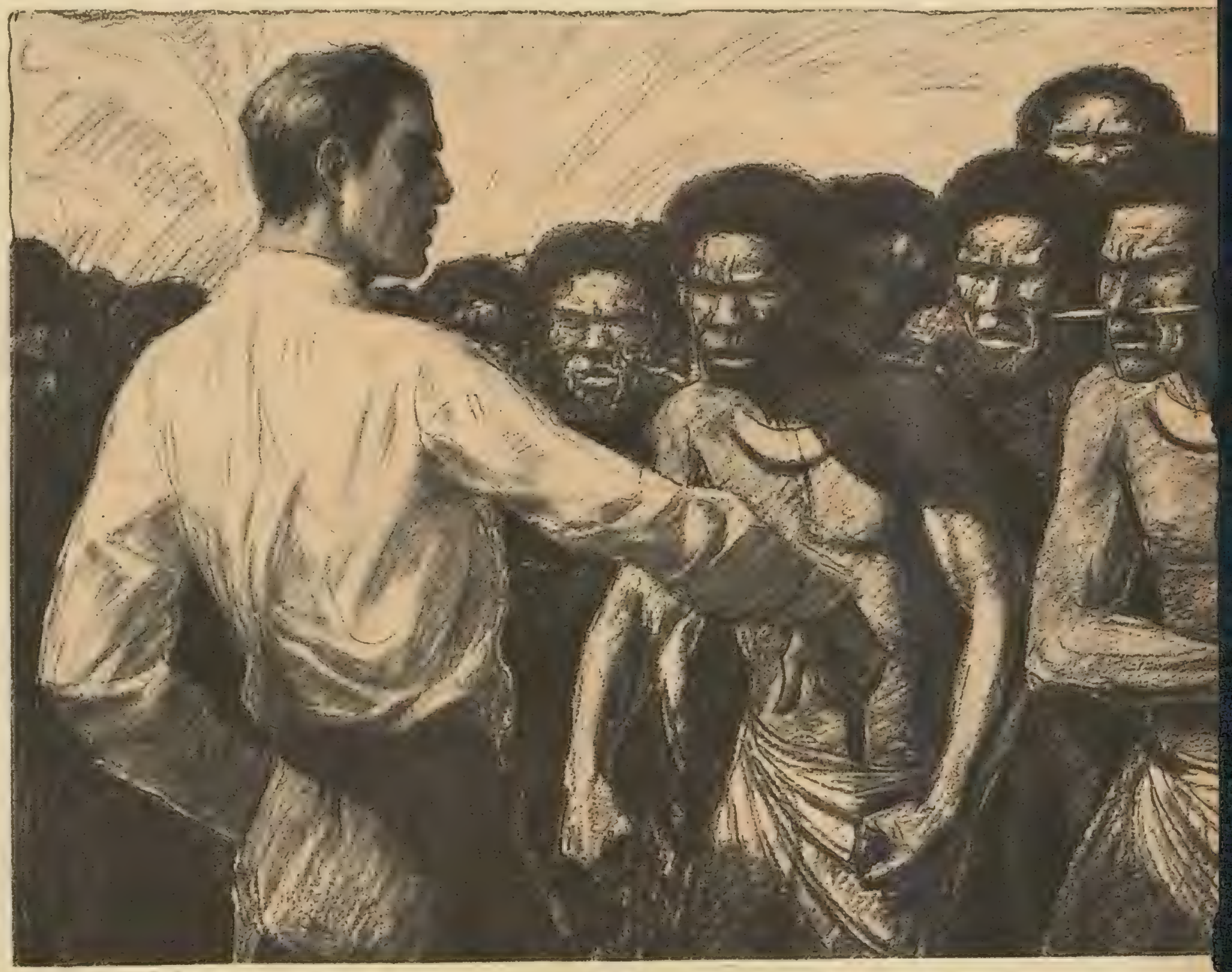
Apparently it had. The Malaita boys, massed like cattle, and, like cattle, rudely dunting and shouldering one another, impressed him as the worst looking lot of savages he had ever seen. There was plenty of brain behind those wide black foreheads; character in the fierce, burning eyes, deep buried under tremendous bars of eyebrow.

There was amazing strength in the huge, long arms of them, all one mass of smooth muscle like the back of a fish. Upon their faces, strangely alike in feature as in expression, he read one thing and one thing only—hate.

He knew it was not only personal dislike of himself; not even the natural rebellion of indolent savagery against regular work; it was the aftermath of a long tribal tale of constantly repeated murder, oppression, and hate, in which neither white man nor Malaita man could claim victory.

"And the last chap here bolted. And the one before killed himself," thought Shane, recalling more gossip. "And this bird in the hat and pants has been letting them do what they liked since then. Well, it ought to be my job." He squared his shoulders, looked at the crowd with the master's eye. They faced him, staring back, ten thousand years of savagery defying nineteen hundred years of civilization.

Into Shane's mind there sprang a vision of Emelie, the "game little beast," and tiny Phil. He drove the thought away; this wasn't the time to think of such things. The war—


In a few brief sentences he addressed them: told them that the work was bad;

He realized that in the war there had been no Emelie and no small Phil. That made a difference.

"It shan't," he said to himself. "Or, if it does, it'll only make me a tougher nut to crack." He called the foreman; through him addressed the labor force. They listened sullenly; sullenly, almost rebelliously, slouched away to work. And Shane went up to the house. "First round to me," he thought.

The boss boy followed him. He was, like all the rest, built on one common pattern, but he had perhaps a shade more of the dark fire in his expression, and he certainly slouched more, and more deliberately.

"I want speak alonga you," he said. "Name belong me Gaia." His seal-brown skin glittered with heat; the whites of his eyes were like bits of china. He smelled.

"Say sir!" snapped the manager.

"Sir," drawled the boy, after a moment's hesitation. "I want to speak you. I want to know if you bring banana."

"What?"

"Banana—sir."

"What the hell you want with bananas, and the place full of 'em?" He pointed to the food garden a susurrus of whispering and glittering great leaves.

THE boy called Gaia fixed his roving glance; looked at Shane as if he would look the soul out of him. Then he looked down at his own twisting, monkeylike toes. "Never too many banana," he murmured embarrassedly. "I go look out along boy now . . . sir?" He seemed as one who has made a social break and hurriedly tries to cover it up.

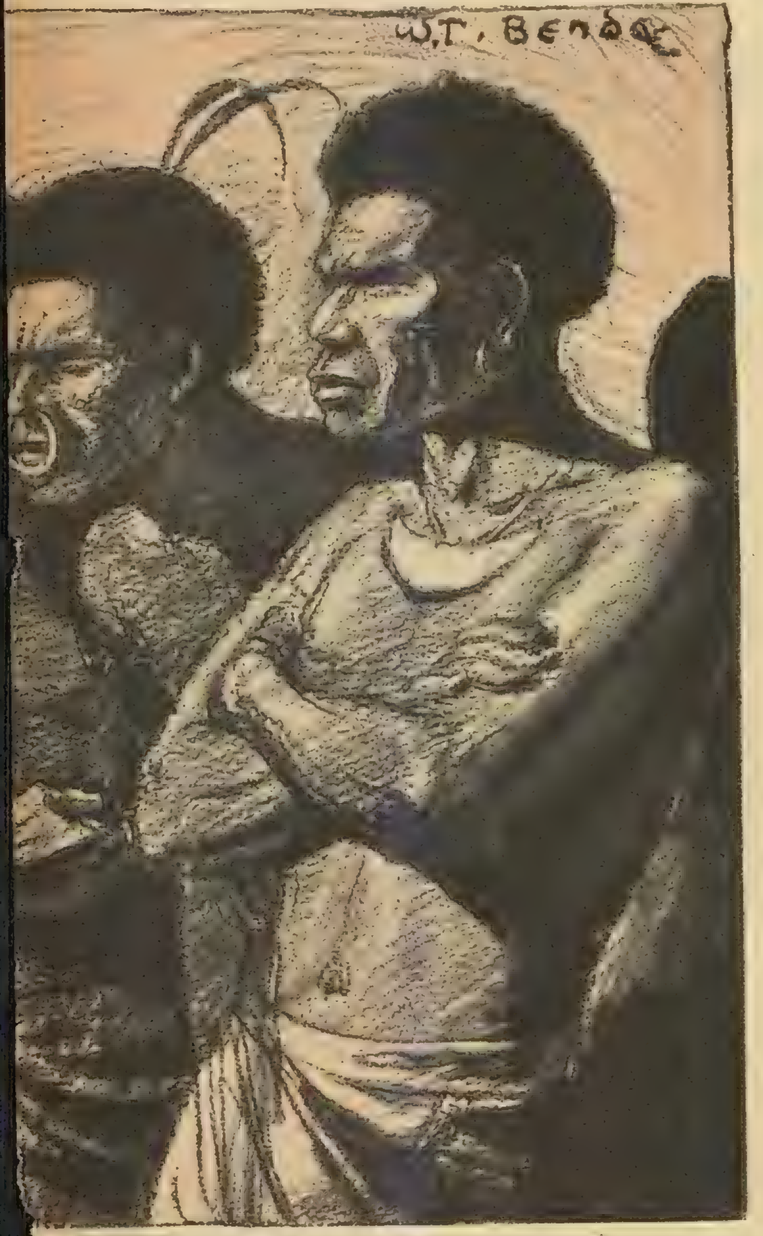
"Yes, go," answered Shane. To himself, mounting the hill that led to the small timber and iron bungalow, he said, "I'm hanged if I know what he meant."

He topped the hill, every thread of clothes soaking in spite of his good condition; warm water streaming down his nose and chin.

He opened the door of the bungalow, walked into an atmosphere of mildew and mustiness. "I'm hanged," he said slowly, half conscious of his surroundings, "if he didn't mean something."

. . . . .

Shane had been three weeks in the Sorrowful Islands. He had learned a good many things. He had learned that the islands were not always sorrowful, that even Koa could have a wild, strange beauty of its own, when the steamy clouds lifted for a while and gorgeous sunlight, hot as a furnace blast, fell on the crowded palm trees and the lagoon bay, sending shafts of emerald through darkly tented leaves, and painting the still waters with jade and damson-blue.



that they would have to improve.

THAT there was a strange delight in feeling one's self master and owner, knowing no other eye of white man looked upon all this splendor. That there was also a strange sensation of a load carried night and day; something that one could not easily define, but knew at last as nothing less than one's self. Phil Shane, night and day, sat upon the shoulders of Phil Shane, as the Old Man of the Sea sat upon Sindbad; and he was a heavy load.

You who have lived in the bush alone—you know.

There came an afternoon when something amazing occurred; an event that shook the plantation from the top of its tallest palm to the bottom of its deepest crabhole. A sail was sighted.

While it showed still as a mere scratch of white, Shane was down on the end of the jetty, waiting. He wouldn't have believed anything could have excited him so. The Australian fleet might have steamed into Koa Lagoon in battle formation and stirred him no more than did this gradually growing bit of sail.

It came nearer, and he saw that it was a two-ton cutter, fitted with sails and auxiliary engine. That would be the boat from the nearest plantation. He had heard about the chap who lived there, a queer sort of fellow with a queer name: Henry Worms. Well, no matter how queer he was, Shane held himself ready to welcome him.

The boat ran in, lowered sail, and puttered up to the jetty. Shane had a hospitable hand stretched out before she was made fast. He caught hold of Worms and hauled him up.

"Glad to see you," he almost shouted. "Glad to— Come along up to the house and have a drink."

Fifty minutes later the orange sunset low upon Shane's veranda was painting with strange hues the forms of two men instead of one; the evening sound of crickets chirring in the bush foretold to two, this night, the coming of the perilous dark. Shane could not have told you that the sun was setting, the crickets whistling in chorus. His sun, for the moment, was the face of the man who

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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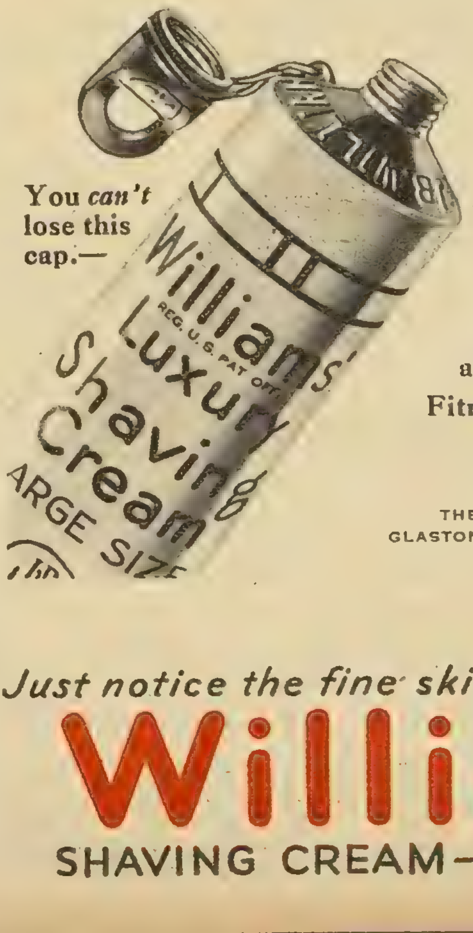

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SHAVING CREAM— —AQUA VELVA

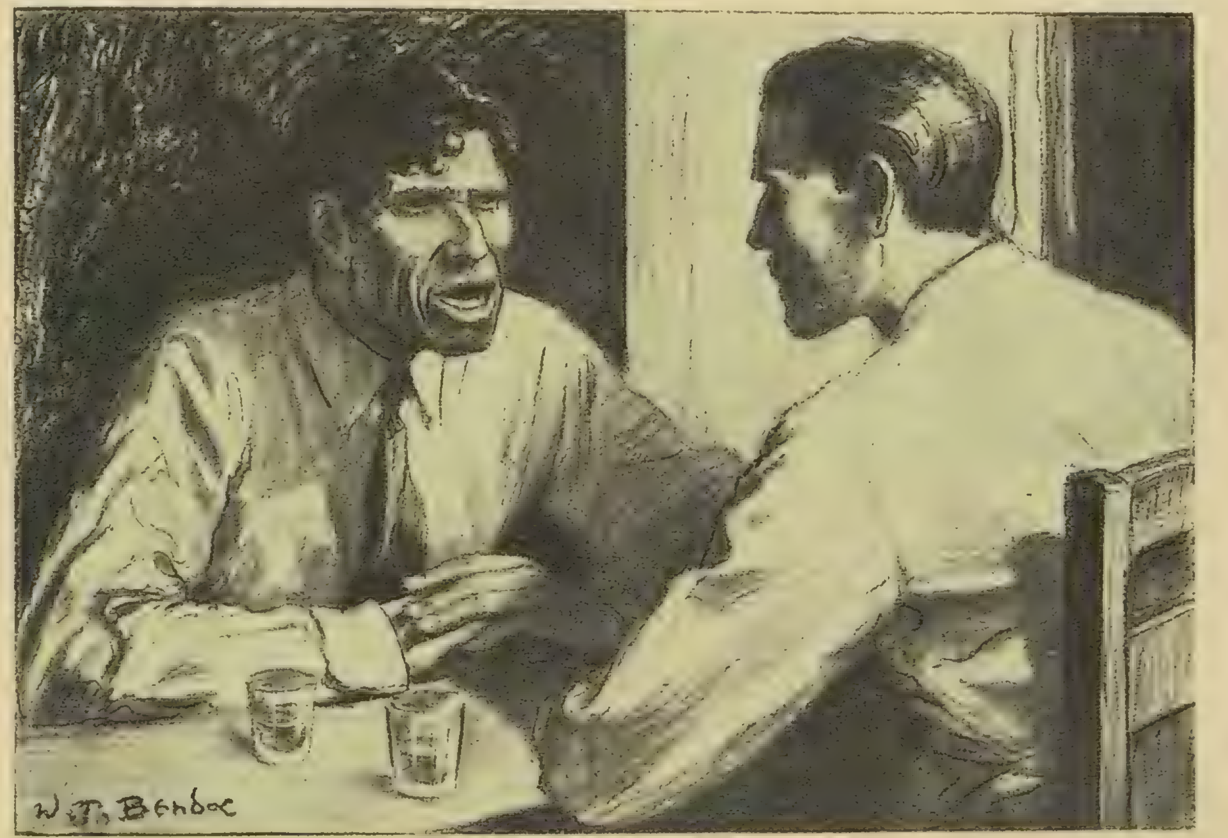
SHANE OF THE SORROWFUL ISLANDS
Continued from page sixty-three

sat at the other side of the table, drinking whisky, eying his host, and saying very little.

Shane, seldom talkative, had found his tongue now. He was almost chattering. He told Henry Worms how he had come up, and when; how little he liked leaving Emelie and the kid; what a big yield of copra the place produced; what a lot of rain there had been in the last three weeks—only two dry days. He told him that he had had a dose of fever; that he didn't mind it much—thought he could stick it out all right, if it was no worse. He told him the labor was all Malaita. . . .

Henry Worms, finishing his glass of whisky, looked up for the first time. Shane, who had not taken much notice of his appearance, caught a full, close view of the newcomer's face. He did not like it.

But he went on talking. What did it matter that Worms had unkind blue eyes, bright as a girl's, but hard; that he had longish curly hair, loosely worn, contradicting, in its repulsive effeminacy, the ugly big mouth of the man, and the high-shouldered, chuckleheaded make of him? He was a white man, someone to talk to. He was a human being, on the same plane as one's self.



Worms was interested in the answer. He stared hard at Shane with his unkind blue eyes, and let his mouth fall open.

"Worms was speaking now. "Labor?" he asked. "Get on well with them?"

Shane hedged. "I make 'em do as they're told," he said. That was true. With increasing difficulty, day by day, with—he knew now—increasing peril to himself, he had exacted a fair tale of work from the Malaita boys; kept the boss boy in his place; kept Koa running as it ought to run. But—

The other man glanced at him sharply; said nothing.

"Well?" demanded Shane, stretching out his immense legs on the floor of the veranda—it comforted him to look at his own fine physique, realize that he was the match of any man on the plantation, perhaps of any two, if trouble did come.

"Well?" echoed Henry Worms. Then he added, watching Shane, "The last man but one copped it."

"He killed himself, didn't he?"

"Naw, not he. They done him in."

"The boys?"

"That's right."

NOBODY spoke for a minute. Night, like a black puma leaping upon its prey, had come down with one stride upon Koa. You could almost, if you were imaginative, hear the bones of the place cracking in its jaws. Of course, you did not really hear anything of the kind; you heard the sound of axes chopping wood for the evening fires. You wouldn't let yourself harbor silly ideas, even if your temperature was up a degree or two above normal and your head heavy with fancy-breeding fever. . . .

"They done him in," repeated Worms. "You want to know what for?" Shane had not asked, but he went on: "They done it because he made them work proper. This place has been let down that much that there's no chance for it only to sign the boys off and let them go, and they know that, and they're workin' for it."

"What would happen if one did?"

"Sack," said Henry briefly.

"You're not very cheerful, are you?" demanded Phil, getting annoyed. "Not for a chap who's come a day and a half to visit a chap. You'll stop the night, won't you?"

"I will," said Henry, and saw what he had been looking for—a sudden brightening of the tired, strained face before him.

"The last man," he allowed, "he got away all right; he up and left the place and went to Sydney."

"Oh, that was because he got money left him, wasn't it?"

"Who's been havin' the loan of you? Who told you such a yarn? Raikes, he never had sixpence to his name." Henry seemed curiously annoyed. "I tell you," he went on, picking up his glass and looking significantly into its emptiness, "he was as poor as Job's turkey. Always was and always will be."

"Help yourself. I don't care whether he was Job or John D. Rockefeller. I'm not interested in deserters."

"Deserters? He up and left because he was fed up."

"Exactly," commented the old soldier, who began to feel that one might pay too dearly for company. "That's what deserters do. I'm not one."

"Then," said Henry shrewdly, between two gulps, "you are fed up, aren't you?"

SHANE set down his glass with a bang. "What are you getting at?" he demanded. "Do you want the job for yourself?"

"What, me? Why, no. I just want to warn you like a friendly neighbor. If you find you can't hold them boys, don't you go on tryin' too long; get out while you can, same as Raikes done. The company have no right to send a man up here while the same lot of them two-year boys is on; they'd cut the liver out of their grandmothers, if they looked crooked at them. Or—or shoot a man's brains out."

"Shoot?"

"In a way of speaking, I mean. Of course they can't shoot here—they ain't allowed to have arms. How are you off for food? Got all the stores you want for the boys and yourself?"

"Why, yes, thanks," answered Shane, somewhat bewildered by the rapid change of subject. "Plenty of rice, and there's a good garden."

"Got enough bananas?"

Clearly, Henry Worms was interested in the answer. He stared hard at Shane with his unkind blue eyes, and let his mouth fall open. Shane saw, with a creeping disgust, that the fellow was double-toothed, like a shark; in the lower jaw there were two rows of ugly brown tusks instead of one. "I wonder does it go with the same sort of character as a shark, like?" he thought. "It's so rare, you couldn't say." Then he became aware that the subject of bananas, for the second time, had cropped up mysteriously.

"Whips of them; do you want any?" he answered, feeling puzzled and uncomfortable.

Worms looked at him for a moment longer, and then dropped his eyes. "Me? No," he said. "Well, what about a hand of whist to pass the evenin', or have you got any new records?"

"Don't run to a gramophone," replied Shane briefly. "Whist if you like."

They played till late in the night, and not a word more was said about bananas.

. . . . .

IN the morning Henry Worms went away. "Pleased to have met you," he said as he departed. "You can get to my place" (like all plantation managers, he spoke as an owner) "in a day and a night, if the wind's anything near fair. Come and see me when you get too fed up with yourself. Gaia can run the show for you."

"I don't reckon to leave Koa," answered Shane, who today, recovering from his unwonted debauch of talk, had scarce a word to throw to a dog—or a Worms.

Henry smiled; his double row of teeth showed plainly. ("He is like a shark," thought Shane. "But it was kind of him to look me up, shark or none.")

"Don't you go trying yourself too far," warned the visitor. "Don't forget about Gifford."

"Gifford? Gifford? Why—"

"Him who they done for. Gifford was his name."

It was the name of Shane's wife also, but he kept back that information, not liking Worms well enough to give it. He had talked too much, last night, about Emelie. . . . It was Emelie's cousin, Jerome Gifford, who had approached the friend of the director; got Shane his job. Jerome Gifford was a decent old chap; he hadn't, like the rest of the family, dropped on Shane like a ton of bricks for marrying Em. If he knew anything about the other man, he must have thought that Shane would manage to make good where Gifford had failed. Everybody said that the last chap but one drank like a fish.

With these ideas coursing, bewilderingly, through his none too active brain, the manager of Koa scarcely noticed that Worms was saying good-by, offering good will, telling him once again to let him know if he could help him out in any manner.

It was not until the launch was well away—not until Shane's Old Man of the Sea had once more descended, like a dead weight, upon his shoulders, pressing him toward earth with the sheer burden, lately shared, of himself—that he realized the trend of all this civility, all these warnings. "I may be six kinds of a fool, as they used to say," he thought, "but I'm damned if I'm seven kinds, and you'd have to be that not to see that that bird wants the place for himself. Why?"

Much water was to run under many bridges before that question was answered.

Shane forgot all about it soon, in the midst of his own increasing difficulties. There was no doubt, now, that the Malaita boys were getting

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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SHANE OF THE SORROWFUL ISLANDS
Continued from page sixty-five

out of hand, and that Gaia was secretly backing them. They came late to work, they answered roll call mockingly, they left out " sir " now and then when answering, and had to be bullied into saying it. Few completed their daily tale of weeding, of nuts gathered, husked, cut up for copra. Meals were cooked early or late. " This won't do," thought Shane. " If I should lose my job during this next six months—" But he could not bear to think what would happen to Em and Phil, and It, if he were to lose his job.

One morning he decided to take these Malaita bulls of his fairly by the horns. He slipped his service revolver into his belt, swallowed a double shot of quinine (for it was one of his " days," and his head was aching, his hand none too steady), and, after waiting for the drug to take effect, walked out into the midday glare.

It was lunch hour; the boys were gathered about the cookhouse, having just finished their food. Everything seemed oddly bright and far away.

Watching the boys from time to time, Shane had gathered that they understood much more English than they chose to allow. It was natural they should know a good deal; they had been working for white men, off and on, most of their lives.

He decided to be his own interpreter. Stepping out in front of the mass of natives, he called them to order with a sharply barked, " 'Shun! "

They looked at him. Shane could see the unwinking stare of eighty flaming eyes fixed upon him; forty faces, barred with the tremendous brow ridge of the Melanesian, muzzled with the Melanesian's heavy jowl, looked at him from under bushes of wild hair. They made him think of bisons. . . .

IN a few brief sentences he addressed them: told them that the work was bad; that they would have to improve. He was a fighting man, he told them; a big fighting man (this, he judged, being no time for false modesty). They were fighting men. He was ashamed to call them his fellows. A fighting man did not shirk and slack. A fighting man did not lie snoring when the morning conch shell was blown, like some he could name. (Slight movement among the crowd; faint suggestion of a giggle.) Above all, a fighting man was strong. He could cut lots of coconuts; husk them as quick as a crow strops its beak; open them as smartly as a man breaks an egg.

Now, he had heard that the Malaita man was a fighter, but he had seen no signs of it among this crowd. He, as a good judge, would believe it when he saw them show their strength. The work they did was not man's work; it was pickaninnies' work, girls' work. Tomorrow there would be a prize for the man who was most a man, and could prove it by his tale of work done in the shortest time. The prize would be a tin of white man's cigarettes. (Sensation.)

There he halted, having reached his point. The men seemed to be impressed; they began to look less like bisons and more like human beings; they were talking quietly among themselves. Then something happened, he couldn't tell what—but in a moment the fickle savage mind was changing again, the audience slipping from under his control.

It was like that time in Flanders when the team of gun horses began to get away from him, and life and honor depended on their being held. He had held them in the end. Could he hold these men?

Afterward he was sure he could have carried it off—but for Gaia. Gaia, who had been standing in the background, perfectly silent, now found his place and his tongue. Shouldering his way to the front, he swung round and addressed the boys in a flood of English and native intermingled. All that Shane could hear of the former was satisfactory. Gaia was telling the Malaita men to stop " humbugging," do their work, turn out the proper task of copra. He was repeating accurately Shane's remarks about fighting men. But in between, when he broke, apparently by chance, into the Malaita language, he was undoubtedly (to Shane's sharp eye) inflaming the men against him.

Shane was a soldier, but—it was nine years since the war. He was a soldier, but—he had fought with only white men. The suddenness of a savage attack was something that he had never learned. He learned it now within the space of a second. For the Malaita men had downed him, seized him, and battered him, and were striking at him with great clearing knives, before he even realized that they meant mischief.

They had not taken his revolver; he was too quick for them there, and he had managed to roll over on his left side as he fell. He got at it, drew it after a couple of frantic attempts, and fired. Nobody was hit, but one or two sprang back, and Shane, fighting furiously, got to his feet.

He knew instinctively that the minds of the Malaita men, in this moment, were no steadier than their eyes; that, in spirit, they were turning, twisting to and fro, uncertain whether to renew the attack or not. If they attacked again, the revolver would not save him.

These men, unlike the ordinary savage, had little fear of firearms; continual murders, raids, and punitive expeditions on their own island had familiarized them with such things. He might account for one or two, but he could not fight off forty—in the end.

Instinct again told him what to do. Neglecting his left arm, which dripped blood over the pathway, he told the men, briefly, that they might go back to work, and that they should account for their conduct as soon as the district officer called. Then he turned his back on them, and without any haste walked quietly away, up to the iron bungalow on the hill.

Gaia was busy hustling the men about, reproving them in a loud, hysterical tone, and telling them to hurry up and get the coconuts husked.

For a minute after Shane had gained the house and tied up his wound, the world grew faint and distant, seemed to vanish away; but it cleared, and he found himself sitting in his long chair, safe, fairly sound, and victorious—for the time.

AFTER that, however, the husband of Emelie and father of little Phil knew that he walked under sentence of death. It could only be a matter of time until the Malaita men "got" him, as they had got many other overseers and managers against whom their savage passions had been roused. He had spoken of the district officer, but nobody knew when he was likely to call; it might not be for months. Meantime there were the forty savages, who meant to get rid of him because he had made and was making them work; there was the native boss boy, openly his supporter, secretly (Shane suspected) nothing of the kind; there was the plantation, gloomy and overshadowed with stinking, crocodile-haunted mud flats in front of it and a solitary lagoon beyond. What would become of *them* if the labor "got" him?

People had always said that he hadn't much of a "headpiece," this big fair Phil with the huge legs and arms and the skull that was none too large for his heavy figure. For the first time, now, he began to worry about his stupidity. This business wanted thinking out, and he couldn't think it out; he could only go blindly, faithfully on, keeping the Malaita men to their work in spite of the ominous growls and thunder mutterings that day by day grew worse; telling himself, one minute, that he could not endure to run away, seek safety in the whaleboat and a humiliating flight; answering to himself, the next minute, with the indubitable truth that it wouldn't do much good to Her and Him and It if he stayed and got his head knocked off. Either way was unbearable—and he must take one of the two.

Phil was an amateur of detective stories, and remembered what he had read. He knew that the Malaita natives sometimes attacked at night, and for the best part of a week he had gone short of sleep, starting up at the slightest sound, until he recalled a certain "bonzer" yarn in which a threatened man protected himself from midnight surprises by the simple device of spreading sheets of newspaper all over his bedroom floor.

Phil went one better: he gathered all the old papers about the place, and laid them over the veranda, too. Once or twice a lizard woke him from his dead, drowned sleep by rustling noisily over the papers; but he soon learned to recognize such sounds without actually waking; and the Malaita men, if they had intended a night surprise, never attempted one.

THAT was all right; that helped him. But what was to be the end? What was to become of the "game little beast" and the kids if he got killed, or if he ran away and lost his job? Shane knew, by now, that he ought to make a bolt for it, instead of staying to be slaughtered. But he simply could not do it.

Then Henry Worms came for the second time.

Worms knew all about the attack; news of it had traveled by native telegraph from island to island. He had come along with the launch (he said) as soon as he heard, and he wanted to advise Shane, for his own good, to borrow the boat, run up to Gizo, get on board the steamer which was shortly due, and clear out altogether.

"Don't you worry your insides out about the place, neither," advised the benevolent Henry. "I don't mind telling you the directors had half promised it to me when you put in your application, and if you take French leave they'll be only too thankful to me for setting down here instead. . . . My place? It can go to blazes. Beaver's haven't treated me none too good—interfering sort of swine, always at you with inspectors and accountants and spies of one kind and another. I'd like to see them done down. Lookit—I know you don't feel just like quitting, but I tell you straight, them boys will have your head the next time they goes for you; they wasn't all together, or something, this last time. They takes time to work theirselves up; but when a Malaita chap and his mates is worked up, they don't stop at nothing. But I can do with them; I know them, ye see."

His little, unkind blue eyes stared hard as he spoke; his jaw, working up and down, showed afresh the queer deformity of the double row of teeth. Shane knew that every word Worms said was true, even if obvious self-interest prompted most of it. He knew that, for the sake of Em and the kids, he ought to take Worms' offer, abandon the place, and go while yet the going was good.

But—he couldn't. Something obstinate and obscure, down at the very bottom of his mind, persisted in refusal.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

BOYS! Plunge into a Pool of PLUNDER!

Boys! Swimmin' days are here. What a thrill to pull your clothes off speedily, jump into a perfect-fitting swimming suit and dive in! Regular fellows all over the United States and Canada are enjoying water sports—and enjoying 'em all the more because their swimming suits didn't cost them a penny!

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SHANE OF THE SORROWFUL ISLANDS
Continued from page sixty-seven

"I'm obliged to you," he said briefly. "But I don't reckon on going."

There was a silence.

Henry spoke again in a minute or two.

"I'll give you one more chance," he said. "I've got to go on a bit to a small island that Beaver's own; they looks it up once in a way. I'll be back day after tomorrow. If you've any common sense you'll go. If not—" The small bright eyes ceased to meet his; looked away.

"There's two or three boys time-expired," remarked Shane, breaking an awkward silence. "I'd be obliged if you could take them along to Gizo—if you're going there."

"Yes," said Henry. He seemed to know all about the time-expired boys. "There was four of them; they came here before the others. Yes, I'll take 'em. I suppose you don't mind if they brings away a few of them banana suckers you don't want? The bananas here is a very good kind." He seemed to watch Shane while he spoke.

Shane, sufficiently amazed to hear the mysterious subject cropping up again, long after he had forgotten it, yet retained presence of mind enough to answer in a commonplace tone, "Yes, that's right, take 'em," wondering silently, the while, whether there was anything the matter with his mind. People did begin that way, he had heard—by imagining special significance in things that had none; suspecting other people of making plots against them.

What did it matter, anyhow? What did anything matter, save the one miserable truth that he had done it again—failed yet once more to "make good"? Would it be such a misfortune for Em, after all, if he never came back? Her people would stick to her, once he was gone. If they had been even half decent—if they hadn't kept back the bit of money she should have had—he knew how he and she could have used that; the garage business that suited him so well, chance of a lifetime. . . . Well, they hadn't, and there she was eating out her little heart in Waverley, and he was up here in the Sorrowful Islands, waiting to die.

HENRY WORMS had gone for the day. He was no fool, this tough small fellow with the shark teeth and the curls. He knew when a man was beaten; he could afford to wait.

And Shane, Phil Shane the fighter, left alone with his forty murderers, knew that the end was in view; that he was defeated at last. That curious, reasonless instinct against flight still held, but it would not hold much longer. He could see himself, tomorrow, taking the boat with Worms, going away—licked.

Alone, he walked up from the jetty, returned to the bungalow, and, soldierwise, began to scan his defenses. If he were going to sell his honor for his life (so this foolish person put the matter), he would at least make sure that he wasn't cheated of the price.

He could put back the newspapers. He could shut the windows, and keep them shut, in spite of the choking heat. So far, so good. The roof? Solid iron. Floor? Ah, there was something; that needed seeing to. His bed was low, very near the floor; there was a clear space of five feet underneath the supporting piles of the house, and he had heard that some of the island tribes were very expert in the matter of spearing you through your mattress. He'd have a look at that floor. White ants were everywhere; it might be badly damaged without showing a sign. His bed was in the middle of the room; that was where they would try. Ought to be moved, of course; put further over—say just here, where a big joist ran across, likely to hamper a fellow's spear arm. Standing under the house, he took out his penknife and made a dig into the planking.

ROTTEN! Down came a shower of débris about his head, some of it light, some heavy enough to hit his face and hands rather sharply. It felt like gravel. Some of it had fallen on the ground; it sparkled curiously. . . .

There is one lure to which every Australian answers; one thought that lights instant flames in the mind of every man born under the Southern Cross:

Gold!

Shane in one instant forgot the mystery he had been trying to solve; forgot the very existence of Henry Worms; forgot that he himself was under sentence of death. He only knew that he had seen gold. That where that had come from there might be more. A moment and he was up in the bedroom; he was down on his knees, hewing at the floor. Away with the ant-eaten plank; hands into the hole cut out of the rotting joist. Gold and gold and gold, stored away in little bags of moleskin trousering. Raw gold, coarse alluvial gold, worth near four pounds an ounce. All the way down the joist. Any amount of it—well, say a thousand or eleven hundred pounds' worth, and you wouldn't go far wrong. Shane had had his little flutter on the goldfields; he knew.

Sitting back on his heels, the floor covered with bags that were mostly on the point of bursting and scattering their contents, Shane realized that he had struck upon more than a fortune. A secret, too. What was the gold doing there, and what had it been meant for?

Further search brought some light, not much. A small moldy pocketbook, containing entries for the most part illegible. Name on the first page, Charles F. Gifford. Figures and accounts, almost all unreadable. One thing only he managed to make out; it seemed to be a note of certain purchases made in Sydney: so many objects of some kind, bought at 2/- a dozen, sold—could he believe his eyes?—at £1 each.

He ferreted a little more in the hole, and found a tiny pair of gold-weighing scales. “There must have been a thousand Gor-knows-whats paid out for with those,” he thought. “I wonder what they were?” But he was beginning to guess. In the Sorrowful Isles there is only one thing that you can sell for a hundred and twenty times its price; one thing—the sale of which is stained with blood and crime. A cartridge.

“They did ’m in with one of them, I reckon,” thought Shane, still sitting on his heels, in the waning light of the afternoon, with the dead man’s little dirty account book in his hand and the gold that had done no good to anyone scattered about him. Shane knew that the grog runner, the gun and cartridge runner, in the western Pacific, often has been slain by the weapons he provided, held in the hands of savages maddened by his drink.

“I reckon,” said Shane, feeling the bags again, “that that’s all Malaita stuff. Those birds must ’ve come with it in their gear. Everyone says there’s good alluvial there, if only the government would allow prospecting. And I reckon nobody knew where that poor bloke had hid it. The last one—him who “came into money”—got away with his all right. Why, gosh, this place has been one of their regular clearing houses. Gosh, no wonder they wanted to do me in when they saw I didn’t know anything about it and wasn’t in the game! Every man Jack of ’em has been taking home cartridges in his swag when his time was up, and paying for them through the nose, most of his wages back I reckon, and yet the government ’d see him get paid all square. I don’t suppose the blessed directors ever dreamed of it; they only thought they were lucky in getting labor all the time.

“WELL, Mr. Sharkey, I reckon I’ve got your number all right. And now I’ll put this stuff away, and go see about the bananas those coots are taking home.”

He found the four time-expired men happily lounging near the wharf, pipes in their mouths, a collection of odds and ends before them—swags, rolled-up mats, cooking pots, kerosene tins. There were also several bundles of young banana trees, huge stemmed and shiny.

Shane lifted everything and threw it down again without examination—the swags, the mats, the pots. The banana trees (they could hardly be called suckers) he also lifted, and quietly laid down. Heavy—yes, heavy as he had guessed they would be. But he did not want to find what he knew was concealed in those bulky, weighty stems. It was a good idea—you could not have sworn, unless you knew something beforehand, that they were really too heavy. You could hide away a dozen cartridges—twelve pounds’ worth—in each, and no government official would be the wiser. Besides, anyone could see that the bananas were a particularly fine and hardy China variety; quite natural that time-expired laborers should want to take them home. Quite natural, too, that the word, on Koa, should have become a test, a password.

Well, it was no affair of his. It had been Gifford’s and it was Henry Worms’ business—no doubt the business of other people as well. Let ’em all do what they liked, play any dirty tricks they chose.

As for the treasure Gifford had left behind, Shane, not having heard that “money has no smell,” merely told himself that it might be dirty too, but he didn’t mean to let that trouble him. Findings were keepings, and Em, the game little beast, was Gifford’s nearest surviving relative, he reckoned; and so—

And so, there would be the garage, and Sydney, and safety. And whether he should or not, he couldn’t help saying, “Thank God.”

Henry Worms, when he returned next day, was gratified to receive yet another proof of his own good judgment. The “big blundering brute” had made up what he was pleased to call his mind, after all.

Shane was going to Gizo.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

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One His Size

Tim became annoyed at baby Robert interfering with his block building.

“Now, run along, Robert,” Tim said, “or the booger’s baby will get you.”

On being asked why the booger’s baby, Tim explained:

“Aw, I didn’t want to be mean and scare him with a big booger.”—Anne Bell, 2005 Wood Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo.

* * *

A Difference in Goats

While visiting in the country the boys had been playing with the pet goat.

Said David, aged six, “They call the goat Cleo, but her real name is Nanny.”

“No,” said Tommy of ten years; “Cleo is her name, Nanny is the make.”—Ruth B. O’Brien, 6227½ Lexington Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

* * *

Unabashed

Little brother, who plays the violin, returned home after his first public appearance on a school program. I asked him if he was scared, meaning nervous.

“Scared?” said he disgustedly. “With all those people there?”—Mrs. W. J. Rainey, 1669 N. Parkway, Memphis, Tenn.

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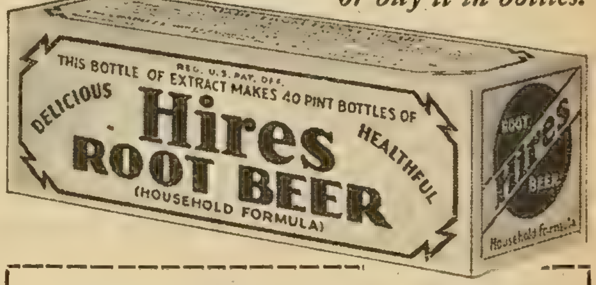

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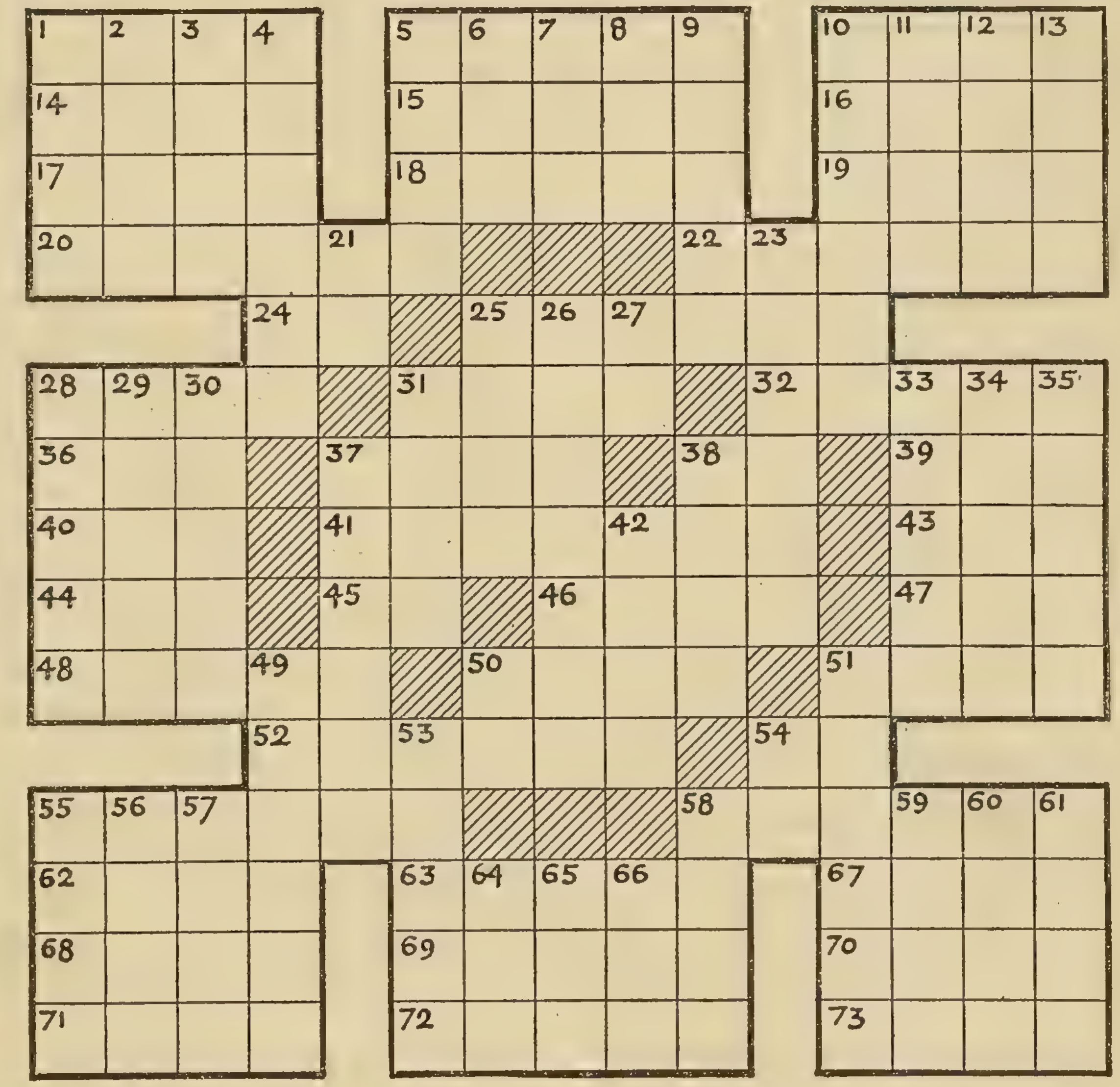
Cross Words *A New Puzzle*



HORIZONTAL

1 A poet of ancient Rome
5 To gather a great quantity of
10 Farming implement
14 Plunge
15 Navigator of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries
16 Bathe
17 Elliptical
18 Void of sense or intelligence
19 The solar disk in Egyptian mythology
20 Talked noisily or bombastically
22 Ethereal salts
24 One or any
25 Am, is, or are, not able
28 A retired American admiral
31 Rent
32 Metal piece bestowed for merit
36 Suffix: act, process, or being
37 An air, melody, or tune
38 Month of the Jewish ecclesiastical year
39 Reverential fear
40 A god of procreation (Egyptian myth.)
41 Binary compound of carbon
43 Letter of the Hebrew alphabet
44 An equine
45 Above
46 Roman highway
47 Sooner than
48 Yawning abyss
50 Profit
51 River in Germany
52 A fruit (plural)
54 Into
55 Of or pertaining to the sea
58 Frothed
62 To instigate or encourage
63 Hesitate
67 Strong wind
68 Naked
69 Blot out
70 Silkworm that feeds on the castor-oil plant
71 American Indians
72 Meaning; import
73 Actually existing

VERTICAL

1 Scent
2 Exclamation expressing good will
3 A sixteenth-century czar of Russia
4 Alluvial deposit at a river's mouth (plural)
5 Sour
6 Humanity in general
7 Arabian sleeveless garment
8 A descendant
9 Lining, as of a well or cistern
10 A county in eastern Nebraska
11 Recent
12 In excess
13 Skin tumors
21 Printer's measure
23 Melancholy; grave
25 Coconut fiber
26 Pertaining to a country in Asia
27 The symbol for an element
28 Shrub or tree of the genus Rhus
29 Pertaining to one of the British Isles
30 The top of an altar
31 Snare
33 Noted the time of writing or executing
34 Cognizant
35 An arm on a rock-shaft (machinery)
37 Quickness of perception or discernment
38 City in Arabia
42 Suffix: inflammatory disease of
49 Strikes
50 Depart
51 Wild ass of India
53 Town in Delaware
54 Satellite of Jupiter
55 An author of human wisdom (Hindu myth.)
56 Border on
57 Interpret (poetic)
58 Liberate
59 A hag; witch
60 The pen name of Charles Lamb
61 Distribute
64 An area ten meters square
65 Leading unit in a military formation
66 Name of a letter of the alphabet

Don't give up too quickly—but if you MUST know the answer to this puzzle, you will find it on page seventy-four

The Courtesy of the ROAD

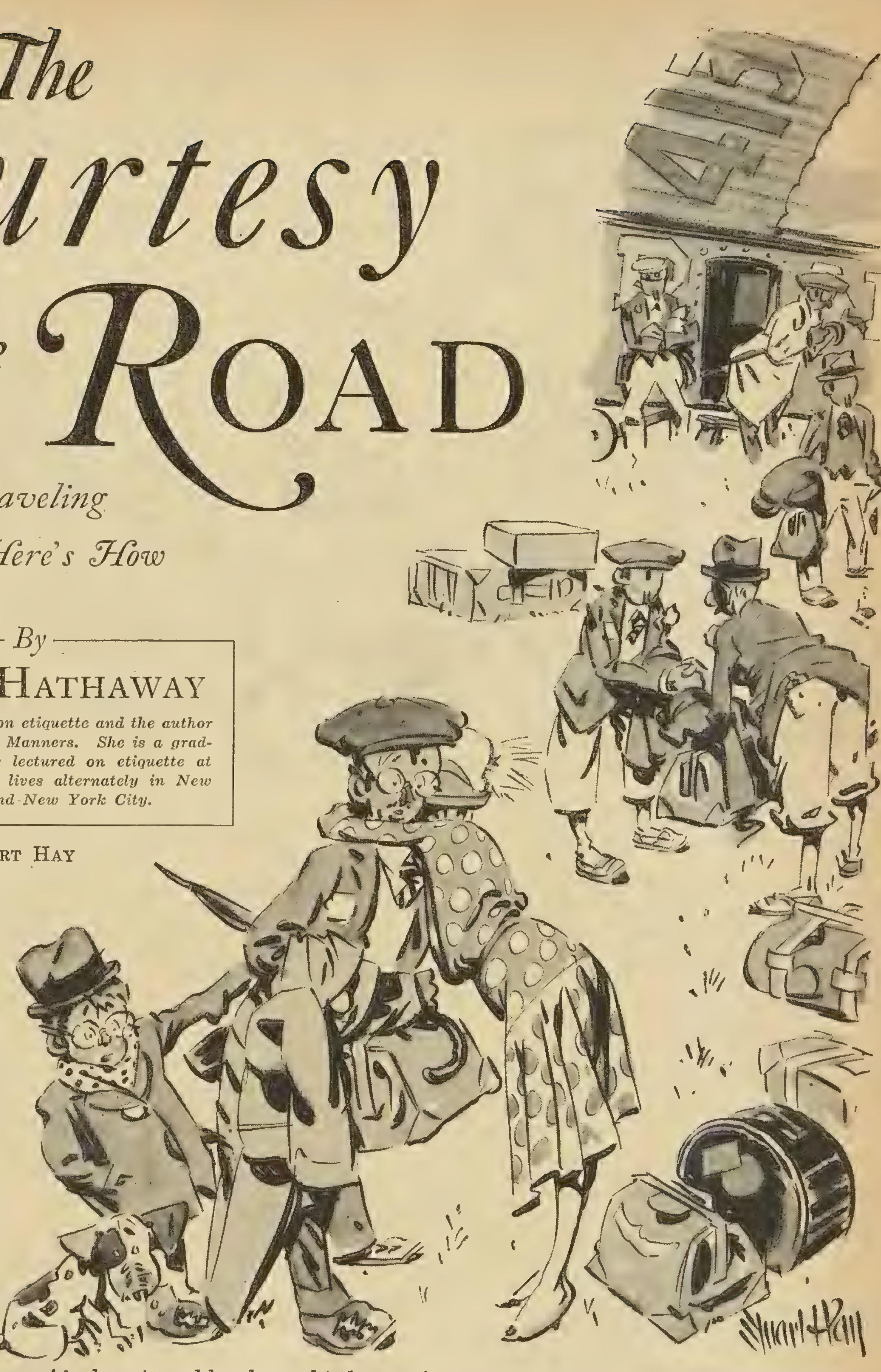
If You're Traveling This Summer, Here's How

By

HELEN HATHAWAY

who is an authority on etiquette and the author of a book, American Manners. She is a graduate of Vassar, has lectured on etiquette at various schools, and lives alternately in New Hampshire and New York City.

Pictures by STUART HAY



Airplane travel has brought the magic carpet we used to read about as children out of the fairy tales into everyday experience.

UNFORTUNATELY the traveling public, by and large, is discourteous. The traveler is apt to wave good-by to his manners as he waves good-by to his friends, and doesn't bother to pick them up again until he reaches his destination.

The very sight of a railroad station with its hustle and jam makes some people feel rude. A person, ordinarily well mannered, will push his way through the crowd, grab the best seat on the train, take possession of more than his share of it, and glower at the person who sits down beside him as though he were an intruder. In railroad parlance such people are known as "seat hogs."

In a day coach they are so prevalent that we are surprised to meet someone who isn't one. When a traveler is gracious enough to give up a double seat in order that you and your companion may share it together, you are almost overcome with amazement and gratitude. It is only a small favor to move across the aisle and let two friends sit together—a little courtesy which really is no sacrifice, yet which enables two people to have a pleasant journey instead of a boring one.

A good piece of advice is to travel light. Too many bags spoil the journey just as too many cooks spoil the broth. It has been said that the ideal way to see Europe is with a toothbrush in your vest pocket, and this applies to America as well. It is not how little baggage but how much you brought that your invariably regret. It is amazing how the baggage problem can be simplified with careful planning.

Item No. 1—provide yourself with a little overnight case in which the essential toilet articles are readily at hand. It is annoying to stagger between your berth and the dressing room with an enormous suitcase which only a trained athlete can heave. It is still more annoying to search frantically among its contents for your soap and wash cloth—to find them nestling damply against your freshly laundered blouse.

Of course the well mannered man or woman emerges from the berth fully clothed, even though in an upper berth this requires some agile contortions. It is one occasion when we sacrifice comfort to good taste and it makes the trip up and down the little ladder far less embarrassing. The corridor of a train is no place to display an alluring negligée.

The rule for men is, keep your shirt on in the aisle. We pardon the momentary absence of a collar on the way

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

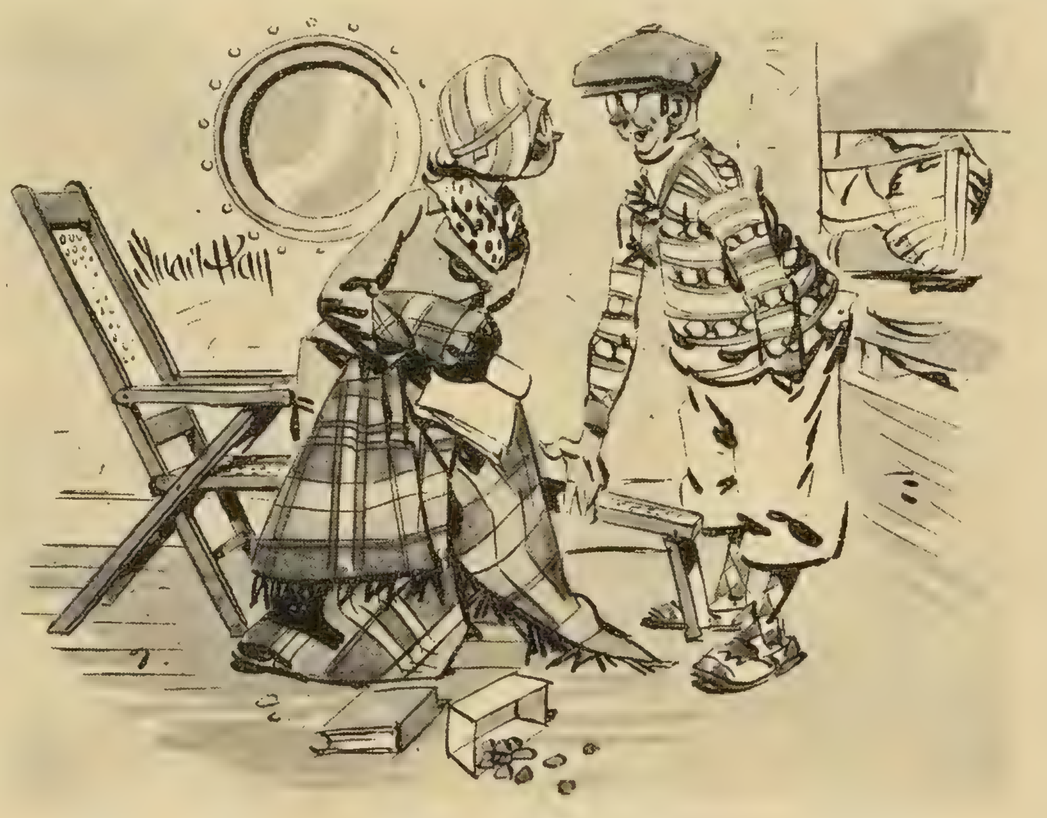
THE COURTESY OF THE ROAD
Continued from page seventy-one

to shaving, but we do not pardon pyjamas or sketchy nether garments.

The rule for everyone is, keep quiet after lights are out. Remember a sleeping car is a place in which to sleep, not one in which to chatter or, incidentally, to snore.

If you need something, ring for the porter, or, in a day coach, ask the conductor. Don't depend on your fellow passengers for any little service desired. Recently on a western line a woman asked the man beside her to open the window, unaware that he was a victim of heart disease. Train windows are made fast for good reasons, and in the tussle he had with this one, the man collapsed and at the next station was taken from the train to an ambulance.

Don't ask the man across the aisle for time-table information, even though by subtle advances he has made it clear that to serve you is a pleasure. If he has occasion to pick up a magazine you have dropped, or to step aside to let you pass in the aisle, a smile and a word of thanks are enough. Don't feel you must reward him with your name and address and an invitation to call next time he is passing through town.



If he wants to be thoroughly obnoxious, let him try slipping into any steamer chair that happens to be vacant.

No traveler can avoid tipping. If you yield to the itching foot, you must expect to encounter the itching palm. Wherever you turn it is stretched out to meet you. Although it may seem like a fine game of holdup, it is folly to try to ignore it.

A wealthy commuter between New York and Boston had a habit of avoiding the porter by seizing his own bag and slipping off the opposite end of the car. The porter, weary of this little game, bided his time to get even. On one journey, when the sleeper chanced to be the last car on the train, the porter carefully locked up the rear exit before arrival at the station. The commuter was obliged to use the exit where the porter stood with outstretched palm. Grudgingly the traveler tossed him a quarter which the porter pocketed with a grin.

To undertip is niggardly and to overtip is foolish. The largest tip on record at the Grand Central Station is fifty dollars, and this was a mistake. The traveler had planned to give one dollar. When an hour later he discovered his error and came back hotfoot, to find his fifty-dollar bill had been filed with the station master, he left five dollars for the honest redcap.

TIP sanely and it will not hurt so much. If you do not know the proper scale for tipping, get this information from an experienced traveler or from some travel official. The cabman who taxis you to the station will expect his ten per cent fee. If he acts as baggageman also, better add an extra dime or a quarter.

The porter who helps you on the train expects a minimum of twenty-five cents. If you load him down with suitcases, golf clubs, hatboxes, and extra coats, he will not tip his red cap at parting without a more generous fee.

The Pullman porter is tipped according to the length of the journey and the individual service he gives. For a night's run he expects a minimum of twenty-five cents from each occupant of the car; thirty-five cents is the average, and if you demand a great deal of him—cards and a card table, telegrams at way stations, and lunches en route—you yourself will feel stingy if you don't hand him fifty cents, with that last deft little twirl of his clothes brush. On long journeys the tip to the porter should not be less than fifty cents a day. Ordinarily it is given at the end of the journey, but to slip him now and then a small piece of silver at the time of a service rendered, will increase his interest in you and broaden his smile.

In the diner, the standard rule of ten per cent of the check is not a sufficient tip. Meals on wheels come high. Don't eat them unless you are prepared to pay for them. Even with a dollar meal, which is hard to order on a diner, leave at least fifteen cents for the waiter. If the check is more than a dollar, leave a quarter. The head steward on the diner does not expect a tip unless special dishes are ordered or special service is given. After a journey which has lasted several days it is customary to leave the head steward a thank-you note of a dollar.

WE love to give an impression of ease and *savoir-faire* in a big hotel, even though at heart we are awed by it, perhaps quaking a little in our boots. Familiarity with the ropes helps a lot in a case of this kind. The more experienced we are the less we hesitate to ask the clerk the price of an available room or to request a cheaper one if that price is too high.

In registering, a man signs his full name with no title before it. He writes John Smith, not Mr. John Smith, nor the Honorable John Smith, nor Senator Smith, nor even Governor Smith, however proud he may be of that title. The one exception to this is the physician. Hotels prefer that he sign himself Dr. John Smith; it enables employees to address him correctly.

If a man's wife is with him he signs Mr. and Mrs. John Smith, not John Smith and wife, as though she were so much chattel. A woman alone signs Mrs. Charles Brown; if unmarried, Miss Mary Brown. In each case the only address given is the home city and state; as Miss Mary Brown, Kansas City, Missouri. Since the register is open to public gaze, hotels prefer that guests, as a matter of their own protection, withhold such private information as the street and number.

Hotels do everything in their power to protect the woman traveling alone. They give her the closest attention, for they want her to feel comfortable and safe. Not long ago a pretty young girl left the elevator of a Chicago hotel unpleasantly aware, as she walked toward her room, that a man was following her. Scarcely had she closed her door behind her when the telephone rang.

" Hello," said a caressing masculine voice. " I see you have a room near mine. You're going to be neighborly, aren't you? "

Immediately his voice was cut off and the woman floor clerk was on the wire. She had watched the incident from her desk and was on the job.

" Miss Blank," she said, " rest assured that person will not annoy you again."

And he didn't. The hotel management saw to that.

The well bred guest has a property sense that he doesn't lose in a hotel. He doesn't put a dusty bag on a clean white counterpane, nor stamp out a cigarette butt on a handsome carpet. One of the reasons why hotel rates are so exorbitant is to cover the replacement cost of expensive furnishings damaged by careless guests. To carry away towels from a hotel is nothing short of theft.

To carry away hotel stationery and use it when you are no longer there, is a reflection on your own good taste.

A maid in a fashionable New York hotel once told me that she could tell the type of woman who had occupied a room by the condition in which she left it.

" If it is strewn from one end to the other with personal belongings," she said, " if the powder is upset on the bureau, if the ink is dripping on the desk, then I know she is not really a lady. Accidents will happen, of course, but we expect her to have the same regard for this room as she would have for any other guest room."

The housekeeper of this same hotel said that the average man's idea of a bath was to see how completely he could wreck the bathroom.

Your own hotel room is your private domain, but the moment you step into the corridor or lobby, you are in a public place and should dress and conduct yourself accordingly. The head waiter in a fashionable hotel says that he can always tell a woman who has traveled little because she comes into the restaurant without her hat or dresses too informally; while the truly smart woman appears as carefully hatted and suited as for the street.

The well bred woman avoids hanging about the lobby while she waits for callers or telephone calls. Instead she leaves word at the desk where she may be paged or called.

When calling on a hotel guest, it is an unpardonable liberty to go to his or her room unannounced. In a reputable hotel you will be stopped if you attempt this—a measure adopted for the guests' own protection.

Once you step inside a hotel, the tipping problem begins all over again. You may well suspect that the smiles of welcome flashed you by every employee you meet are in anticipation of the tip to come. European hotels have solved the problem by adding ten per cent to the bill.

TIPS are usually reckoned by the type of hotel in which we are guests and the duration of the visit. If you pay ten dollars a day for your room, your tips must be in proportion. In a medium-priced hotel the minimum tip for the chambermaid after a one night's stay is twenty-five cents. Following a week's stay you may escape without blushing by leaving a dollar on the dresser. But, whatever you do, don't forget her. She is the most meagerly tipped hotel employee with whom you come in contact.

One way to insure good telephone service is to tip the hotel operator, and don't wait until you leave to do it. Business men who are dependent on calls and accurate delivery of messages have been known to send her a box of candy, and not anonymously, either. Tip the porter who carries your bags as you tip the radcap in the railroad station. You may be able to slip past the elevator man if you haven't become too friendly with him, or if you can conceal the fact that you are leaving. If you still have a quarter left when, with purse slim but head high, you make your escape, give that quarter to the doorman, especially if he secures a taxi for you.

Ocean travel has an etiquette all its own. No matter how far you've journeyed in Pullman cars, or how many hotel registers you've signed, it is a brand-new experience to board your first ocean liner. Just as sea legs must be acquired, so maritime manners must be learned. But once you've learned them—and it doesn't take long—you feel as much at home on the wind-swept deck as on your own front porch—and a great deal more adventurous.

ON shipboard the courtesy of the road becomes the courtesy of the sea. This for the most part consists in respecting the rights of others. In a nutshell, it means minding your own business. While some people go to sea for a lark, others go to sea for a rest. It is the long hours of solitude they crave. The passenger who insists on chatting with deck neighbors who may prefer to doze and dream the hours away soon becomes the popular pest. If he wants to be thoroughly obnoxious, let him try slipping into any steamer chair that happens to be vacant, or appropriating any rug not in use for the moment. When the owner returns he may politely greet the intruder with a smile, but inwardly he is cursing him.

Grabbers like these are always on board. No ship ever sailed without its quota. They grab all the stationery from the writing room; grab the cakes when tea is served; order everything on the menu card—it doesn't cost anything and they like service. This attitude of " Help yourself; let the other fellow worry," is the more annoying on shipboard because ship's quarters are small and limited. The only way to escape your fellow passengers is to jump overboard.

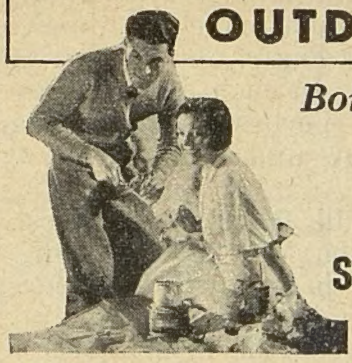
People who like to show off at sea, who parade the deck laughing and screaming, who make fools of themselves at deck sports or ship's parties in the hope of being considered " good sports," seldom win the admiration they are trying for. We like the person who is lively and gay in a friendly manner; who contributes something to the table talk without grabbing the entire conversation; who will make a fourth at bridge or shuffleboard when he is invited to do so, but who has the good sense to know when he isn't wanted.

If ever you should mind your P's and Q's it is on shipboard. Passengers have nothing in the world to do but sit around and watch each other. Everything about you receives the closest scrutiny—your dress, your manner, your actions, your speech. There is little you can get away with at sea.

While the ship's company does everything within its power to make

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

HEATS ANYTHING OUTDOORS!



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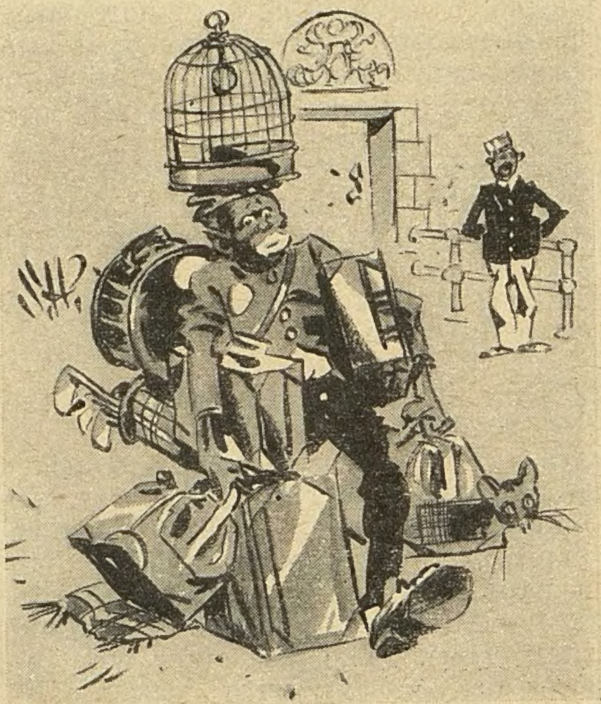
GUARANTEED

THE COURTESY OF THE ROAD
Continued from page seventy-three

the voyage delightful, yet there are certain provisions the passenger must make for his own comfort. He must engage his deck chair, his place at table, and arrange for his bath hour. In each one of these cases it's the early bird that gets the best choice. Therefore, don't let too much water flow under the bridge without attending to these matters.

Just who will occupy the deck chair next to yours or be your companion at table, is one of those sheer lotteries that make a sea voyage exciting. It may be the most attractive man on board; it may be a grouchy old lady. If your luck is poor, try to make the best of a bad situation. If it becomes intolerable, appeal to the steward in charge and he will do what he can for you.

We talk with our table companions without formal introductions, but don't be too critical of them at first. They may not like you, either. It's amazing how fellow passengers do improve on acquaintance. Shipboard friendships are lightly made and just as lightly broken. If romance doesn't come your way, don't go after it too eagerly. One way of making yourself desirable is to remain a trifle aloof.



You must pay the porter liberally if you load him down.

Women on shipboard are invariably in the majority; men are at a premium, therefore hotly pursued, and the chase is fastest when he wears a ship's uniform. One of the largest transatlantic lines was recently obliged to dismiss six of its ablest officers because women passengers couldn't leave them alone.

The men were all fine seamen who had risen from the ranks. They knew well enough how to handle a ship, but they didn't know how to withstand the flattering attention of these women—women who wouldn't have looked at them on land, but who made a fuss over them at sea. The shipping line couldn't censure its women passengers, but it could censure the officers.

Tips on shipboard are not merely a gratuity but an obligation. Nowhere else in the world do we get so much service for our money. What is more, if we fail to tip them, the hard-working stewards go unpaid. Their salary from the shipping line is a purely nominal sum, a mere pittance. Unless they collect a certain amount from each passenger on board, they arrive at the end of the journey uncompensated for their labors. The experienced ocean traveler considers tips a definite part of the expense of his passage and makes allowance for them in his budget.

TEN per cent of the cost of the ticket is the standard sum set aside for this. For instance, if he pays $500 for a de luxe passage, he counts on fifty dollars for tips. If he travels third-cabin tourist at a cost of $100, he counts on ten dollars for tips. This sum, whatever it may be, is carefully budgeted to be divided among the various stewards in proportion to the service they have rendered. The greatest compensation is given to the table steward and the room steward. Even though you have been seasick from shore to shore and have never once appeared in the dining saloon, nevertheless the table steward is holding your place and counting on your fee. Next in importance are the deck steward and the bath steward; after them come the library and the smoking-room stewards and any of the corridor boys from whom you have accepted small favors.

HERE ARE THE MISTAKES ON PAGE 47 AND THE ANSWER TO THE PUZZLE ON PAGE 70

One of the men has only one leg.
A lens is missing from his spectacles.
His figure does not cast a shadow.
Four balls in pawnbroker's emblem.
The S in sign over shop is reversed.
Sleeves of man's shirt do not match.
He is wearing only one spat.
Coat on dummy buttons right to left.
Sleeve of hanging coat is too long.
Price sign on same coat is incorrect.

O	V	I	D		A	M	A	S	S		P	L	O	W
D	I	V	E		C	A	B	O	T		L	A	V	E
O	V	A	L		I	N	A	N	E		A	T	E	N
R	A	N	T	E	D	■	■	■	E	S	T	E	R	S
			A	N	■	C	A	N	N	O	T			
S	I	M	S	■	T	O	R	E	■	M	E	D	A	L
U	R	E	■	A	R	I	A	■	A	B	■	A	W	E
M	I	N	■	C	A	R	B	I	D	E	■	T	A	V
A	S	S	■	U	P	■	I	T	E	R	■	E	R	E
C	H	A	S	M	■	G	A	I	N	■	O	D	E	R
			M	E	L	O	N	S	■	I	N			
M	A	R	I	N	E	■	■	■	F	O	A	M	E	D
A	B	E	T		W	A	V	E	R		G	A	L	E
N	U	D	E		E	R	A	S	E		E	R	I	A
U	T	E	S		S	E	N	S	E		R	E	A	L

Now suppose you are crossing the Atlantic on a cabin steamer the ticket for which costs $180. The $18 for tips may be divided this way: $5 for the table steward; $5 for the room steward or stewardess; $2.50 for the deck steward for tucking you so carefully in your steamer chair and serving you morning broth and afternoon tea; $2.50 for the bath steward—he expects a quarter a bath; to economize on him is to economize on baths. The remaining three dollars may be divided among the library steward, whose books you have rented; the smoking-room steward, whose tables you have used and whose sandwiches you have munched at midnight; and the corridor boy who has answered your bell, brought you ice water, and shined your shoes.

IF you have been seasick and kept the stewardess up all night, that's your hard luck and you must pay for it with an extra dollar or two. If you have been lazy and had meals served on deck, you must reward the deck steward accordingly. For extra service of this kind you must gouge more deeply into your pocket and pay more than ten per cent of your ticket for tips.

Tips should be given at the end of the voyage and to each steward in person.

Airplane travel has brought the magic carpet we used to read about as children out of the fairy tales into everyday experience. In any mode of travel that is so new and different as to carry us whirling through space at the rate of about 1,500 miles in the daylight hours, we naturally expect to find a new set of manners and customs. But, strangely enough, we don't.

The extraordinary thing about the etiquette of flying is that it isn't extraordinary at all. Once we are in the cabin of a passenger plane it is as though we were in a Pullman car. We wear the same type of clothes as though we were traveling by motor or rail. A heating apparatus keeps the temperature even and comfortable, regardless of the readings of the thermometer on land. Passengers remove their wraps and put them on racks above the seats.

To travel light is compulsory in an airplane. Each passenger is limited to thirty pounds of baggage; to carry an extra suit or frock costs more than the price of the garment.

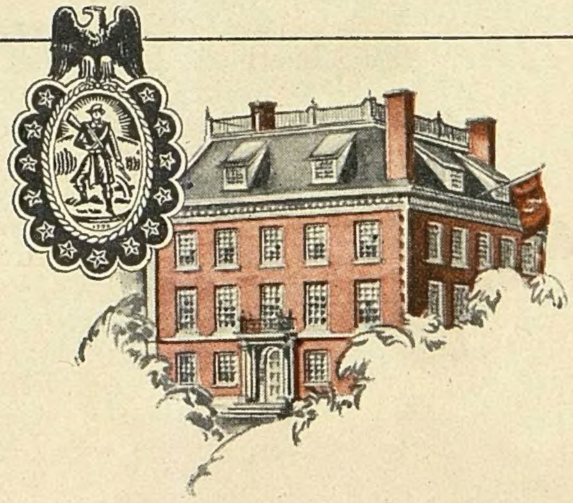
In the better-equipped passenger planes, a uniformed attendant is in charge; he points out the places of interest below and serves your meals. On leaving the ship it is customary to tip him.

One distinguishing thing about air travel is the high quality of its passengers. The expense of the journey and its element of adventure are highly selective factors. A spirit of friendliness and sociability prevails. Just to be passengers in the same plane is introduction enough. While the deafening noise of the motor makes conversation impossible during the journey, yet during the intermittent stops en route passengers chat together in a friendly way and at parting wish each other a pleasant *au revoir.*

Courtesy is the rule of the air. Perhaps it is the very novelty of flying that makes it one form of transportation in which the traveling public does not leave its manners behind.

THE END

"HERE ONCE STOOD . . . OUR NATION'S FATHER"



Victory won . . . Washington toasted farewell to his officers at the Sign of Fraunces Tavern.

"'Twas here he shed his parting tear". . . here at Fraunces Tavern . . . For to Washington, as to every famous revolutionary figure, this notable inn of old New York was the sign of the best Colonial cooking . . . of rich Madeiras, clarets and ports . . . Many a hearty meal these stalwarts had enjoyed at Fraunces . . . But the days of leisurely, heavy repasts are gone . . . Now we live in a hurry, eat in a hurry—and pay attention to our vitamins . . .

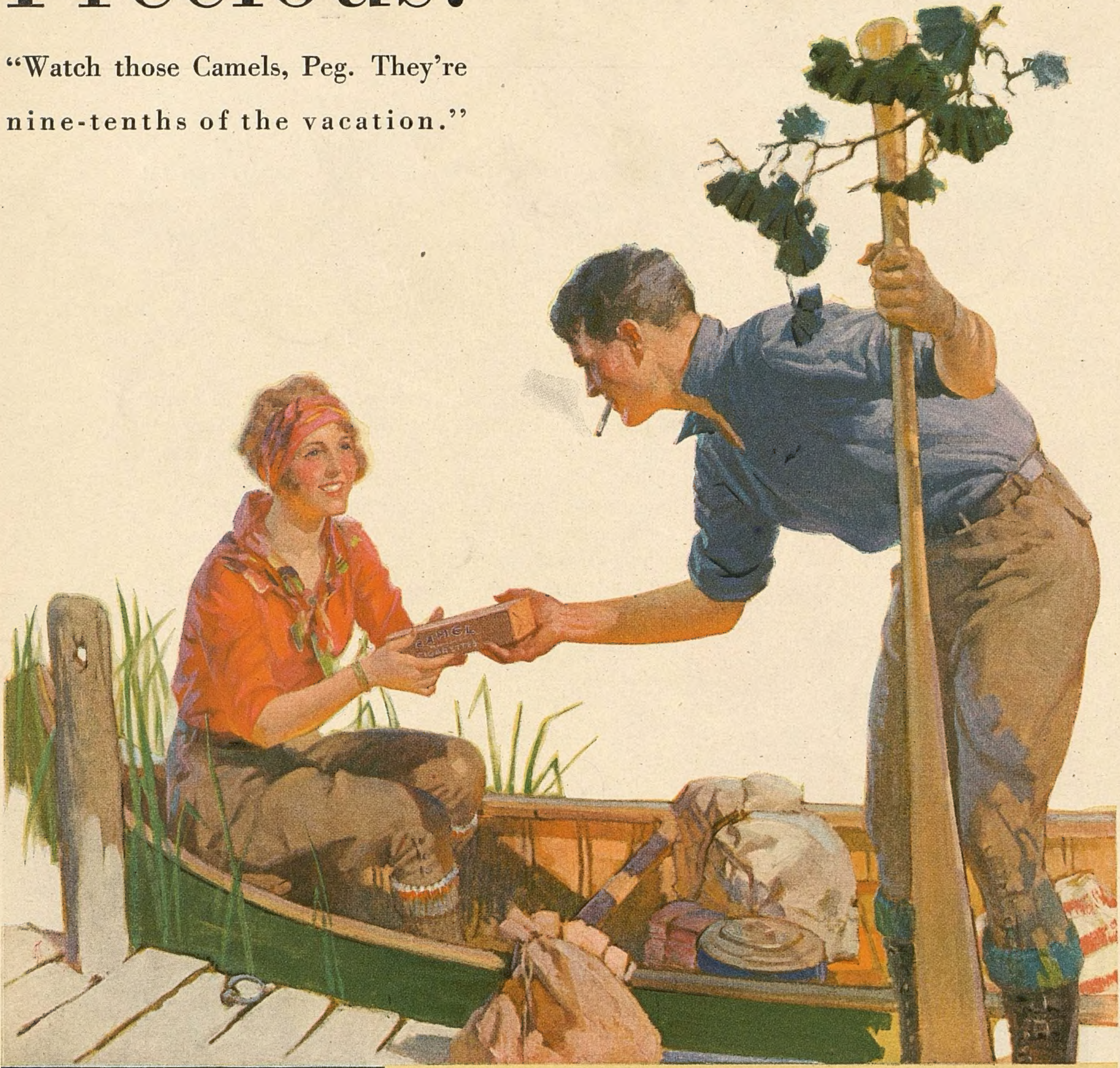
And today we call for our "full-bodied" malted milk at the Sign of the Red Borden Diamond

For this is the Sign of Borden's Malted Milk. Extra-rich and delicious is Borden's—the top-quality of all malted milks. It's packed with energy. Quick to restore us when we're tired in mid-afternoon. So nourishing and so substantial a lunch when taken with other fountain dishes. No wonder we look for the Sign of the Red Borden Diamond today! At the best fountains everywhere.

WE SERVE
Borden's
THE IMPROVED
MALTED MILK
All flavors Delicious

Precious!

"Watch those Camels, Peg. They're nine-tenths of the vacation."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